

-Chapter titles and subjects of Dr. Avison's memoirs  
in Korea . . . . 193 - 1935

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MEMOIRS OF MY EARLY LIFE FROM BIRTH  
TO THE TIME OF GOING TO KOREA.

I was born June 30, 1860, in the west Riding of Yorkshire, England, in a small hamlet called Jagger Green, located on a plateau on which was one of those broad heather moors which have made Yorkshire famous for the beauty of its landscapes. This hamlet overlooked a valley in which was the large wollen manufacturing plant of Messrs. John Shaw & son, known as the Brookroyd Mills, in which my father worked from his sixth year until he grew to manhood and had a family of three children to care for. During these years he had worked his way up till he had become superintendent of the finishing Department that takes the cloth from the looms and prepares it for the market. Though he stood high in his class of workers, he saw little opportunity for raising his family to an easier and better way of living.

(2 pictures including house in which the writer was born, and the mill in the valley)

However, my earliest recollections are not connected with my birthplace but with the villa e of Brookroyd in the valley below to which place the family had moved so as to be nearer my father's place of work. There I first attended school. It was known as a dame's school, and was held in a private home in the small block in which we lived. I do not recollect that we were taught there, but I do remember the "dunce cap" which everyone had to wear who could not do his lessons or who misbehaved in any way. Sometimes he would have to stand in a corner with his face to the wall - at other times he was made to stand on a bench and, if he had been very bad, he was made to stand on one foot. Of this kind of punishment I bore my share, and so have never forgotten it.

(picture of the writer's home near Brookroyd)

A glance at these pictures will suggest my humble origin. This home, like most English houses, was built of stone. Its front door overlooked a small walled-in garden beyond which was a little creek. This garden stands out in my memory as a rather extensive place, but when I went back after forty-three years, alas, how small it proved to be: We children used to cross the little stream on its single plank bridge with much fear. One unlucky day I fell off the bridge into the water, striking my elbow on a stone and dislocating it. I still shudder when I recall the terrible pain that accompanied the replacement of the bone.

This little house was like all those occupied by the working classes in that part of England. It had one large living room on the first story, with two bedrooms upstairs. The floor of the lower story was covered with stones, known as flagstones - large, flat and smooth, but not particularly well matched. These were kept clean by diligent scrubbing, after which fine, clean sand was sprinkled over them. To satisfy the ideas of the housewives, these floors had to be scrubbed, not only scrubbed, but after also sanded. At one side of the room was a large fireplace, the fire serving both for heating and cooking. It is not necessary to describe how cooking was managed at a fireplace of that kind. However, I remember that the food cooked on it was very satisfying, especially the roast Beef and Yorkshire pudding of old England, which, of course, constituted a considerable part of the family's food. My parents used to say that English beef differed from American in that the latter contracted when roasted, whereas the former expanded.

As I write, one of the happenings in that house comes vividly before me. The stairway to the second floor, was closed off from the living room, led directly to a bedroom above. There was a fireplace in this bedroom to heat the entire upstairs. My mother left us children alone in the house one day and some of the neighboring children came to play with us. No doubt we were as boisterous as children left alone usually are. Like all boys of my age in that neighborhood, I wore a bress covered with a long pinafore. In running about upstairs, I went so close to the fireplace that my pinafore touched the flame and immediately was ablaze. There was a great uproar among the children, but I had enough self-possession to gather my pinafore above the flaming part with my hands and ~~run~~ run downstairs and outdoors where help reached me before any harm was done, except the destruction of my pinafore. By the time my mother returned and my father came home in the evening the story had grown considerably and I remember how pleased I was to have everybody speaking of the remarkable presence of mind I had shown. Why, any ordinary boy would have been burned up! Ek! This incident had a considerable influence on me later because I felt I had to live up to the reputation I had gained.

Another boyhood recollection is that of my weekly Sunday journeys to a church in the neighboring village of Stainland. My oldest sister took me across the fields to the little church where we attended Sunday school and afterwards the preaching service which followed. After Sunday school we gathered in the little churchyard and, sitting on the flat grave stones ate our lunch. This usually consisted of a sort of pastry called "fatty-cake." It was made of biscuit dough rolled out thin, with sugar and currants sprinkled over one half of it, and then the other half turned over, making a semi-circular cake like a pasty. How good it was! I would have preferred to go home then, but that was not permitted for, after eating our pasties, we had to go to church again. Though I do not remember a single word of what was said in either the Sunday school or church, no doubt the good words had some influence on my religious ideas. I do remember one incident, however, which showed that my sister, at least, had taken some of the teaching to heart. On a certain Sunday, while crossing a field, I noticed a small twig lying on the ground and stopped to pick it up. My sister immediately made me throw it down saying, "It is not right to gather sticks on Sunday." But then, she was nearly three years older than I.

When we were in Brookryd we lived in a house close to the bank of a small stream. Just across the stream was a stone mill which had not been used for a long time. Around it had grown up blackberry bushes and other shrubbery. We children frequently went to play around or in the mill. It was generally regarded and this thrilled us, though we never saw any ghosts and in time began to doubt this tale. The memory of the old mill and its specters, however, has remained with me, and I regard it as one of the factors in my mental development.

I can remember both of my grandfathers, but I have no recollection of either of my grandmothers. On my father's side, my grandfather was George Avison who was connected with woollen manufacturing like most men of that section. I think he died before we left England but my memory of him is not very clear. I have heard my father tell one story about him which has always stayed in my mind. When the woollen mill would shut down temporarily, for some reason, the old gentleman would return to his home,

cross up in his work clothes, and I remember, I think, as prosperous as possible.

Though I remember little else about him, I have always remembered his unique method of making the best of everything when anything untoward had occurred.

If I remember rightly, this grandfather had eleven children - seven boys and four girls - my father being the youngest member of the family. I have no vivid recollection of some of these, but others I remember well. With the exception of my father, all the members of the family were musical, - a few were of local or local fame, but the majority were of national reputation. I do not know whether either my father nor his children had any special musical talent, they all appreciated it and many of his grandchildren have shown considerable ability along this line, and this seems to have come from far back in the Avison family. In most of the hymn books of today a tune called "Avison" can still be found, written by one Charles Avison, a member of the family who lived at Newcastle, Yorkshire, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Strange to say, the words of this hymn were written by a man named George Rawson, one of whose descendants, Kathleen Rawson, became the wife of my son, Dr. Douglas B. Avison. I had often wondered about the origin of this name because so many asked me whether it was not a Swede.

An old friend of mine, professor Shuttleworth of Toronto, Ontario, looked up the origin of the name AVISON and reported that he found the following quotation in an English book of heraldry:

"This surname, at first sight, invites the hasty conclusion that it belongs to the class of nick-names, with a suggestion of foreign origin. 'The son of Avis' plainly put in just so many words, thus apparently pointing to a direct personal name, but as will be shown, the origin is local, or localised, and has no relation with avis, a bird. It seems to be a form of Anglo-Saxon name variously spelled as Hawlar, Haws, Hawes, Hawicla, Hawic, Hawles, Hawleso, etc., all of which are used to designate, generally, the village or hamlet of Hawes, a village in the West of Yorkshire. The name Hawes is derived from the Anglo-Saxon haga, a fenced space, such as that surrounding or adjoining a house, as in the girth of the haigh, or haugh, of Scotland. The idea of protection stands prominently forward and this carries with it the suggestion of a home. It may be assumed that the name AVIS is a corruption of Hawis - a change favored by the neglected aspirate as well as the transposed W - and that those who originally bore that name were so called because they resided in a locality in which the hawthorn formed a prominent feature of the landscape, or

surrounded the home."

The article went on to say that men having those names were to be found as far south in England as Cornwall and that they were to be found in all walks of life - from the nobility to the humblest - some had been great loyalists while others had been equally great rebels. The name is found in English court records as far back as the time of King Alfred. However, the heraldry records say that the family seems to have had its origin in Yorkshire and there most of the Avisons are to be found.

Why Oliver? Why R.?

The name "Oliver" had been given to my brother who had been born and had also died before my birth, in honor of Oliver Cromwell the soldier, Oliver Goldsmith, the author; ~~the~~ and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet three men whom my father greatly admired. When his first son died in early infancy and the next child was a boy, my father, determined to have an Oliver in the family if possible, gave me the name in the hope that I would be like at least one of his favorites. However, I failed to choose for a career any one of the occupations of those whose name was given me.

As for the "R", it is simply an insertion. As a school boy, I noticed that nearly all the boys had two given names and that their three initials made a nicer appearance than my two, "O.A."; so I began to experiment with the letters of the alphabet not only to see which one would look best between the "O" and "A", but would also be most easily written in combination with them. After much trying, I chose "R". Without securing anyone's permission, I began using it regularly as part of my signature, and after more than sixty years of undisputed use of it, I would scarcely recognize my signature without it.

My maternal grandfather was named Joseph Bray, but I do not remember what his business was. Many years after our family had gone to Canada, he left his English home to join us. I remember how he jocularly described his trip across the ocean as "crossing the big pond." He lived in our home for several years, passing away after I had grown to young manhood.

My maternal grandmother's maiden name was Sykes. I do not remember her and have no knowledge whatever of her family. Though I have since met many people of that name and found that all of them came from Yorkshire, in or near Huddersfield, which was the chief town of the district in which I was born, I have never been able to trace any connection between them and my mother's family.

One of my sons recently (during the summer of 1938) visited Yorkshire and tried to find some of his father's people. In doing so, he found them still occupying places in various social strata. The one he liked best was a public accountant who, my son told me, greatly resembles my son Raymond. From him he learned that one Avison lived in "the big house," the manor and ours was a surceen in Buckingham Palace. I think that is a good point at which to drop the consideration of my forebearers and possible family connections.

Both my parents were brought up in a district where schools were very rare, and where none but people of means could have the privileges of learning. Probably it was this dearth of educational opportunities that made my parents anxious to give their own children as good an education as their circumstances would permit. Like all other sons of working men of that day, my father had to go to work, when a lad. He entered the woolen factory when only a small child of six years, working the twelve hours a day which were the daily labor hours at that time. He grew up with a great fondness for books, avidly reading everything that came his way in the form of biography, history, and poetry, and learned by rote many of the best poems of that day. I have heard him tell how he and another young mill worker used to go out to neighboring towns to give whole evenings of entertainment, each alternating in the recitation of poetry. On one occasion when his chum was unable to go with him, he supplied the entertainment for the whole evening. This love for reading continued through his entire life. Even while I was still a boy, he was regarded as one of the best read men in the neighborhood in which we lived. While he did not avoid fiction, his mind was largely stored with the more serious writings of his time. One of his favorite poets was Charles Mackay, a contemporary of his father, and I learned to admire his writings, some of which helped materially in the formation of my ideals.

During those days many of the great economists of England lived, and wrote. It was the time when the invention of machinery for spinning, weaving, and other kinds of work required in the woolen manufacturing industry, threatened to replace large numbers of workers. It was also a period of great controversy between the owners of the plants and the workers who were thus displaced by this new machinery or feared they might be displaced in time.

As a boy, I used to hear my father discuss these questions with guests in our home. He used to tell how, because of these conditions, his father became a member of the radical party and how he also became imbued with so-called radical doctrines. The manufacturers and nobility were naturally Tories or Conservatives; the workers were just as naturally members of the Big or Liberal or Reform party and staunch upholders of the doctrine of free trade. Even in his later years, my father never lost those early impressions and continued throughout his life to vote for the Liberal party, even in Canada, though many of his best friends in later years were not only conservatives but also representatives of the conservative party in the Dominion Government. Even when I was quite a grown boy in Canada, the mills were still working eleven hours a day; the Liberal party had advanced their claims for more leisure time by only one hour in all those years between my father's boyhood and my own. As I listened to those conversations it was but natural that my political and economic ideas should be largely molded by the viewpoints so forcibly expressed by my father - viewpoints learned from the school of his own and his parents' bitter experiences.

Feeling the common urge to better his condition, my father had been considering the question of emigration to one of the British colonies, and before I was six years old, he took us all to the United States, intending to settle in Illinois where one of his closest friends had preceded him, though he had first planned to go to New Zealand. Whether this would have turned out better I do not know. Years ago New Zealand adopted an

entirely different economic policy from that of any of the other British colonies and became the most prosperous of all the colonies or dominions, having less unemployment than they, and almost no poverty. However, as it came about, we actually settled in Canada.

In February, 1866, we sailed from Liverpool for New York on the steamship "City of Boston." We were but emigrants, of course, and never got a glimpse of the first-class accommodations. My recollection of our sleeping quarters is of bunks two stories high and so broad that we children had to creep over one another and lie in rows. There was scant air space and several other families also occupied the same room. The voyage lasted fourteen days. As I now think of those two weeks, it seems as though the days were nearly all stormy and that the ship rolled and tossed continually. To the great discomfort of everybody, nearly all of the occupants of those quarters were seasick most of the time. But no matter how sick we were, the captain often compelled us to go out on deck to get the fresh air. We would have much preferred to stay quietly where we were, for our going out did not depend upon the steadiness of the ship or the absence of winds but upon the presence or absence of rain. On one occasion when we were on deck the ship rolled so that the waves swept over the deck and washed an old lady down the hatchway to the room below. As this led the captain to give us all permission to go below deck, we did not regard the old lady's accident as an unmix'd evil. Following the good old English custom, plum-puddings were served as the main dish of every Sunday dinner. We all had as much as we could eat and nothing more to our taste could have been served. I suppose that is why, even after seventy-five years, I can see those puddings and almost taste them as I think back to that wonderful but fearful journey.

"The City of Boston" was regarded as one of the best ships of her day but alas, she was lost on her return trip. The only report as to what happened to her came from a note found in a corked bottle that was picked up in the wide waste of waters which said, "The 'City of Boston' is on fire and we have no hope."

In due time our ship landed in New York at the Immigrant station on a little island just off the lower end of Broadway, called Castle Garden. My only recollection of the occurrences there was of the long delay caused by the examination of the immigrants so that we did not land until late in the evening. My father had decided not to stay in New York but go right on into Connecticut where one of his brothers was living, so we immediately took a train for Winnipauk, now called South Norwalk. It was pouring rain and the night was dark when we arrived. No word of our coming had reached my uncle, and so no one met us at the station. But someone directed us to his house and we started out afoot along the muddy roadway. Walking was very difficult and some of us lost our overshoes in the clay mud. Two of our family were younger than I and Father and Mother had to carry them all the way. Though my Mother declared several times she could go no farther, we pressed on and reached the house.

Two of my father's brothers were living there together. The oldest one, Thomas, was married and had several children. The second one, George, was still unmarried. Uncle Thomas was a sober man and had a good home, but my Uncle George, an old soldier, had acquired drinking habits, and drinking always made him vicious. My memory of him is chiefly of the times he came home drunk. We dreaded his coming into the house because he

would seize one of us children and dash us to the floor.

Uncle Thomas had married an American lady and had given up his British citizenship. Those who changed their opinions or nationality sometimes become over zealous for their new loyalties, and so it was with my uncle. He was far more American than those born to the soil. I remember on one occasion when my father was trying to put the baby to sleep by walking around the room with it in his arms while he sang a well known patriotic song beginning with the line, "There is a land, a well-known land, though it is but a little spot, - " My Uncle jumped up and in a low voice forbid his brother ever again to sing that British song in his house. This so angered my father that the two brothers almost had a quarrel, for my father was thoroughly British.

We did not remain with these relatives long as my father wished to visit one of his brothers in Canada. On reaching Brantford, in Western Ontario, where my uncle James was living, we found that he, like my father and other uncles, was in the woolen manufacturing business, all of them having become "boss finishers." He had lived in Massachusetts before taking up his residence in Canada, and had there married an American wife, but he had retained his British citizenship.

During our visit to Brantford, we were taken to see the Indian Reservation situated just outside the town. I must have heard tales of Indian raids before we left England, even though I was very young, for I can still recall how I shrank back in fear as we drew near the Indian encampment lest they come out after us and perhaps scalp us.

While we were in Brantford I first began to realize the difference in the use of words in England and in Canada. When my cousins would say, "Would you like to go down to the shops?" they meant, "Let us go down to the mills." To me a shop meant a place where goods are sold, but I found my cousins called that a store, while that which I had always heard spoken of as a mill was known to them as a shop. I was alert to grasp all such differences. We found their way of counting money very different from ours. We were puzzled by the words dollar and cent and were unable for a considerable time to count our money or even to pay for what we bought without help. But, while our cousins laughed at us for the strange words we used, they tried patiently to teach us how to speak Canadian. Another difficulty was with the letter h. It was quite a while before we were able to put our h's in or leave them out in accordance with Canadian usage. Our parents never reached a point where they were quite sure when to sound them and when not to. As for myself, after twelve years of constant attendance at Canadian schools and graduation from high school I attended, the model school of the country, I made a slip. I was asked one day to dictate a paragraph to one of the classes, and I suddenly dropped an h to the great amusement of the children and to my own chagrin. Though I turned it off with a laugh, I realized how difficult it is to get away from the pronunciations we have learned in early childhood. Even today I suppose that I am not entirely free from such a danger, though very rarely does it now occur.

When my uncle learned that father was intending to go to Illinois, he began trying to dissuade him from going there, declaring that Canada was a much better place to live in. He pointed out that there would be many difficulties to meet, particularly to one who had never done any farm-



ing, the work my father was planning to undertake. My uncle said he could get my ~~At~~ father a good position at his own kind of work and father at length yielded to his urging.

This changed the entire course of my life. Had we gone to Illinois, I should probably have been a somewhat rabid American, whereas I am still a loyal British subject. I am not a fanatical Britisher, however, for I have lived so much among Americans and have had so many business dealings with them that I know them well and have a sincere affection for them and a high regard for their nation.

The position in woolen manufacturing which my Uncle James secured for my father was in a little village called Weston, situated about eight miles northwest of Toronto on the Humber River. This river provided the power for the running of the mill which was the chief industry of the village. There my father followed the good old English custom of going for a "walk" every Sunday morning, often taking us children with him. I was going to say a "stroll" but that term is not correct when applied to the walks taken by English people. Often we really walked miles and seldom strolled. A favorite route was out along the Grand Trunk Railway, across the railroad bridge which spanned what seemed to me then like a deep chasm at the bottom of which ran two rivers. I can remember how I clung to my father's hand as we stepped on the bridge, never daring to look down between the ties lest I should be overcome with dizziness. Some years ago, while visiting Weston, I set out to find the bridge and cross it to get that thrill again but, though I found the bridge, I sought in vain for the deep chasm. As for the bridge it was a comparatively short one, spanning two small streams at a height of not more than fifteen or twenty feet and there was no thrill. What a disappointment that was!

In Weston I had my first experience with Santa Claus. I remember how strange was the story of St. Nicholas and his reindeer and how on that first Christmas Eve in the Western world, my sister and I determined we would stay awake and meet the old gentleman as he came down the chimney with his pack. But we fell asleep and awoke the next morning only to find that he had come and gone without our making his acquaintance.

One of the homes in which we lived had an orchard, some trees bearing luscious cherries. The barn behind the orchard was a grand place to play in. In it I had an experience with a hatchet very different from that of George Washington. A cousin of ours, who was a cabinet-maker, used the barn as a workshop. I was greatly interested in what he did and watched him use various kinds of tools amongst which was a sharp hatchet. One day I wanted to split a piece of wood so I took the hatchet, and not being able to make the wood stand up by itself, I sat on a stool and placed the block between my knees. I raised the hatchet and brought it down - no, not on the block of wood but on my left knee cap. At first I was surprised; then when I saw the blood flowing I flung the hatchet from me and fled to the house, crying. Pus formed, "proud flesh" grew on it and I was kept from school. The neighbors came in, each with a good cure for "proud flesh." I remember one of these as an astonishing example of the crude ideas of only a few decades ago. We were told to secure some fresh cow manure and put it on the wound like a poultice which would quickly destroy the proud flesh. Of course we tried it but without the favorable results. In the course of time the wound healed but the scar still remains to remind me of the foolishness of a small boy that "knew it all."

A very important political event occurred while we lived in Weston. By the confederation of all the Canadian Colonies of Great Britain, all of Canada, except Newfoundland, was organized into one Dominion. Newfoundland is still a separate self-governing colony of England and not a part of the Dominion of Canada. The confederation Act, which was agreed to by the Colonies of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Lower Canada (Quebec), Upper Canada (Ontario), and British Columbia, with all the territory between them and to the far north left unorganized. This had been approved by the Government of Great Britain and the new set up was to go into operation on the first of July, 1867, and July 1st has ever since been celebrated as Dominion Day. It was a very important event because it was the beginning of that self-government in Canada which has gradually developed until now the autonomy of the Dominion has been so enlarged as to constitute it a separate nation within the bounds of the British Empire. This is true to such an extent that Canada now not only has control of her own taxation but of her customs regulations also, and within the sixtieth year of her establishment as a Dominion, has set up her own diplomatic agencies in various countries, thus gaining recognition as being on an equality with the other recognized sovereign countries of the world. This is an entirely new political development in world history. Never before has it been considered possible for a part of an empire to be recognized by that empire and by other nations as an independent and sovereign nation while still owing allegiance to the head of the mother nation; so it can be said that what took place in Canada on the first day of July, 1867, marked one of the most far-reaching epochs in both ancient and modern history. It was my privilege to witness the first celebration of that event and I am glad that I was old enough to take in its significance. I have lived long enough to see the successful carrying out of the principles then established over a period of more than seventy years and their extension to other parts of the Empire. These separate parts of the British Empires are now spoken of as together constituting the British Commonwealth of Nations.

How well I remember the first Dominion Day celebration in Weston, July 1, 1867; The whole village spent the day on the commons. What fun for all; For the first time I saw young men trying to climb a greasy pole. Others tried to catch a greased pig - and I saw many pastimes entirely new to recent comers from the old country. Dominion Day is still celebrated in Canada much as Independence Day is observed in the United States of America. The difference between the two is that the fourth of July in the United States commemorates the separation of the American colonies from the mother country and the first of July commemorates the uniting of the Crown Colonies into a practically independent Dominion still retaining a vital connection with the mother country. The seventy-four years that have elapsed have shown the wisdom of Canadian Statesmen, led by Sir John A. McDonald, Conservative, and Sir Oliver Mowatt, Liberal, who devised the constitution of the Dominion so that it pleased the people of Canada and also met the approbation of the statesmen of Great Britain and developed a loyalty not of submission but of collaboration.

It was in Weston. I got my first realization of war, though I had heard my father reading aloud in the evenings from a history of the slavery war in the United States, and had been impressed by the fact that closely related people, even brothers and fathers and sons, had fought on opposite sides, sometimes meeting one another in battle, in the

struggle between North and south. The accounts of this kind of war, involving such awful things as were set forth in that book, produced in my mind a horror for war itself which has affected all my thinking ever since, though I have not become what is known as a pacifist, and now the threat of war by bands of Irish patriots in the United States was facing Canadians; Even as early as 1867 many of the Irish were clamoring for separation from Great Britain and had formed themselves into groups of Fenians (1) to trouble the British Government. They believed that many

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(1) The term "Fenian" was applied principally to a group of Irishmen who, being enthusiastic advocates of home rule in Ireland, had banded themselves together to set up trouble in Canada for the British Government, in the hope of forcing a settlement in England of the Question of home rule in Ireland.

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of their countrymen across the border would join them if they actually got over, and so they threatened an invasion of Canada. They tried, but failed for they were driven back by a volunteer Canadian army when they attempted to cross the Niagra River and the incident, as far as outward manifestations were concerned, was closed. But the feelings of Canadians toward the United States government were considerably aroused. They felt that it had committed an unfriendly act toward a country at peace with it, in having permitted a group of its citizens to openly drill and prepare munitions for an armed attack. I was but a boy at the time, but I was affected by all the expressions of resentment I heard from my parents and neighbors. It required many years for this resentment to die down—indeed, the Canadians of that generation never really lost it. It is very different today, for only feelings of ardent friendship are felt and the closest possible alliance that does not interrupt relationship with Great Britain is warmly welcomed by all Canadians.

As most of the Fenians were Roman Catholics, these occurrences also served to emphasize the opposition of Protestants in Canada to Roman Catholicism. This opposition was led by a Society of extreme Protestants known as Orangemen (!) The organization grew to be very influential in Canada, especially around Toronto and throughout Protestant Ontario.(2)

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(1) The name originated from William Prince of Orange, who had defeated the armies of the so-called pretender to the throne of England on July 12, 1689, a Roman Catholic who planned to make Roman Catholicism the national religion of England.

(2) Seventy years after the attempted invasion of Canada, that animosity has not entirely disappeared and many of the descendants of the Orangemen still celebrate the 12th of July every year. They parade the streets and denounce Roman Catholicism according to the methods practiced in the days of Fenianism, endeavoring to keep alive the sentiment against Catholics. But these parades are now largely a matter of custom: The Catholics turn out to see them and though the paraders look very fierce it is all a semblance and as soon as the day is over all meeting together again as good friends and neighbors.

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These events which occurred so near together had much to do with my mental development; probably I might have been a much more nervous child had I not had these experiences. It was a lesson to me that I should not be afraid of things which I did not understand.

cross it slowly. I would begin thinking pro and con. My father would express his own opinion, or illustrate by driving both ways in order to let me note the different effects. Afterwards I noticed that, in travelling over dangerous bridges, trains go across slowly. So I came to the conclusion that this must be the safer plan. By asking me those questions my father was endeavoring to train me to think for myself and to encourage me to form my own judgment as to why certain methods of doing things were better than other ways.

It was in Weston that I began my school life in Canada. The first day I went to school a class was conducted in writing and the teacher asked me what hand I wrote. When I answered by holding up my right hand the teacher and pupils laughed. I saw no reason for their laughter until it was explained to us that she did not want to know with which hand I wrote but whether I wrote in large letters or small ones. Even at that early age I learned that there is such a thing as technical language and that if I desired to get on well with my studies I must first learn to know what was meant by the words used.

Like most other schools of the time, we had frequent visitors who would examine our writing or hear us recite our lessons. Then the teacher would ask the visitor to say a few words to us. I noticed that each one referred to his own boyhood days and always said that discipline was more rigid when he was young. Then children had to obey their parents and their teachers, but alas, in these modern days, he would say, obedience to authority is scouted and children do much as they please. He would then go on to say this might lead us into a great deal of trouble, and would exhort us to avoid our evil ways and learn to be obedient to those in authority. As I listened I thought he certainly had not had much experience with my parents. After seventy years, I find that visitors to schools still make the same old speech and still feel that modern children are going to the dogs;

I shall always remember Weston, on the Humber River, as the place where I learned to swim. My father did his best to overcome my fear of the water by taking me on his back and swimming across the river, but that was of very little help. I really learned to swim when I went out with a crowd of boys. I followed the gang where I would not have dared to go alone so when I was but a small boy I learned to swim and dive like the rest.

I had my first experience here with an ice-jam in a part of the river which was very narrow. Though I was but a little fellow, I watched with great interest the efforts of the men to relieve the jam in order to avoid the piling up of the water which would threaten the mill. How the fears of the people rose almost to a panic as the efforts of the men seemed to be futile; what a thrill came as a piece of ice was set loose, for it might relieve the whole jam: watching the process we observed a

real feat in engineering. That work so interested me that I thought I would certainly become a civil engineer.

Another and different experience came to us in Weston. Hard times struck the woolen industry and the mill had to be shut down. I was too young to understand this fully, but I knew my parents were very anxious. The owner decided to transfer his machinery to another town and asked my father to go with him, so we had the excitement of moving to the new location, a town called Campbellford, not far from the mouth of the River Trent. This river was large, as compared with the Humbler, and I greatly admired the length of the main bridge. I was thrilled by the depth of the water which was held back by a large dam just below the bridge to provide water-power for the various mills built further down stream. My father rented a small house on the commons not far from the mill and there we lived and had a garden and kept cows and hens.

The River Trent provided good fishing - black bass, rock bass, pickerel, and pike - and I took a great interest in this sport. I heard, too, of the great muskellunge which inhabited the waters of the lake higher up. These were said to be several feet long, and to weigh sixty to eighty pounds. I never had the chance to catch these monsters of the deep, for so they seemed to us boys, though I did see some that had been caught and so knew that they really existed.

In Campbellford I had my first contact with death, for I was drowned there by proxy. As I was late getting home from school one day, my mother began to worry and, when a neighbor ran in to tell her her boy had been drowned in the river, she ran frantically to the spot. A crowd had already gathered and men in boats were searching the deep water above the dam for the body. According to report I had been seen floating on a raft that I could not control. Suddenly I appeared in the crowd: What had happened? A boy had been seen as was claimed, but he was not Oliver, - he was Oliver's chum, and he was really drowned. His body was found next day. The funeral was held in accordance with the custom of those days. An abundance of refreshments, solid and liquid, were on the table for those who attended. Often a funeral became an orgy. It is a matter for congratulation that feasting is no longer a part of such a solemn ceremony.

While in the Campbellford school the first 24th of May that I can recollect approached and, with it, my interest in Queen Victoria was first aroused for the 24th of May was her birthday. I was told by the other pupils that it would be a school holiday but lest the teacher should for any reason overlook it, we all sang out in school:

"The 24th of May is the Queen's birthday

If you don't give us a holiday, we'll all run away."

To my surprise, the teacher showed no signs of irritation although this was done during a school hour. She just smiled and said nothing. The day arrived ultimately and was celebrated with an unlimited use of fireworks, plenty of ginger beer and other popping drinks. On one occasion when I had a coatpocket full of firecrackers a mischievous imp threw a lighted cracker into that particular pocket. You should have seen me jump: It certainly gave my mother a job to remake that pocket. No, all the pranks and thoughtlessness of youth are not of recent development!

"vidently Queen Victoria was greatly beloved, for I noticed that many men when speaking of her would start by saying, "The queen, God bless her - - -"

One particular experience in that school either made manifest my natural bend or helped to develop a state of mind, I do not know which. A quarrel had arisen between me and my closest chum, Walter Farrand, the son of the owner of the woollen mill in which my father was a superintendent. This quarrel gave the other boys great delight, and they egged us on, finally, they decided for us that things had come to such a pass that the dispute could only be settled by fighting. This was to take place behind the school building that afternoon immediately after school was dismissed. I had no particular desire to fight - indeed the quarrel did not call for a fight - but the other boys were determined to have one. Though Walter was set against it, I declared myself ready to go on with it, for to call it off would have been too great a disappointment to the other boys.

So, shortly after four O'clock, we faced each other and the boys surrounded us in a ring. Just then the principal came around the corner, wanting to know what we were doing. Naturally a quick retreat took place but not before he had ordered us to see him the next day. The following morning he called us up before the whole school and asked us what it was all about. "Walter declares that no fight was to have taken place while I insisted to the contrary. The principal dismissed us with a warning and we retired to our seats. Fortunately the matter caused no break in our friendship. I have wondered whether my actions on that occasion were the result of plain obstinacy or of a fear of public opinion if I should decline a fight that the rest of the boys felt ought to take place. Whatever it was, I was always more careful afterwards about consenting to follow a course contrary to my own judgment.

Mr. Farrand seemed to be a restless man, for, having not developed a better business even in this new location, he again decided to move. This time my father declined to go with him and soon found a position in the village of Lanark farther east. His new work was not in a rented mill, but one owned by the manager and that gave it a greater promise of permanency.

Several things happened in that village which affected my attitudes and ideas. One was a very severe thunder storm in which the lightning struck one of my friends and rendered him unconscious. Though he recovered the experience left me with a fear of lightning that I did not overcome for many years.

Another occurrence was an epidemic of scarlet fever that carried off some of my playmates. In that day the germ theory was unknown, even to physicians, and the real causes of so many epidemic diseases were therefore undiscovered secrets. As a preventive measure everyone carried on his or her person a piece of camphor and I was careful to follow the custom, but even so I contracted the disease and was quite sick, though never in any danger, I believe. My parents took care of me without the aid of a doctor and the other members of the household went about their business as usual. Onion poultices were applied to the soles of my feet to draw the inflammation from my throat and similar applications were made to my neck. These were regarded as very effective. As a matter of fact, the inflammation began to leave my throat soon after

the application of the poultice and of course it was taken for granted that the lightness of the attack was due to the camphor I carried around. Perhaps if I had carried a larger piece I might have entirely escaped the disease!

While going to school in that village I had the good fortune to study under a principal who believed that children should be given special training in the four elementary principles of arithmetic; addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Every afternoon the more advanced pupils were sent down to one of the lower rooms where the teacher gave us practice in performing those fundamental exercises rapidly and still more rapidly. Problems in addition, for instance, were placed on the blackboard and the pupils were asked to add the figures as fast as the teacher's pointer was passed up the line. The speed was gradually increased until we could add a line of figures as fast as the teacher could point to them. When we had become proficient in adding one line at a time we were taught to add two lines as a time. Later we did three columns at once, and by that time remarkable proficiency in adding had been gained. We were then put through the other arithmetical processes in a similar way. I found this training a great advantage to me in after years, for I could always finish my problems in arithmetic much more quickly than others who had not had it and so I was able to keep at or near the head of my classes in mathematics. Later, in the practical application of arithmetic to business problems, I found I could surpass most of my fellows in everything pertaining to the use of figures. I have often wondered why this training is not more emphasized in all schools. It makes the pupils not only quicker in figuring but, in my estimation, sharpens their faculties for the quick consideration of all other kinds of problems.

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This idea is controverted by present day psychologists who claim that a speed ability in one line does not give one greater facility in other realms of thought.

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My life in that village did other things for me for which I have been very grateful. We were Methodists, but there was no Methodist Church in that community which was largely Scotch. There was a Presbyterian church, of course, and two others, Congregational and Episcopal. My father chose to attend the Congregational church. There was then no interchange of pulpits. Ministers of different denominations did not meet together even on the platform of the town hall. But on one occasion the temperance people of all the churches joined in holding a community gathering in the town hall to which the ministers of the three churches were invited. They accepted and for the first time, those ministers sat together on one platform. Each gave an address and it was interesting to hear all three refer to the new experience they were having, and ask their parishioners to take note that whatever differences existed in their theological views, they were united in their opinions concerning the dire effect of alcoholic liquors. Since then, the churches have moved forward toward greater unity, though they are far from that degree of oneness that is imperative as well as desirable if they are to win the world to Godliness. The broadmindedness of my parents

is shown by the fact that after we moved into a house about a mile outside the village limits we attended the Episcopal church which was the nearest one and the one with which most of our immediate neighbors were connected. The effect on me was that, though afterward, when we moved to another town, we returned to the Methodist fold, I, without compunction, severed that connection and went to the mission field with my family under Presbyterian auspices when my own denomination could not send us out.

The new house, outside the village limits, was near a country school, and so we children were not entirely deprived of educational facilities. Here I had my first taste of life in a "little red school-house." Not far from the school was a large tamarack swamp, and one of the most interesting relaxations of the pupils was to wander through the swamp in search of tamarack gum, which we brought home in great chunks. This kept us well supplied with chewing material long before Wrigley or any other gum manufacturers had discovered that fortunes could be made by supplying the world with something to keep their jaws going between meals.

Though our teacher was a very pleasant young woman, she tried to rule the school with a severity to which she was quite unaccustomed in other walks of life. During one noon hour the pupils had all gone to the woods in search of gum and had wandered far without realizing the distance we had gone so that it was mid-afternoon when we returned. The teacher told us we would have to stay after four o'clock to make up for the time we had lost - a decree to which we could not reasonably object though we did not like it. Just after four, however, a young man from the farmhouse where the teacher boarded drove up to the school, expecting to have the pleasure of taking the young lady home. The moment we saw him enter we realized that ~~it~~ this was an opportunity for us to escape. Jumping up we seized our caps and made for the door. The poor teacher! She saw the uselessness of trying to call us back and went home with her friend and we never heard anything more about making up the time we had lost, and she afterwards became the young man's wife.

The mill in Lanark being a small one, and my father being always on the lookout for opportunities to improve his financial condition, it was not surprising that before ~~it~~ long we moved to the town of Almonte, some twenty miles away, where there were several large mills. I was then about nine years old, I entered the public school at Almonte, and before I was eleven was advanced to the senior class. Even at that early age we were initiated into the mysteries of vulgar fractions and decimals, into proportion or the "rule of three", and into the "rule of practice."

I began to grow weary of school life and felt a strong impulse to become a factory worker and begged my father to take me into his department at the mill. Though he was very much averse to this, as his own experience had taught him the great value of an education, he finally yielded to my wishes. My mother fitted me out with the overalls which were commonly worn by the mill-workers and I proudly donned them. Father preferred to have me work under some other superintendent than himself, so I was put to work on a picking machine. A picking machine consists of a cylinder studded with spikes which revolves rapidly inside a casing similarly studded. My work was to feed into this machine portions of wool that were knotted together and could not be put into the general mass of



wool until they had been combed out. We also fed into it pieces of cloth which had been cut off the ends of bolts in order to even them up for nothing that would make cloth could be thrown away. By this process the fibers of the wool were broken up into shorter fibers so that cloth made from it would not be as strong as that made from the original wool but when it had been well worked up and mixed with a quantity of long-fibered wool, it made yarn almost as strong as that made only from new wool,

I began work at a daily wage of forty cents or about ten dollars a month. I worked eleven hours a day, six days in the week, a total of sixty-six hours each week. I often think now of those days when I had to rise early enough to get my breakfast and be down at the mill at half-past six in the morning even though I was only eleven. We worked until noon and then had an hour to go home to dinner. We had to be back to start work at one o'clock from which time we worked without intermission till six-thirty in the evening. At the end of the workday we went home for supper and such amusement as we could get out of the remaining hours before bedtime. We had to go to bed early in order to be ready to rise with the early morning bell and so go through the routine of another day with Sunday our only day of rest.

After working for some time on the picking machine I was advanced to a position on a spinning machine or jack, and my wages were increased to forty-five cents a day. This machine occupied a space about sixty feet long and fifteen feet wide. At its back were placed great cylinders of the carded wool that had been made up into fluffy rolls about half an inch in thickness, each roll to be spun into yarn out of which cloth was woven. The jack consisted of a stationary section holding the bolts of carded rolls and a moving section holding the spindles which revolved very rapidly and twisted the carded rolls into yarn. Another operation of the machine wound the yarn on the spools. In this rapid twisting of the yarn, if there was too much tension on one spool, or if any strands of yarn were weaker and unable to stand the normal strain, the yarn would break. It was the business of bobbin-boys to watch for these broken strands. Each boy had to watch a section and pick up the ends and put them together so that the two ends would be spun together without leaving a knot. Sometimes, when the machine was running well and the wool was of good long fiber, the breaking of threads would be infrequent and we could sit down and talk together and rest. This work required more skill than my former work had done and I felt I was making an advance.

The boys with whom I worked had had almost no education. They could barely read and write, and had very little knowledge of arithmetic. As I had already become a senior in the public school before coming to the mill, they regarded me as well educated and asked me to organize a night school for them. After talking it over with my father I consented, and a class of eager pupils was soon enrolled. Both teacher and pupils had already worked eleven hours each day, but three evenings a week the class met at my home and worked diligently at the three R's for two hours. As I look back on those busy days and evenings I realize the physical and mental strain of those long hours but at the time it did not feel so hard. The boys learned quickly for they were in earnest and I, too, gained much, for teaching others develops the teacher as much as it does the pupils. As the class advanced to the study of fractions I reviewed my own former problems so that when the time came for me to return to school I was

ready to take up the work just where I had dropped it when I left to enter the mill.

My next advance in the mill came when my father decided to take me into his own department. There I was taught to run a machine called a shearer. When the cloth has been woven, both surfaces are rough and the pattern can be but dimly seen and it has to be put through several processes before it is ready for the market. These are all performed in the finishing department over which my father was superintendent. After the cloth has been filled till it becomes thickened and firm in texture, it is ginged so as to raise a nap on its patterned surface and then is run through a shearing machine which cuts off the nap in the same way that a lawn mower cuts grass. This leaves a smooth surface with the pattern showing distinctly. I received fifty cents a day for this type of work. As other boys doing similar work were paid sixty cents, I thought I should get that rate but, though I petitioned several times for it, my father refused to raise my wages lest it might be said he was advancing his own so too rapidly. This argument didn't satisfy me, but I had to put up with it,

I worked in this mill altogether about two years, during which time I saw the eleven-hour-day system changed first to a ten-and-a-half hour day and later to a ten hour day. These changes were brought about after considerable discussion between the owners of the mills and the workmen. Although my father's position as superintendent was but little below that of the owners, he took sides with the workmen in favor of shorter hours. I can even yet remember the arguments he used in talking with the masters. He said the men became very tired before the end of the eleven hour day so that the latter part of the afternoon was a period of slow production and if the period of work should be shortened, the men would carry on throughout the entire day with greater energy and production would be increased. It was hard to convince the masters whose profits depended upon the speed of production, but in time they agreed to try out the shorter day. It was decided that during the first five days of the week the hours of work should remain the same but on Saturday afternoons work should stop at half-past three, bringing the average to ten and a half hours a day. The reason for adopting this method in stead of reducing by half an hour each day was that the workmen themselves preferred to have the weekly three hours of freedom all at once so they might have enough time for outdoor sports or other forms of recreation. After a few months it became evident that my father's argument was being justified for the production was actually greater than it had been under the old system.

Within a comparatively short period the workmen applied for a still further shortening of hours of work to an average of ten hours per day. This petition was granted all the more readily because of the results that had come from the first test. Under the ten-hour system production again rose beyond that of the ten-and-a-half-hour system and everyone was pleased. This time the cut was made by starting work in the morning at seven o'clock instead of half-past six, greatly relieving the pressure on all the workers.

One Saturday afternoon, when we were about to leave the mill, my father surprised me by saying, "well, we were about to leave this mill, ~~my~~ day here. I asked him why it was to be my last day, this will be your last ~~day here.~~ I missed. I wanted to know what for. "Well," he said, "I have been watching you and have come to the conclusion that perhaps you have had enough of this and will be glad to get back to school again. I have noticed, too,

that you are not so strong as you were. You are pale, and I think a rest will do you good. You have stuck it out pretty well." I said nothing in reply but I felt a great thankfulness welling up within me for I had certainly had all I wanted though I had never grumbled.

The following Monday morning when the milkman, a farmer named John Watson, came around with the day's supply of milk and saw me playing outside instead of being at the mill, he wanted to know what I was doing at home. When I told him I had stopped work and was to return to school, he said, "That's fine! There's nothing like an education for a boy! If you get an education, you'll be able to make your living without having to take off your coat." That was his highest conception of the value of an education, and I am not sure but what I agreed with him at the time. For a long period and through long hours of toil I had been making my living with my coat on. The thought of being able to get a better living without such long hours in the midst of so much dirt strongly appealed to me and I suppose that thought is still a powerful incentive to many young men to get an education.

When I returned to the school the same principal was there, an old Scotsman named John McCarter, and his greeting was: "Well, Oliver, so you have come back, have you? Now I wonder what class we are to put you in. Let me see. You were in the senior class when you went away but, after being away so long a time, I am afraid you will have forgotten a great deal, and so perhaps you had better drop back into the junior class." I heard this with a sinking heart, for I naturally hated to be put back but, without letting him see my disappointment, I took my place with the juniors. Of course he did not know I had been teaching a night school and giving special attention to arithmetic. When the Arithmetic class was called, the plan he followed was to write a problem on the blackboard. Each pupil would work it out on his slate as quickly as he could and then lay his slate face down on the master's desk. Gradually the slates were piled up and, when the time allowed for that problem was ended, the master turned the slates over and marked the first one that was correct with the number "1" in the corner of the slate. The next correct one was marked "2" while these that were incorrect were all marked one number higher than the total in the class. At the end of the class period the numbers were added, and the pupil with the lowest total was given first place. It happened that my slate went in first almost every time and was always correct.

One day a problem was given that stumped every member of the class but me. I worked it out quickly and put my slate on his desk. After waiting several minutes, the master looked at my slate, and seeing it was correctly worked, almost threw the slate at me and said, "Go to your seat and come up with the senior class tomorrow." That was one of the proudest moments of my life. I walked back to my seat with my head high, I fear. My hours of night school teaching had turned out to be my salvation.

But more was yet to come. This teaching had either sharpened my wits generally or the long vacation had increased my zest for studying, and as a whole I stood high. As the early summer passed and the time for the entrance examination into the high school approached, the master stopped at my desk one day and said, "Oliver, have you been thinking about trying the examination?" I replied that I would if he thought I should. "Well, I think you had better try it," he said. And once more I had a thrill, only a degree less than that of the other occasion.

Examination time came. I had worked hard and the test was on. Surprisingly to myself I not only passed but took first place. I hope I am not boasting, - I had studied faithfully, probably more earnestly than those who had done nothing else while I was away from school.

My first teacher in the High school was Mr. John Wilkie, a small man and a very energetic one, but not very attractive to boys in the "teen" age. One day he got into a dispute with one of the larger boys about some prank the lad was playing. Mr. Wilkie attempted to punish him but the boy seized him and threw him down on one of the desk seats. When the teacher arose from that undignified position he was of course deeply humiliated; and I was divided between my admiration of Jim Miller's prowess and my sympathy for the embarrassed teacher. It was the first time I had ever seen such an occurrence but before I finished my high school course I saw it done again - though not by the same persons. It happened only when a highstrung teacher lost control of his temper in his handling of a boy who realized his own strength and felt he was being unduly shamed.

At the end of that school year Mr. Wilkie resigned in order to complete his theological studies in Knox College, Toronto. Then he married one of the public school teachers of our town and they went to India as missionaries. I did not see them again for several years after my graduation as a doctor, and they were on their first furlough. By that time they had several children and when the time came for them to go back to India they left all of them in the care of one of his sisters in Toronto and asked me to be their medical adviser. I was glad to do this for one who had had a hand in developing me when I was a boy. The parents served many years in India. He died there and the widow returned to Canada to live with one of her daughters. I saw her last in 1936.

But it was the headmaster, Mr. P.C. McGregor (p. stood for Peter but he was always referred to in conversation as P.J. without even mentioning his surname which was Campbell, so you can guess his origin). He, of all my teachers, most influenced my method of thinking. He came from a farm home in Lanark County between the county town, Perth, and the village of Lanark where we had lived before. He was a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and though he never proceeded to any higher degree than B.A. he became one of the most famous high school teachers in Canada. While a student he had suffered from an inflammation of one knee which left it stiff and for years after he came to Almonte he walked with the help of crutches. Fortunately the stiffness gradually lessened so that he later got along very well with only a stout walking stick to help him.

When I entered the high school he was principal and very fortunate were the students who were privileged to study under his guidance. His whole thought in life was controlled by two very powerful principles: religion and politics. In religion he was a Presbyterian and in politics a Liberal, both of which beliefs prevailed in the neighborhood in which he was born and in the university which he attended. He did not ever knowingly attempt to influence his pupils along those lines in his teaching but none of us could remain unaware of his convictions. As for me, I did not receive any impulse toward Presbyterianism, though the principals of both the public and high schools were Scotch and earnest disciples of John Knox. Perhaps my escape was due to the fact that my

father was strongly Methodist and just as firm a believer in its doctrine of free will as they were in predestination.

On the other hand, my home training led me to become a Liberal in politics so that P.C.'s liberal interpretations of current events and history fell on prepared ground and I steadily increased in my leaning toward political liberalism.

While I was a school boy in Almonte, probably the most important measure to come up in the Dominion Parliament was the method of financing the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Both conservative and Liberal members agreed on it as necessary to the development of the country, but they clashed on the question of "how". The conservatives, then in power under the leadership of that greatest of all Canadian conservative politicians, John A. Macdonald, contended for its construction by a private company assisted by the Government. The Liberals were convinced that it should be entirely a government project. The discussion was taken up ~~then~~ even by school boys who, of course, knew little about the matter except as they heard their elders quarrel over it. P.C. was for the Liberal's idea of government construction and I became an ardent supporter of that method. When the time for a decision by Parliament came the Conservatives won and the Canadian Pacific Railway company was organized. A recital of the details of that arrangement does not fall within the lines of these sketches but they were so favorable to the company that it became one of the wealthiest transportation corporations in the world and, though the competition of the Canadian Government itself which subsequently paralleled all its railway lines as well as its steamship lines under the name of the Canadian National Railways greatly reduced its volume of business, it still carries on and ranks as, perhaps, the largest company of its kind in the world.

My father was a strong advocate of temperance which in those days was interpreted to mean total abstinence from the use of all drinks containing alcohol. In this respect he differed from many of his fellow countrymen in Almonte. But he had seen some of his brothers succumb to the drinking habit and had come to the conclusion that the safety of the Avisons was to be found only in leaving it alone. However, home-brewed beer, or home brew as it was called, was not then regarded as an alcoholic beverage and my mother kept the family supplied with it. Every day it was served with the noon meal and we children got our share and liked it. Then, one evening on returning from his day's work, my father went down into the cellar and brought up the keg of homebrew, carried it out into the back yard and emptied it into the drain. Shocked, we all cried out against such a waste of good beer and wanted to know why he had done it. He explained that, after having taken his usual mug of homebrew for dinner that day, while walking back to the mill, he overheard two men whom he had just passed saying, "Did you notice the smell of liquor on Simon Avison's breath? I thought he was a total abstainer and a temperance lecturer. His breath has given him away this time; - he is just a plain hypocrite." This remark, not intended for his ear, affected him so deeply that he said he would never again touch even homebrewed beer or allow any member of his family to do so if, by so doing, anyone might mistake him for a drinker or if it in any way interfered with his influence as a temperance man. My father was eagerly sought as a temperance lecturer in

all the districts near our town and his enthusiasm had imbued every member of his family with the desirability of avoiding alcohol in any form so one day, very shortly after I had learned to write and was only tall enough to reach up to the table, I signed the pledge and felt that I had taken a very important step in life.

My father's love for the best literature naturally led him to instill into his children's mind a similar love for good reading. Though none of us ever became such readers as he, we, from our earliest years, learned some of the best poems and recited them in public. Once I told my father that before I rose to recite and even when I first began to speak I always trembled and thought I could not go on but, by the time I got through the first verse all fear left me and I was able to proceed with ease. His reply that this was generally true of good speakers was very encouraging. However, I cannot say that I have ever become an orator.

During those years of my boyhood father was not a member of the church though he attended its services regularly, taking us with him and mother. We children were always taken to Sunday school too and my mother and sister united with the Methodist Church when I was still too young to think of it. I wondered why my father had not joined with them and why I myself had never been baptized though I was about twelve years old. The reason for this was cleared up, however, when on one occasion I ran across an old diary of Mather's in which he wrote of his early days when he had been reading Voltaire and the books of other "free-thinkers" and radicals. He was much impressed by their arguments and in time professed himself as an agnostic. He did not throw away his belief in God entirely - he just didn't know. In that state of mind he could not be a church-member though he continued to attend the services and was glad to see his family taking an interest in religion.

When we moved to Almonte he evinced even more personal interest in church work, attending Sunday school and said nothing to others about his personal religious beliefs, so all his friends regarded him as a nominal Christian at least. The superintendent of the Sunday school, who was the leading lawyer of the town and his close friend, evidently thought of him as such for he asked him to become teacher of the Bible class. I remember my father telling me of this and expressing surprise at it. As he was well-read in general literature as well as in the Bible and was a born teacher, his class became very popular. Then one day he surprised me by saying he was going to join the church and would be glad if I would go in with him. That I was happy to do. Because I had not been baptized in infancy as previously explained, I knelt at the altar and received baptism. I must have been then about fourteen or fifteen years of age. Up to that time we had never had family devotions; we did not have grace at table, but that very Sunday my father began these rites and they were continued till his death. In fact, this event marked a great and pleasant change in the tenor of all our lives.

Almonte is situated on the Mississippi River - no, not the large river you are thinking of. There are two Mississippi Rivers on the American continent, - one in the United States, and one in Canada. The one to which I have referred is smaller in every way than the one which flows south into the Gulf of Mexico, but it has reaches of smooth water full of fish, and stretches of rapids and falls which make it more interesting and more romantic. These drops in level make possible the develop-

ment of great dams which serve as sources of power for driving many woolen mills. Almonte was built where there is a series of such falls and rapids and there many woolen mills were erected, making it, as already stated, the center of the woolen industries of Eastern Ontario. The sources of the river were in the rocky heights to the south and west of our town where extensive forests were still being gradually felled by lumbermen. These were mostly sons of farmers who, in the winter seasons, when farming operations were at a standstill, eked out their incomes in this way. The trunks of these trees were cut into logs which were left round to be sawn into boards or lumber or, if very long and free from many knots, were squared and called timbers. Both of these were hauled by horses to the banks of the nearest stream large enough to float them. When spring melted the snow and ice and thus caused the water to rise, they were rolled into the streams and piloted down to the main rivers. The men kept up with them and made sure none of them were left on shoals or trapped in the many small inlets. As they moved downwards they put up their tents near the larger villages, most of which had been built where falls and rapids provided waterpower for various purposes, and it was in such places that the lumbermen were kept busy guiding the logs down the slides that carried them past the natural obstructions.

The coming of the logs down the Mississippi every spring was a great event for the boys of the town. Every boy became a lumberman and each provided himself with a pike firmly fastened to one end. This pike had two sharp prongs, one in the direction of the pole for pushing, the other at right angles to it for pulling. Out on the logs we went. What fun it was! The round logs would spin as our bare feet struck them and then we must either try to stay on or jump to another log with the chance of being dumped into the river in either case. That often happened, but who cared? We swam to another and manoeuvred into a position that made it possible to climb on it, but at other times the log would roll so as to make it impossible to mount it from the water. Our clothes? Oh, yes, they got wet but our mothers knew about that and had old suits ready for us to wear at such times. There were contests of skill - who could stay on his rolling log the longest? Few indeed escaped a ducking in the end. The long square timbers generally floated with one edge up, and though they didn't roll much it was difficult to keep from slipping off their sloping sides.

A visit to the lumbermen's camp was great fun. The cook was nearly always a lower Canadian (quebec) who spoke the English and French languages half and half with a dialect peculiar to the habitants. They were generally good natured and glad to see us, and well knew what we wanted when we called - a thick slice of that newly baked bread covered with a deep layer of hard butter and washed down with a bowl of strong tea, unspiced by either sugar or cream. At home a meal like that would have been scorned but, out in the woods, after a scramble on the logs, it was sweet to our keen appetites.

A boy in such a town who couldn't swim was to be pitied. Two of my school chums were in that class and I tried to teach them how. Each one nearly drowned me. Once a group of us had gone to swim and were diving off a raft of logs where there was very deep water. One of those two lads arrived a bit later and, having stripped on shore, ran over the logs to

where we were and without a word to us jumped into the deep water. At the moment I was standing on the boom (a strong of single timbers chained end to end to hold the logs at a given place) and knowing George couldn't swim, I watched for him to rise to the surface which I expected would happen. It did happen but not fully. He rose only till his hair floated on the surface. With a cry of "save the boy," I jumped in and swimming to his back put my hands around his neck and hoisted his head above water. Then I seized him around the waist and swam to the boom. Others had noticed what was happening and when I got near the boom, they dragged him out. When asked why he had jumped into the deep water, he replied that he thought he might be able to swim if he got into water beyond his depth!

My experience with the second boy was different. After school a group of us decided to go for a swim in a part of the river where there was a comparatively small but deep swimming hole some distance below the town. John wanted to go with us so, as we were passing his home, he asked his father's permission. His father, turning to me, said John could go if I would agree to take care of him. "You know, Oliver, John cannot swim so I am putting a great responsibility on you. - You must take care of him," he said. So off we ran to catch up with the other boys. It was quite a long walk - or would have been had we been going to get the milk for the house - but what boys ever thought it far to go to a favorite swimming hole?

It didn't take us long to strip and get into the water. Allen the others could swim and at once dived into the deep part but I led John, much bigger than I, into a shallow place where I could help him. This shallow place was on a ledge of rock that at one side fell suddenly off into deeper water. We got nearer its edge than we knew and suddenly, as John took a step backward, he found himself sinking. He threw his arms about my neck desperately, and down we went together to the bottom. I expected to rise at once as usual but we didn't rise. I worked to loosen his grip on me and at last succeeded. We rose promptly and as we reached the surface I swam toward his back and, putting my arms around his waist, drew his head above water. I shouted to the other fellows to save him, but they were absorbed in their fun, and when they did hear me, they but they were absorbed in their fun, and when they did hear me, they thought we too were playing, and paid no attention to us. I worked toward the edge of the pool and a boy sitting there, seeing what was up, reached out to get hold of John and ere long had pulled him ashore. We were both puffing hard and were much alarmed, of course, but I was glad to be able to hand him over to his father alive.

I completed my high school course in Almonte and then attended the Model School in Perth, the county town. It was the first session of that school, and so it had no previous record to guide the actions of either teachers or students, but when we left it we were the holders of third class certificates which qualified us to become teachers in public or grade schools.

I began watching the papers for advertisements for teachers and at length saw one, a country school near Smith's Falls, some twenty-five miles from Almonte. I sent an application to the school committee and received a reply in which I was asked to go to see them. They had chosen me out of thirty applicants, then wrote, but felt it would be better for us to meet each other before a final decision was reached. I was to go by



train to Smith's Falls and get directions there for the remaining three miles which had to be made on foot unless I could get a ride with some farmer going out that way.

On arriving at Smith's Falls, I found the bookstore where I was to make enquiry and there learned how to find the home of Mr. William Graham, the chairman of the school board, I then walked the three miles only to find that Mr. Graham and his sons had all gone to town where they expected to meet me.

"You must have passed them on the way," they said at the farm house, "but come in and wait. You cannot get home today as there are no more trains so you will have to stay here till tomorrow anyway. You will be very welcome."

The men soon returned and supper was served. As evening came on I noticed some neighborhood people coming in by twos and threes and all were doffing their wraps and I asked if there was a party on for the evening.

"Yes, indeed, there is a Halloween party. Don't you know it is October thirty-first? All the people of the countryside will be here." And so it turned out. There was a houseful and it was a big farmhouse at that. All who came at first were evidently from similar farmhouses, but later a young man and two ladies came in whose dress and manner proclaimed them as from a town. They and I were the only ones from outside the district. There was plenty of fun for all - Halloween tricks and plays and then to finish the evening there was the inevitable game of forfeits, less played now than then, I think. It was carried on until all in the party had given a forfeit, something personal, and then the important feature of the game began. Each person had to redeem his or her forfeit. A judge was chosen one known by previous experience to have a faculty for dealing out thrilling judgments which must be carried out before the one concerned could reclaim his or her property. At last it came the turn of Miss Jennie Barnes, one of the young ladies, or girls I should say, from the town. The judge, being blinded was supposed to know nothing about the identity of the claimant except the sex. This being made known to him, he directed that this lady kiss the man in the room she liked the best. The poor girl, under sixteen by three months, was embarrassed. She didn't know the young farmers very well and didn't want to kiss any of them. She didn't like to kiss the young man who had brought her from town - that would be too much of a give-away. The only one left was the stranger. He was just past seventeen, smooth faced, rosy ~~of~~, complexioned. She could kiss him with the least danger of comment. So she approached the blushing young fellow, and did her stunt. She did it well too! Her face was flushed as she claimed her forfeit amidst loud applause. And I? How did I feel? I make no confession.

After a time my forfeit came up. I fear the judge had got an inkling of the ownership, for he declared the owner must be immediately married to Jennie Barnes. This brought on a louder applause than ever. A guest was chosen to act as minister, all usual formalities were attended to and the mock wedding proceeded to a finish. The bridegroom did his duty by kissing the bride who blushed more rosily than ever. Was it all prophetic? Or was all that followed just a natural sequence of events? The young couple actually became man and wife nearly eight years afterwards and lived together more than fifty-one years.

The school committee consisted of only three members, Mr. Graham, Mr. Daviösen (both present that evening) and Mr. John McDonald.

Evidently Mr. Graham and Mr. Davison had consulted together during the evening, for the next morning they told me their decision was favorable, but suggested that we go together to see Mr. McDonald before completing the engagement. When we reached his farm we found him busy plowing and waited till he reached the fence where we were standing. A very interesting dialogue followed.

Mr. Graham: "Good morning, Jock, an 'hoo are ye the morn's morn?"

Mr. McDonald: "I'm varry weel, thank ye."

Mr. Graham: "Ye weren't oct to the pairty last nicht, Jock, but Davidson and I talked with the young teacher and decided he was a'rieht, so we've bro't him over to let you see him."

At that, Jock, a great big Scotchman, looked me over just as he would have looked over an animal that was being offered him for purchase. Then he said,

"Nae, nae, he'll never dae. He's too wee. The last teacher, ye ken, was run oot by the scholars and he was bigger than this yin."

Mr. Graham: "O, weel, Jock, that means naething, ye ken. It isn't a' in the size. We like this young man's looks an' his ways."

Jock: "Well, he may look a'richt but he's that sma'."

Mr. Graham: "he's sma' but you've heard that sometimes the best goods are found i' the sma' packages."

Jock: "A weel, that may be sae. B-t I canna agree tae it. You're twa an' I'm only yin, so if you want to hire him, I can't hinder ye. But, if he comes rinning over the hills some day with the scholars chasin' him don't cum to me about it."

Myself: "well, Mr. McDonald, I may be small, but you'll never see me running over the hill with the boys after me. You can be sure of that." Sp I was hired. The contract was drawn up and signed. My year's salary was to be \$240.00 out of which I would pay for board and lodging, buy my clothes, etc. I went back to Almonte, proud and happy, for I was now a teacher and so a man! I was to begin work the second of January, 1978.

I arranged by correspondence to board at Mr. Graham's home at \$2.00 a week, so I would have some of my salary left for the purchase of clothes and other necessaries. On January first I went to Mr. Graham's home to be ready to begin my work on the second. They had some New Year guests from the town for the dinner, including Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, parents of the Miss Jennie already mentioned. The river, several hundreds of yards away was frozen over and the men had gone down there to play croquet on the ice, so I went down to get acquainted with them.

The school was a stone building with only one room but it had over forty pupils in it, representing all grades of the public school and a few older ones who were in the first and second years of high school. Many of the students were older than I as they farmed in the summer and attended school only in the winter. They looked me over carefully as I did them. I don't know what they thought when they saw a fair complexioned, light haired boy who had never yet shaved, only some five feet two inches in height and weighing less than 100 ~~than~~ pounds, standing in such a relation to them. I know that I watched them to try to judge their attitude. I smiled and after a brief greeting said we would go on with the school work

and a bit later we would get acquainted with each other.

They turned out to be a friendly bunch and in the three years I taught there we had good times in the school room and out doors. All, including the teacher, took their lunches to school and so had time to play together at noon. The boys and girls and the teacher joined in rounders (the forerunner of present day baseball), in football, etc., and all enjoyed it, but when the bell rang and we entered the school room all knew that it meant steady work all the time.

Only on one occasion did I have even a semblance of trouble. I was hearing a class recite on benches in front of the teacher's desk when two lads sitting at one of the desks rose up in a quarrel. The bigger one, a son of one of the trustees, started a fight right there in the school. I quietly asked for an explanation and this fellow noisily told his side of the quarrel.

"Well, George," I said, "this is not the place for a fight. Sit down and wait till after school and then we will see about it." Both sat down, but soon began again. Without a word I jumped over a bench and made my way to where they were standing.

"George," I said, doubling my fist, "if you don't sit down, I'll knock you down."

George, much bigger than I, was so surprised that he sat down without another word, and after school, when the whole matter had cooled off, everything was settled and with no blows. After that time, George became my protector and would have fought anyone who might treat me roughly. The idea of the "wee schoolmaister" knocking big George down had taken him completely by surprise. When I left that part of the country I did not see George again for many years, not until one of my returns from Korea on furlough. He had become a burly farmer with many children and I was already getting gray. During that summer, long years after, Smith's palls was having its old boys' reunion and there was a great, gay time. One evening my wife and I walked down the principal street - a very wide one - where a big community dance was being held. Farmers from all sections were there. Suddenly we met a big man who stopped us and said, "I guess you don't remember me, you used to be my teacher at Huddon's Schoolhouse." "Why, of course I remember you," I replied, "You are George McGillivray." At this he laughed heartily and said, "Do you remember that day in school when you were going to knock me down?" And again he laughed. "I've never forgotten it," I said, "and I would have done it too." "Those were great days," he remarked, "and we all liked you."

School teaching has its drawbacks as a profession, but I know of no greater pleasure than to meet, many years later, the pupils one has taught and hear them say "we all liked you."

I remained there three years except that within that time I engaged another teacher to take my place temporarily while I went to Ottawa, the Dominion capital, to study in the Normal school for a higher grade teaching certificate which would enable me to secure a better paid position.

I have already told of my first meeting with Miss Jannie Barnes and said she was related to the Graham family in whose home I boarded all the time I taught in that little schoolhouse. Mr. Barnes was a blacksmith and carriage builder and his shop and home were near the entrance to the town, and so the Grahams found it convenient to leave their horses in his blacksmithy on Sundays while they went to church. They were presby-

terians and their church opened its services at eleven a.m. The Barnes' were Methodists, however, and that church began at ten-thirty a.m. To oblige their boarder, the Grahams brought him up with them coming earlier so that I, a Methodist, could go to my own church. Because of this difference in time of opening, the services also closed at different times. I always left the church with the Barnes family and went to their home to wait for the Grahams to come a half hour later. Thus, every Sunday I spent a half hour with Jennie who usually played hymns on the organ while the rest sang, all but the mother who was busy preparing the noon meal. In this way I became better and better acquainted with the family and with Jennie!

I made one great blunder while I was at Normal school in Ottawa during part of my third year. I didn't write Jennie very often and she concluded my acknowledged affection for her was not so strong as we had both thought it was, and so when I returned it was to a very cool young lady. It took a lot of explaining and a good deal of time to restore the former happy relations, for another young man, living in the town, had done his best to win her while I was away. Even up to the time I left the neighborhood at the end of my third year in the school, I had not succeeded in completely re-establishing myself in her affections.

When I left Smith's Falls I returned to my home in Almonte and re-entered the High school to prepare for matriculation in the University of Toronto where I planned to fit myself to become a college teacher, but before I had finished this preparatory work a reconsideration of my civilian life made me realize that I was not sufficiently enthusiastic in my wish to become a professional teacher to make me go through all the necessary years of college, coupled with the task of earning my living and my college expenses all the way through. What then? Some kind of a business life seemed to be most feasible - but what? Something more than buying and selling would be desirable and as I had been much interested in chemistry all through my high school life, a business that would combine the further study of that subject with the making of a living would be ideal. No sooner had I come to that conclusion than an "ad" appeared in our local paper announcing that an apprentice to the drug business was needed by a drug store in Smith's Falls. The owner was Dr. J.S. McCallum whom I had known while I was teaching school. I called on him at once and he engaged me with no further ado as an apprentice for three years at a rate of remuneration that seems ridiculously small in this day, - first year, board and room only; second year, the same plus \$100.00; third year, an additional \$100.00. That meant board and looking and \$300.00 for three years plus an opportunity to learn chemistry, botany, medical materials, manufacturing processes, compounding prescriptions and business methods. The hours of work were from seven in the morning to nine at night, six days a week, with only time off for meals but it offered what I wanted, - a combination of scientific studies and business with a living thrown in. Besides, and this must not be forgotten, Smith's Falls was the home of Jennie Barnes.

When I entered on this apprenticeship a very competent business man and well qualified druggist, Duncan McIntyre, was in charge. The doctor was busy looking after his patients and writing prescriptions and the fact that all his prescriptions were compounded there gave his clerks an unusually good training in that line of work as he was very particular,

not only about their accurate preparation, but also about the cleanliness and neatness of the finished package. My work the first year was to get to the store in the morning early ~~en~~ enough to do the sweeping and dusting before either of the other men arrived. The cleanliness and neatness of the entire shop, outside and inside, the windows and their contents, and above all, the drug bottles on the shelves, occupied my first hours of the day. After that I could wait on customers and in between I could read the text books that dealt with the various subjects of the course. I soon determined that we ought to manufacture our own tinctures, ointments, and various powders and, as my first efforts made it evident that my products were as good as those they had been buying from the regular wholesalers and manufacturers, I was given a free hand at this work and very soon was allowed to compound the doctor's prescriptions.

The chief hindrance to my complete contentment was the fact that almost every night I had to stay in until the store closed which was never earlier than nine o'clock, so that I had not much time in which to carry on my courtship. The location of Jennie's home was but one block from our corner so every morning when she was sweeping the sidewalk in front of her home I managed to be outside too and we waved good morning to each other. Her mother was on my side - very much so - and when I called in an evening - often as late as nine-thirty, much consideration was shown me by the understanding mother. Instead of expecting me to leave at ten o'clock which was then considered the proper hour for beaux to depart, the mother would come into the parlor carrying a tray on which was pie or cake and something nice to drink. Placing it on the table she would smile, say goodnight, and quietly leave the room. What a treasure of a mother she was! She certainly knew which of the boys who came around she wanted for a son-in-law!

Before the end of the first year the head clerk decided to "go west" to Winnipeg, the capital of the newly organized province of Manitoba. I rather hoped I might be given his post in view of the work I had done, but the doctor explained that, as he understood the pharmacy law of the province, he would have to keep a legally qualified pharmacist in the store. This was not a fact, as he discovered later, because he, being a physician, was regarded by the law as competent and legally qualified to be a druggist. A qualified druggist was engaged but he proved to be less than competent as a business head and a few months later the doctor let him go and put me in charge with an apprentice under me. That pleased me because I escaped all the menial work and could give all my time to management and study.

I am not boasting when I say the business grew rapidly and the profits increased as I developed the manufacturing and more and more. The duplicating of many of the patented remedies and the sale of these under our own labels was bound to bring good financial returns. Though I could not use the names of the originals, I could intimate that our products would do all that the patented remedies did. At the end of the year the doctor gave me a small present, over what my contract called for. I had hoped for a greater recognition of my efforts but made no comment, - a false pride kept me from telling him what I was thinking.

Before the end of the three years I had completely routed my rival for Jennie's hand, and a few months before I was to leave for Toronto to attend the college of pharmacy, we pledged our faith to each other. I reported this to her father according to the customs of the day, though he didn't need to be told and I didn't need his assurance that he approved it. However, he had to raise some questions as a matter of form.

"Well, Oliver," he said, "I have suspected this for some time and I can't say I disapprove it, but you are about to go to a big city where you will see many fine ladies. You may change your mind when you go out into the world. Hadn't you better put off this engagement so you will be free to choose some one else in case you change your mind?"

I just smiled at this and declared I would risk it, and so would she. We had talked that over together and knew, after more than six years of close companionship that we were fully satisfied with each other.

"Well," said he, "if you feel that way about it I have no further objection. I just felt I ought to give you this bit of friendly advice. Her mother and I both look upon you as a son anyway."

In a few months I would be a qualified pharmacist if I passed my examinations and I had won my bride to be, so I did not regret the change I had made in my plans three years before. You may wonder how I could go through college in so short a time so I had better explain the modus operandi of those early days.

The main preparation for a druggist was his three years' apprenticeship under the tutelage of a qualified pharmacist. During that time he was supposed to study the various subjects on which he would be examined and know them sufficiently well. But many were not well prepared and found themselves unable to pass the examinations which were given in Toronto by a Board of examiners appointed by the council of pharmacy, a body selected by the votes of all qualified druggists in the province.

One of the manufacturing druggists of the city, Mr. E. B. Shuttleworth, who had been well trained in England in chemistry and all the subjects required by the pharmacy Act, seeing the need, opened a short term school in which capable teachers would give an intensive course for a period of months to all who desired to attend the classes before attempting the examinations. This course was intended to supplement the more or less superficial courses of study many of the young men had had during their period of apprenticeship when so much of their time had been given to business. This innovation proved to be so valuable that the council of pharmacy had made attendance on these courses compulsory and undertook the selection of its teachers. Mr. E. B. Shuttleworth was appointed principal, and its courses were gradually improved and lengthened. It was at that early period that I attended it. Not only were lectures given but laboratory courses in chemistry, pharmacy, and compounding of prescriptions were established as well as a course in microscopical examination of drugs by which the identity and purity of drugs could be determined.

I enjoyed these studies and gave them my full attention. I was fortunate too in gaining the friendship of the principal. At the examinations that followed the completion of the course of study, the work I had done during my apprenticeship in Smith's Palls stood me in good stead. I received 3 gold medals in special subjects, and also the gold medal for general proficiency.

Dr. McCallum had asked me to return and continue as manager of his business with an offer of a good salary at once and a partnership at

the end of a year and I expected to accept it, but I had barely made a start under this proposition when I ~~was~~ received a telegram from principal Shuttleworth offering me the post of teacher of Botany in the School of Pharmacy at a salary of \$600.00 a year. Two sessions of the school were held each year and three lectures a week were given in botany, supplemented by a weekly tramp into the woods with the students to gather and classify specimens of plants and flowers as a practical laboratory course in that subject. All the rest of the time would be at my disposal.

When I showed this telegram to my employer he shook his head and asked me what answer I would give. Of course it was not a big thing but it seemed to me to open up a new vista of possibilities and I told him it was very tempting to me. He then made me several offers of better salaries if I would stay with him but in the end I went to Toronto. My father-in-law to be was evidently pleased with the opportunity for advancement this might give me and heartily approved my decision.

This advanced and practical study of botany fascinated me and every Saturday afternoon a group of the students accompanied me in search of plants, especially medicinal ones. We covered all the open ground and woods north of the city while at the same time Ernest Thompson Seton was studying the wild animals of the same section and writing his first book about them, "Wild Animals I have known."

At the end of the first term, the teacher of Materia Medica (Pharmacology it is now termed) had to leave for California because of ill health and the principal asked me to take over that subject in addition to the botany. It added \$600.00 to my annual salary and put me on Easy Street financially, so I felt more than ever assured I had chosen wisely when I gave up my work in the drug store. In addition I had received several offers of good auxiliary positions in city drug stores. I told Mr. Shuttleworth of these and asked his advice as to which I should accept. His answer surprised me-

"If I were in your place I would not accept the best position in a drug store in Toronto."

Amazed, I asked for an explanation. His reply was equally astonishing.

"You are now receiving a good living salary and have plenty of spare time. There are two medical schools in the city, Toronto and Trinity. Go and find out which one will give you the most credits for what you have done and are doing in pharmacy, examine their courses carefully and consider the relative abilities of their teachers. Then sign up as a student in one of them. In the end you will get your M.D. That will be much better than being a druggist and will not interfere with your teaching in the College of Pharmacy."

I could but answer that I had never intended to be a doctor. He brushed aside that objection by saying that even as an M.D. I need not go into medical practice. If I decided not to do so I would still be the gainer because with the double qualifications I could command a position in Pharmacy that would carry me to the very front of that profession. He went on to say that when he was a young man in England he was offered an opportunity to study medicine after he had become a pharmacist. He had refused it and had been sorry ever since. Had he accepted the offer he would have been much farther ahead now than he could ever expect to be within his lifetime.

I took his advice and after conferring with the deans of both medical schools, I decided on attending Toronto which would give me a year's credit for my work in Pharmacy, and as it seemed to me had the best staff of teachers. This would enable me to graduate in three years instead of the usual four. So again the course of my life was changed and just as unexpectedly as before.

I worked as hard at my medical studies as I had done at my pharmaceutical course and at the end of the first year stood first in the class and received a scholarship of \$50.00 which was of great use in the purchase of additional textbooks.

Then the professor of Materia Medica in the College of Pharmacy resigned because of illness and the principal offered me that position. As it would add \$600 a year to my income I gladly accepted it.

Then I began to realize I was lonely and to think how nice it would be to exchange my boarding room for a home but would an income of \$1200 a year warrant such a procedure?

But let me go back a couple of years for this happened in 1885 and much had occurred between my graduation as a pharmacist and this time. when, in 1885, I was given the second position in the college of pharmacy with total salary of \$1200.00 I began to realize I was lonely and to think how nice it would be to change my boarding room for a home, but would \$1200.00 a year enable me to do this? I wrote to Jennie and asked her opinion. She consulted her parents who said it was enough for a modest home. That was fine, - would she marry me the coming summer holidays? She would, and the wedding took place July 28, 1885.

We went to Ottawa for a part of our honeymoon. My former competitor for Jennie's hand had found another nice lady and married her before we had reached that point and they were living in Ottawa. They called on us the first morning after our arrival and insisted that we leave the hotel and go to their home which we did after much persuasion. It certainly seemed odd that this should have happened, but we all laughed over it and there was an absence of the restraint we might otherwise have felt. We soon returned to Smith's falls and spent the rest of our evening on the familiar Long Island in Rideau Lake.

In the fall we rented and furnished a home in Toronto and I pursued my regular work in a very contented frame of mind.

Those who read those memoirs may think getting married on an income of \$1200.00 a year was risky, but we found it quite enough though it would not be enough in these days of 1940.

At the end of my second year, I again stood first and received the usual scholarship of \$50.00 and might have done so the third year had I continued to study as hard as I had done before. But I found my strength lessening and feared I might break down so, after consultation with my wife, I decided to reduce my hours of study to a point which, while insuring graduation would likely lower my standing at the end of the year. It turned out that way. Though I graduated, I stood only third in the class but with good health instead of a broken constitution.

During the third year of my medical course a group of second year medical students asked me to give them a special course of lectures on pharmacology.

"Why," I asked, "you have a regular course on that subject, haven't you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "we have, but the teacher has been giving the same lectures from the same notes for the last thirty years and they are entirely out of date. Why, the boys who have had his course have told us to be prepared to laugh at certain places when he repeats his old joke. We know of your teaching at the college of pharmacy and would like to get your lectures for which we are prepared to pay you."

Though I thought this was rather piling it up on me, I asked where such a course could be given for I could not, of course, use one of the lecture rooms without the permission of the secretary of the college. They said they would attend to that. When, a few days later, I met the secretary, he stopped me to say he had heard of the boys' request and I was free to use the main lecture room. So I became both



a student and teacher in the same institution.

My Medical College years were marked by some unusual events, only a few of which there will be room for in my story, but they are of interest because they helped to change many regrettable customs in the schools and led to other very important developments in my life.

The mischievous spirit that is supposed to prevail in all colleges had been augmented to a point that caused all medical students to be regarded with suspicion. This came home to me in a very humiliating experience. Another student and I went together in search of a room. We found / one that suited us, but when we were just completing the bargain, the handlady suddenly said, "You're not medical students, are you?" We admitted we were and asked her why she asked. "They are a bad lot," she said, "I wouldn't have on in my house at any price. I am sorry, for you two look like nice young men."

"Well, there are some bad ones among us," we said, "but we will not cause you any trouble."

She would not risk us, however, and we had to go on with our searching for a room.

Some of the students came to the classes intoxicated and at times created so much trouble that the teacher had to dismiss the class. It was the custom for the students to sponsor an annual dinner to which other medical schools were asked to send representatives. Liquors were served in abundance and by ten o'clock many of the hosts and some of the guests were under the table, some vomiting and some sleeping. A few of us who didn't drink alcoholics got together and organized a temperance society and it soon became evident that a majority of the students felt as we did, for they joined the organization and before the end of two years the anti-liquor group were able to veto the serving of alcoholic drinks at any representative gathering of students and to send only non-drinkers to represent the school at the dinners of other colleges. As the two medical schools were only a block apart the organization included both.

#### Organizing the Y.M.C.A.

The a student named Robert A. Hardie suggested that the two Medical schools should unite in organizing a Y.M.C.A. with the aim of developing a Christian fellowship. The liberal arts Department of the University of Toronto already had a very successful "Y" with a building of its own on campus. It had sent one of the University graduates to Korea as an evangelistic missionary and was supporting him there, -Mr. James S. Gale. He was not an ordained minister but as a lay Christian was conducting a very successful work. Another Toronto layman, Dr. Malcolm Fenwick, had also been sent out by a committee made up of wealthy men of several denominations. The letters of these two were enthusiastic and Hardie felt a strong desire to be sent out as a physician to be associated especially with Mr. Gale.

Hardie succeeded in interesting a number of students in the idea of organizing a medical "Y" and one evening a group met at my even elected the necessary officers all in one evening, so it can be seen that Hardie's enthusiasm had borne fruit. We arranged to hold our meetings in the medical schools just as the temperance meetings had been conducted there so as to connect our work definitely with the schools.

The first meeting after organization was held in the large theater of the Toronto Medical school. I was appointed to open the meeting with prayer and as I looked up the tiers of seats at the large number of men gathered - mostly out of curiosity - I felt rather strange as, without doubt, that was the first public prayer to have been offered in it. It was a successful venture and quite often some member of the faculty would address

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Just as might be expected, Hardie, after a time, suggested that this "Y" should send him to Korea to join hands with Gale. A broad smile of incredulity met this suggestion but one after another became converted to the idea and a committee was appointed to obtain information about the cost of travel to Korea and the cost of living there. Reports were obtained from Gale and Fenwick and their estimates were so low that the project began to seem feasible. But Hardie soon followed my example and brought a wife to the city and that was an unexpected complication. The other two men were unmarried and were living in the country in Korean homes and eating Korean food. Hardie, with a wife and probably a family would need a home where they could live more in accordance with Canadian standards.

However, the time came when all arrangements were completed and the long journey to Korea was made possible for the Hardies. The family - the doctor, his wife and little girl spent a few days with us before they started off. They left for Vancouver on an evening train and I drove them to the railroad station in my carriage. This item of information is introduced only as a setting for an interesting occurrence at the end of their missionary career.

At that time, August, 1890, we had no thought of going to Korea ourselves. It was not till January, 1893, that this question came up for consideration, but that summer found us in Korea.

The Hardies continued work there until April 27, 1935 and, when they were about to leave Seoul, they spent the last few days in our home in that city and again I drove them to the railroad station - almost forty-five years after they left Toronto. It was rather unique that the same person who saw them off on their trip from Canada should, so many years later, have seen them off on their return journey to Canada. I used a carriage on that first occasion, but an auto at the second one. Even in America the auto had not come into being in 1890, and not even a horse carriage was in use in Korea, but in 1935 autos had become common in both countries.

I graduated a year ahead of Hardie and was appointed to the University Medical Faculty to teach pharmacology. At the same time I opened up practice in the city. I was really busy by that time giving nine lectures a week at the college of pharmacy and four at the Medical college besides getting started in practice, but I continued my connection with the medical "Y" and also became medical officer for the central city "Y" and a member of its Board of Directors. I was a member of the Official Board of Shorbourne Street Methodist Church and a local preacher or, in a different phraseology, a lay preacher. Every Sunday afternoon I thought a Bible Class in a branch of the Shorbourne Street church, and every Sunday evening helped to carry on a service for a new branch church over the Don River. Thursday evenings I served as leader of a Band of Hope in the east end of the city for the City Mission which headed slum work in the whole city. Thus not much unoccupied time was left on my hands.

I had bought a small home on the eastern end of Carlton Street and after graduation I opened practice there, and so took on still more responsibilities. Two needs faced me at once. The first one was caused by the customs of city medical practitioners in that day. Every doctor wore a black prince Albert suit and a silk top ~~hat~~ hat and it would be infra dig for a doctor connected with the University to visit his patients not properly attired. The second was that every doctor had a horse and carriage. I bought the suit and hat but had to put off the horse and carriage. Till I could afford them. The first time I donned the black suit and went but it soon became a matter of course. In a comparatively short time, too, my father-in-law sent us a nice carriage and I spent my last dollar for a horse and harness. Now we were in the swim of a city medical practice and I was ready to become the trusted family physician of the highest of the high!

A And, as a matter of fact, it was not very long, before I was summoned to attend at the birth of a son to the Mayor of the city. To be sure, I was not his first choice. He had been married twice and his first wife had died at the birth of their first child so this time he had chosen the most noted surgeon in the city, determined that no unnecessary risk should be incurred. But alas! When the time came this surgeon was busy with another case and could not be there. He suggested to the anxious husband that he call me in his place. Proud moment! I had known both the Mayor and his wife but had not expected to meet them under such circumstances. Everything passed off smoothly and when I was about to leave the house I told them I would report to their doctor who would doubtless call during the day.

"Oh, no," they said, "You are to continue to attend. We are quite satisfied with your work."

"But," I answered, "I am only a substitute for Dr. Cameron who was kind enough to recommend me to you and I cannot keep the case."

"We do not know the etiquette of your profession," they said, but we know we want you to see the case through."

"Well," I answered, "that will be between you and him. I shall call him up and tell him how things are with his patients and that you will expect a call from him as soon as he is free. Any change must be made after consultation between you and him."

"All right," said the Mayor, "I will call on him myself and tell him what we want."

"But," I said, "in any event, he must visit your wife, and if then he wishes me to continue, he can ask me to do so."

During the Day Dr. Cameron called me up and, after saying he would call at the patient's home that evening, asked me to meet him there. This I did and, having complimented me on my work, he asked me to carry it through. Of course I agreed to do so and after that until we left for Korea, I continued to be the family physician of the Mayor of Toronto. My punctiliousness pleased Dr. Cameron and he sent many other cases to me which he was too busy to look after. It does pay to treat one's fellow practitioners and everyone else with the utmost consideration.

At the end of my first year as a teacher in the University, I was appointed to the Board of Examiners. This pleased me very much as it was a real mark of confidence in my judgment. I had already been on the Examining Board of the college of pharmacy for some years.

After the Hardies had actually gone to their missionary work, the Medical "Y" had to face the problem of their maintenance. Funds were so short in the "Y" treasury that I had to personally pay the bill (some \$200) spent on their final outfitting. I had expected to be recouped but, alas! the treasury was kept constantly empty by the effort to provide for their upkeep in Korea and I at last realized that I had made my first considerable contribution to the missionary cause, for there never was enough to repay the loan.

Do you know that when I realized this I got a thrill out of it? We had had for some time a plan for our missionary giving through our church that I felt would keep these offerings steadily enlarging as time passed and our income grew greater. It started with \$5.00 each for my wife and me and \$1.00 for each year of age for each child. These amounts were to be increased by adding a dollar to each of these gifts as every year went by. We felt it was good for the children to make such a contribution, expecting that when they left home they would go on doing the same. The amounts had to be changed when we gave ourselves to the work and Korea, because our missionary salaries would not allow us to give and Korea, because our missionary salaries would not allow us to give so much, but the system, with necessary alterations, was continued.

My experience of giving is that it is better to decide on how much one will give in any one year and then lay that amount aside to be used in some regular way or else set up an account based on that figure and keep it audited at regular intervals so as to always know whether to increase or decrease contributions and keep them on an even keel. The old method of tithing is a pretty good standard. My wife and I decided early in our married life to adopt this method and did so through the course of our years together.

OUR EARLY DAYS IN KOREA

Before we start looking into those early days in Korea, it might be better to go back to the starting point, my home on Carlton Street, Toronto, Ontario, where I was practising medicine. You can be sure it was a strong conviction that caused two people as old as we were, 32 and 30, with a family of three living children and another coming, to come to such a radical decision as to leave our beautiful Canada and wonderful Toronto. Our future thus far for a home in an almost unknown land looked promising indeed, for at the end of six years I had a practice that was yielding more than enough to support my family and as a teacher in the Medical Faculty of the University had just received notice of my appointment for another five year period. Our decision to separate ourselves from our home land and all these other things was indeed a momentous one.

Both my wife and I had grown up in religious, though not fanatical surroundings. We had been members from our young days of the Methodist Church of Canada and had started married life together in the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church in Toronto in 1885. That was quite a wonderful church and we soon became members of a very active society of young people who studied missions in Japan where that church was supporting a young lady missionary who was a member of that church. This was probably the starting point of our missionary thinking for it was then we began our plan of missionary giving which has already been referred to.

Some five or six years after my graduation from the Medical School. Rev. H. G. Underwood of Brooklyn, New York, the first Protestant clergyman to begin work in Korea, visited our city at my invitation to arouse greater zeal among the medical students. His visit not only did what we desired for the students but also stirred Mrs. Avison and me so greatly that we decided to offer our services to the Methodist Church of Canada if they would send us to Korea. However, they had no work in that field, the country in which our chief interest lay. Mr. Underwood had given our names to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York, without consulting us as that Board was then looking for a doctor to fill a special place in their Korea mission which he thought I could fill satisfactorily. They at once asked me to go to New York for a conference and this led to our appointment.

Another factor in our decision to go into foreign mission work was my continued interest in promoting the work of the Canadian Colleges Missionary Association. Our little Medical Students' Association had grown to a point where it touched the student bodies of all the colleges in Ontario and was supporting a travelling secretary to keep up interest in the work. Dr. Hardie, who had been sent out as noted above, united after a few years with the Korea Mission of the Southern Methodist Church of the U.S.A. and the Colleges Mission devoted its strength to arousing missionary enthusiasm in a more general way. The great influence of our organization may be judged by the fact that nearly all the members of the Association became foreign missionaries one by one.

Probably the deciding factor in our acceptance of the appointment to Korea was what the New York secretary, Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, said in answer to my question as to whether he thought they could make a good Presbyterian out of me. He said they didn't want to make me into a Presbyterian - they wanted me to take some good Methodist fire out to Korea and set ablaze the work of the missions out there. I felt that if that was the spirit of the Presbyterian Board I could work under its direction. However, before leaving Toronto, I transferred my membership to Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church on the corner of the next block on the same street, of which church I am still an elder after forty-eight years.

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When I left for New York our two older children were in quarantine at our home with scarlet fever and on my return I found the third child, a boy of a year and a half, had contracted the disease but we went on with our preparations to leave Canada as soon as the college year ended. This case was complicated with abscess of the ear and pneumonia so that his life was despaired of during the whole period of our preparation for the long journey. The many friends who were opposed to our new plans used his sickness as an argument for their views that we were flying in the face of providence. Our answer was that if he died, his illness need not influence our going so we would continue getting ready to go and if he lived till we got to Vancouver and the boat would take him on as a passenger, we would go right on to Korea; if, however, they refused to take us on because of him we would take regard as a sign that God was preventing our going.

When all was packed and we were ready to leave Toronto, he was so weak that we were much disturbed about taking him on the two hundred mile train trip to his grandparents' home. However, he made the trip safely and during his stay there rapidly gained strength so that on our arrival in Vancouver the question of boarding the ship did not arise.

Our journey across Canada was uneventful except that the newly made roadbed of the Canadian Pacific Railway was neither very solid nor very smooth. It was late spring and there had been heavy rains. At one place, the railway ties with their iron rails were floating and as the train moved forward they sank and then rose again behind us. As we were on the last car I went out and stood on the rear end platform and it was a strange sight to see the rails rising to the surface as we passed over them. When the train sank it maintained its place on the rails and the water rose nearly to the top of the steps while big waves rolled over its surface. We crossed the wide prairies, miles and miles, without seeing a house or even a hillock. Houses were scarce because the railroad was new and the great distances still prevented settlers going so far in search of farms even though the government offered them without cost.

Then came the mountains. Who can describe their greatness, their rocky ruggedness, their grandeur? But the roadbed was new here too, and its roughness gave us many jolts. However, all of those minor unpleasantnesses were passed and all at once the air became more balmy. We could already feel the effect of the warm Japan current off the western coast of the continent. The fields were green and the flowers were in bloom.

We arrived in Vancouver just as it was beginning to recover from the fire which had recently devastated it. As yet it was only big village but the great Vancouver Hotel, built and run by the Canadian Pacific Railway, rose on the highest point in the city, for though small, it was spoken of as a city. To this hotel we went to wait for a week for the sailing of the big C. P. R. steamer, the "Empress of India," that was moored at the big dock.

"Has Mrs. Gibson arrived?" We asked at the hotel desk.

"Yes," was the answer, "she came some days ago." Mrs. Gibson was the mother of Mrs. J. S. Gale of Korea, widow of the late Dr. J. W. Heron, to whose home she was going for a long visit and she had been consigned to our care by the Board in New York. We were a bit anxious to meet her and learn what we might expect in the way of companionship. Would she help us or would we have to do all the helping? She turned out to be a large handsome woman, a real Southern aristocrat with all the friendliness that authors of tales of the South have always attributed to the white people of the south. We were relieved and knew we were going to enjoy her.

Shortly after our arrival in Vancouver we went down to the docks to see our ship. How big she seemed! Six thousand tons! And how

fine she looked in her new coat of white paint and what beautiful lines she showed! We went on board to see what she was like inside and how it felt to be there. But vile smells greeted us as we began to go down into the sleeping quarters which grew even worse as we got farther down. All ships in those days had that stifling odor because of poor ventilation - it was a regular ship smell that got one ready to be sea-sick even before the moorings were loosened and the ship slid quietly away from the dock.

We spent our few days of waiting in seeing the new Stanley Park containing giant trees like those in California and the many other natural beauties of what has since grown to be a real city and a great port. Across the bay rose the high mountains even yet covered with snow in spite of the Japan Current that made it possible for the city and its surroundings to manifest all the glories of early summer. There on top of the nearest mountain are "the sleeping lions" so famous in the tradition of the Indians.

At last the time for our departure came and we went aboard early in the afternoon to get settled in our cabins while the boat was still moored. Our family of five needed plenty of bed space so we had a cabin to ourselves. How comfy it was! Who could get sea-sick on so big a ship? Before evening we left the dock and lo, it was as quiet as the hotel we had just left! Evening came on and we passed through the narrow strait into the broader bay where the waves come in from the ocean. It was a bit rough, a good introduction, I thought, to the wide ocean we should soon be crossing. But the waves grew larger and shook the ship as though it were but a skiff. Ah, what was that strange, uneasy feeling that welled up within me? It could not be, - but, yes, it was - and we only one hour out from port!

At length I felt better and went to find the family. The children were all right, but my wife - had she been sick?  
" "No," she said, "but I wish I could be, I have such a headache and am so dizzy."

Fortunately a time came when we got used to the rocking motion and began to enjoy ourselves. But why dwell on those details? There were many rough days as well as many fine ones in our two weeks' voyage across the Pacific.

We had not been aboard long when a finely dressed officer approached us who turned out to be none other than Dr. Herbert A. Bruce, one of the brightest of the many bright Young Medical students to whom I had taught Pharmacology in the University of Toronto. He had graduated a year before, had served an internship in the hospital and then taken this appointment as ship's surgeon to give him an opportunity to see something of the world, gain some further experience as a surgeon and enable him to pay off the debt which gives many a medical graduate a pain in his head during his early years of practice when paying patients are so few. What a pleasant surprise for me! It was the rule of the ship in those days for the surgeon to act as host to the passengers and Bruce was it. As he was good looking, upright in his bearing and a fine specimen of young manhood he soon became very popular, especially with the young ladies, who never have been able to resist the combination of a good looking young man in a brilliant uniform.

It was pleasure for me to accompany Bruce on his daily rounds of the lower quarters of the ship where most of the Oriental passengers and members of the crew lived during the voyage for it was all a new experience to me. The climax of interest came when a sick Chinaman, long resident in the western Hemisphere, died on his way back to China. It is the belief of the Chinese that a man's soul never leaves his native land and that if he leaves the country of his birth and dies in a foreign one, the soul cannot rest unless the body is brought back to the place of its origin. So it is the great desire of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ a Chinaman who has left his

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own land to get back there before his death. If he should die on his way his body must be taken on back or the separation of soul and body will be forever. So the Chinese on the ship had made a contract with the company to deliver every Chinaman's body, dead or alive, in China. When one died on the ship, therefore, his body, had to be embalmed so that the contract could be fulfilled. I helped Dr. Bruce do the embalming of this case which was the only one during that voyage.

It was very different when a singalese gentleman died on the same voyage, for these people have no such belief, and we had the unique opportunity of seeing a burial at sea. Having been a British subject the man's body, to which lead had been attached to sink it, was covered with the Union Jack and placed on a board that projected over the ship's side. After the reading of the Angliocan burial service the board was tilted so that the body slipped quietly into the sea leaving the flag behind it. I had always thought that a burial at sea would be a very grim sight, but, conducted in this way with the crew and passengers standing around quietly as at any funeral on land, there was nothing of the disagreeable - it was similar in every respect to the lowering of a body into a grave in a cemetery.

When we left Victoria our boat was headed northwest which seemed strange to us seeing our first port in Japan, Yokohama, was considerably south of west. We expressed our surprise to one of the officers who explained it to our satisfaction. He pointed out that the nearer we get to the North Pole the shorter the circles around the globe become so that the shortest distance to Japan is to go northwest for a certain distance and then veer to the southwest till we reach Yokohama.

This route took us within sight of the Aleutian Islands which we could see clearly and, with the use of a good telescope, we could even see the seals clambering over the rocky shores. Then it grew colder, snow fell and the ship's ropes were covered with ice. The cold weather continued almost till we reached Japan - but it became suddenly summery one day before we entered the port. What a change took place overnight! We went to bed Saturday night covered with heavy blankets and awoke Sunday morning with a warm summer sun shining in through the portholes. We had worn thick winter clothing on Saturday and on Sunday the lady passengers were out in thin white dresses. What had happened. We had suddenly entered the western branch of the Japan Current. It had divided into two branches, one running north along the coast of British Columbia in which we sailed at the beginning of our voyage and the other flowing north along the coast of Japan. It was an eye-opening experience to us, inexperienced travelers that we were.

That day we sailed into the harbor of Yokohama and gazed for the first time at the famed hills of Japan. The port was spacious, the hills brilliant in the June sunlight and as beautiful as we had been led to believe but - there seemed always to be a "but" - the beauty of the surroundings was soon spoiled by the coming to the anchored ship of men and women in their sampans, most of them completely naked. Mrs. Avison's first reaction was a feeling of repugnance and then a realization that she had been deceived by all she had read about the advanced civilization of Japan. If this that she saw was to be described as advanced civilization what had it been like before?

Soon we were on a sampan on the way to the landing pier where we speedily passed the Customs examination and got into the strange jinrikshas pulled by men. This method of transportation intrigued us but when we came to a long hill on our way to the Bluff, where we had been told we would find foreign houses, I couldn't bear the idea of letting a man tug and puff to pull me up that long slope so out I jumped and started off on my own much to the surprise of the little man who seemed to fear he was going to lose a fee.

The Bluff is at the top of a steep hill, a section of the city considerably higher than the shore and was at that time the residential district for nearly all the foreigners who lived in Yokohama. We were taken to the house to which we had been directed and were made very comfortable. But, oh, the heat! It seemed to smother us. It was greater than anything we had experienced in Canadian midsummer.

I was very much pleased to find a young doctor there whom I had known as a student in the university. He had gone with his wife as a missionary to South China, but the health of the family had broken down and they were now on their way back to Toronto with but little hope of ever returning to the Orient. This was not very stimulating to us though we still hoped for better things.

We expected to find letters from Korea advising us as to the time they expected us to arrive in that country but day after day passed without any word coming. This delay gave us a good opportunity to visit and learn much concerning places of interest in and around Yokohama. Some of it was gratifying and some of it very discouraging. Some missionary friends living there took us one day to the red light district of the city where we saw things we had never expected to see in even a heathen land. The business pertaining to that section was carried on with a great amount of publicity. As we returned home from that trip we decided that our ideas of Japanese civilization would have to be greatly changed.

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\*Beautifully dressed young women sat inside show windows. Gentlemen who passed as they passed were invited to enter. No one seemed to regard it as disgraceful or a cause for wonderment.

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We also visited Tokyo, leaving the three children in the care of a Japanese amah (nursemaid) who was said to be reliable. The Canadian Methodists had established a mission in Tokyo some years before and we knew some of their missionaries and had introductions to others. We got into separate rickshas and naturally expected they would keep together. Interested in the curious scenes around me I did not notice that when my man turned a corner suddenly the other rickshaman did not follow. On turning around to point out an interesting sight to Mrs. Avison, I found I was alone and my rickshaman did not know what had become of the other one. The only thing I knew to do was to give him the address of the Canadian mission home where we knew a young preacher who had visited us frequently at Smith's Falls, Canada. On our arrival, Mr. Crummy was greatly troubled since we did not know by what streets we had come, so we started out together to search for her, but could not find her anywhere. Finally, we returned to his home and found her there. Of course she had been greatly alarmed at finding herself alone but everything had come out all right as she knew the address of our friend.

We waited some six weeks in Yokohama for a letter from Korea in answer to several requests for directions but no reply had come. This worried us for we were anxious to get to Korea without much more delay as our fourth child was expected within a few weeks. At last we determined to wait no longer for letters but to move on toward our destination. We took passage on a very nice steamer as far as Kobe and there transferred to a much smaller boat, the "Higo Maru," which was then lying in the harbor, loading cargo for Korea. Instead of landing and going ashore, we went directly to the boat and there awaited its sailing.

The ship smelled so strongly of dried fish that we were sickened. The sleeping accommodations on the lower deck were small and stuffy; the dining room was hot and poorly ventilated so we took chairs up to the outside deck and remained there all night for we felt better there as

far as air was concerned, then below. But with evening came the mosquitoes, and they came in droves, so we were glad when next day the boat weighed anchor and we set off on the last leg of our journey to our future home.

After calling at Nagasaki we crossed the Korean straits. As we neared Fusan I watched eagerly from the prow of the boat for the first sight of the land which had called us. As I had read descriptions of the approach to this port I knew what to expect - great rugged rocks with no intimation of anything like a harbor till we got to its very entrance and passed through a channel guarded on each side by rocky pillars that stood up like tall sentinels. Having sailed through that passageway at slow speed, almost immediately an extensive harbor opened to view, presenting a magnificent spectacle of mountains in the background with only a strip of low land along the shore. Here the town of Fusan, the first settlement of the Japanese in Korea, dating back at least to 1443, spread out along the widest part. On it were one story houses with Japanese tiled roofs and an occasional taller building. Many small Korean huts with thatched roofs were grouped in villages along the narrower strips of land while high hills and higher mountains showing no signs of habitation, rose behind, unwooded and uncultivated. On the whole, it was not an inviting prospect.

We had been told that at least one of our missionaries was stationed there and at length on one of the hills a foreign style bungalow came into sight which turned out to be what we were looking for. Leaving the family on the ship, I went ashore in a Korean sampan and made my way up to the house by a rough and crooked pathway. It was the afternoon of Sunday, June 16, 1893.

On reaching the home of Rev. W.M. Baird I found a small group of foreigners gathered there for Sunday worship. They were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Baird, Dr. and Mrs. Brown, members of our mission, and a few members of the Australian Presbyterian Mission whose homes were some two or three miles away. I was warmly welcomed by what I thought must be a very lonesome little group. Next day I took Mrs. Avison and the children up to the Bairds' as the ship was to remain in the harbor a day or two.

On Tuesday I met there the Rev. and Mrs. Bunker, Methodist missionaries from Seoul, who were on their way to Japan. When they saw me and learned that we were on our way to Seoul, they expressed surprise and asked if we had not received a telegram at Yokohama advising us to remain in Japan until fall. Of course we had not received the telegram or we should not have started. Mrs. Bunker said all the foreigners in Seoul had gone to the hills to escape the intense heat, except Rev. and Mrs. Underwood who were staying in the city because they were having their house repaired and were unable to leave it.

What were we to do? Here we were in Fusan on our way to Seoul where we were entirely unexpected. We were advised to make some other arrangements for the summer as the Underwood house was not in a condition for guests and no other houses were open. But what arrangement could we make?

"You will be welcome in our home if you can put up with the few accommodations we have," Baird said.

Their house seemed to be already filled for Dr. and Mrs. Brown were living in two rooms of the house while their own was being built. However, the Bairds said they would vacate both their studies, one on either side of the hallway, and make us as comfortable as they could.

How glad we were to accept this generous offer! Mr. Baird returned at once with me to the ship to help bring the family ashore and before evening Mrs. Avison, the children and all our baggage had been brought up and installed in the two rooms in which beds had replaced the desks.

Under such circumstances began our missionary career in Korea. That evening, Mrs. Baird came to our rooms and asked if we had brought mosquito nets with us. We hadn't thought of our need for such articles and they seemed concerned for said they, we would surely need them. Cheerily I said we would manage some way that night and could go down to the Japanese village next day and buy gauze to make up into nets. As soon as darkness came I heard a buzzing in the air and a wave of mosquitoes filled the rooms.

We had put the three children to bed in one room while we occupied the other but there was no sleeping for any of us that night. I would kill all the mosquitoes that attacked us, then go to the other room and kill them there, and back and forth I went through the long night; no sleep for any of us.

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In spite of all my efforts by the coming of morning the children's faces were swollen and their eyes almost closed because of the myriad bites.

We lost no time the next day in going to town to get nothing. We could find no foreign netting in the stores and were compelled to buy the large green nets, one of which the Japanese used to cover an entire bedroom. We purchased two of these and hung them over our beds. There was room enough inside one of these nets to allow walking clear around the bed. Somehow the mosquitoes got inside the nets that night and again we got little sleep, but in time we learned how to use the nets and were able to keep the troublesome insects on the outside.

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\*Do you remember the vivid description of new England mosquitoes given Josh Billings? "They could climb the trees and back" and "Happy little critters singing as they toil". How apt!

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Although the Baird house was on a high hill overlooking the harbor, the heat was intense. We wore as little clothing as we dared, but still had on too much.

On the Sunday afternoon after our arrival, just a week from the day when we entered Fusan harbor, our fourth child was born. We had left Japan when we did hoping to arrive in Seoul before Douglas came, but our temporary stay in Fusan seemed providential.

A few days after we moved into the Baird home, Rev. Samuel A. Moffett came unexpectedly from Seoul intending to spend the summer with the Bairds.

"You are more than welcome," said the Bairds, "though we have no unoccupied bedroom; but we can put a mattress on the wide ledge of the bay window of the dining room for you, if you don't mind putting up with this arrangement." He was quite willing to do that and decided to stay. Then every room in the house was used as a bedroom except the kitchen.

During our stay in Fusan I went with Mr. Baird to many places in the neighborhood and gained an insight into his missionary work. Naturally my lack of understanding of the language was a handicap and it was not long before Mrs. Baird suggested I should use part of my time in learning it. Mrs. Baird said I could use his teacher and helper, Mr. Koh, when his time was unoccupied.

I will remember the first lesson I took. We sat on the floor of that small room with a low table between us and looked at each other.

I knew no Korean and Mr. Kohn knew no English. How were we to begin? Mrs. Baird had given me one Korean sentence to start with. It was Korean for the question "What is this?" (E-gut moo-uh-sb? literally "this thing what is it?") I took up a book which was on the table and asked the question. He replied "Ku-gut ohak-e-o-". Literally "that thing, book it is.". Naturally I took the answer to mean that the name of the article was "ohak-e-o-." Then I took up a pencil and asked the same question. My teacher answered, "ku-gut yun-peel-e-o-." Ever time I asked him a question, he ended his reply with "e-o/" and when I got through with my first lesson, I said to Mrs. Baird "It seems queer to me that the name of everything ends in "e-o". She laughed and said, "Oh no, you didn't understand, - the name of the book is 'ohak' and the e-o at the end means 'it is' . In English we would simply say 'a book ', or 'a pencil', but the Korean idiom always includes a verb at the end. This verb, e-o, mean, 'it is', and the complete answer is 'It is a book', or 'It is a pencil', " Thus I had my initiations into the intricacies of the Korean language.

One of my trips into the country during our stay in Fusan was to the old Korean village of poosan. "Fusan" is the Japanese name and Pocean is the Korean, p instead of F. A point of great interest there was an old fort which had been built by the Japanese three hundred years before during the Hideyoshi invasion. It was now a grass covered hill and nothing remained of the fortifications excepting the excavations at the top of the hill.

Mr. Moffett accompanied us on this trip and as we gathered flowers along the way we discovered that both of us were interested in botany. For eight years I had been a teacher of botany in the college of Pharmacy in Toronto, and he had been particularly interested in that subject during his college courses, and so we decided to collaborate in a study of the flora of Korea, gathering specimens, drying them and classifying what we found. That promised to be an enjoyable and worthwhile avocation. However, we both soon became absorbed in our real tasks and, excepting in a very desultory way, never had leisure to carry out our plan. Botany is an interesting subject but it takes a lot of time to do anything profitable with the gathering and classification of plants and I soon found that between studying the language and looking after the sick there was not much time for avocations.

We remained at the Baird home until the end of August when as the summer was practically over, we felt we should continue our journey to Seoul and we had learned through letters from Mr. Underwood that the missionaries were returning from the hills and it would be possible to find a place in which we could stay temporarily. We took passage on the "Genkai Maru" and on going aboard found that Dr. Horace N. Allen, the first protestant foreign missionary to take up work in Korea, was on board, on route to Seoul. He was returning from America where he had gone as companion and guide of a group of Korean officials who had been sent by the King to Chicago to attend the World's Fair, "The Great White City." We were pleased to have this early opportunity to get acquainted with this pioneer physician.

The trip to Chemulpo required only about two days from Fusan. The captain of the "Genkai Maru" was a Scotsman named Thompson. As a matter of fact, all of the captains on Japanese passenger boats in those days were foreigners though the other members of the crew were Japanese.

Mr. Underwood was at the dock in Chemulpo to meet us and help us on the trip up the river and then to the capital. We went ashore to Steward's Hotel where I had the acquaintance of the Chinese proprietor, E. D. Steward, the man to whom all foreigners looked for help on their

arrival at the port. For many years he had served as a steward on Pacific Ocean ships and when he decided to leave that service and become a hotel keeper he adopted the title "steward," which he had always been called on the ships, as his family name. He took the initials of his Chinese name (E-Dai) for his given name, and so he was known as E. D. Steward. The ground floor of his hotel was occupied by a general store in which all the clerks were Chinese who spoke Pigeon English, \* and the upper story with its simple but clean furnishings was

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\*Pigeon English is understood by natives in the port towns of nearly all Asiatic countries. It is a combination of broken English, broken Chinese, and broken several other tongues, by means of which Western traders communicated with the Orientals. The word Pigeon is itself an example of broken English being a corruption of the word "business" in the attempt of the natives to say that word, and so Pigeon English is simply Business English.

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a haven for weary travellers.

Mr. Underwood had learned that the river boat was to sail about midnight so arrangements were made for us to go on it to the nearest port to Seoul. We boarded the boat in the early evening. The cabin was a low room in which one could sit on the floor without striking one's head on the ceiling, but could not stand erect without having to duck. As there were no sleeping cabins, all the ladies were permitted to occupy this room and the men sat through the night in chairs on the open deck. It was tiresome, but we arrived at the port of Mapo in the early morning. As the trip was made during the night we missed the fine scenery and a sight of the big island of Kangwhi where, in 1867, the Koreans had given battle to the American ship Shenandoah in an effort to prevent them reaching the capital when the U.S.A. attempted to force Korea to make a treaty with her. The Koreans fought bravely, using cannon which they had made on the model of guns previously taken from French ships when the French made an unsuccessful attempt to reach Seoul in 1866. Mr. Moffett was there waiting for us. Having arranged with Korean boatmen to take us all on shore, he came out to our boat in one of the sampans to meet us. As we were about to step into one of these, the boatmen demanded double their usual price paid in advance. Mr. Moffatt had arranged all these matters before coming aboard but when the men saw that the people to disembark were foreigners they repudiated the bargain. Mr. Moffett, having argued with them for a few minutes without making impression, called to one of the coolies on the shore to come to the side of the boat, and hopping on the shoulders of this man was carried to the shore and the rest of us prepared to follow his example. Seeing that they would lose their job altogether, the boatmen then begged us to let them land us at the usual price. We complied very quickly because we were unaccustomed to being carried on a man's shoulders and preferred to land in the ordinary way.

Carrying chairs (Sedan chairs of various types) had been provided for our travel to the city. In those days the most common mode of travel was by these chairs. There were many varieties of them, but they may first of all be divided into two kinds - those carried by two men and those carried by four - designated as two-men chairs and four-men chairs. The only way for my readers to gain any idea of these chairs is to see pictures of them, so I will insert some cuts of several kinds, and give.

Soon we had our first sight of a walled city. On through its West gate we passed into a narrow street that led to the home of Dr. C.C. Vinton who was to entertain us until we could furnish a house which had been already rented for us. It was of Korean architecture exteriorly but inside was of foreign style as it had been built for the residence of Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, a German who had come from China to head up the Customs Department of the Korean Government when it entered into treaty relations with the western Nations. It was located on the North side of the city, a mile away from the homes of any other foreigners.

As our large family could not be long accommodated in Dr. Vinton's home with their several children needing the rooms we occupied, a call was sent out to all the missionary homes for the loan of any furniture they could spare. Every family contributed something - a cook-stove, a table, a bed or a chair, and before long we had enough to make housekeeping possible.\*

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\*Though our own furniture had been shipped from Canada months before, it had to go to New York by rail, across the Atlantic Ocean to London, through the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, past Singapore, up the China Coast and via the Yellow Sea to the Korean western port of Chemulpo and then overland to Seoul and had not yet arrived.

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Servants had been engaged for us - a Japanese amah (nursemaid) who could speak a little English, a Korean man who said he could cook foreign style, and an outside man to supply the fuel and run whatever errands there might be.

During the interval between landing in Chemulpo and settling in the new house, Mrs. Avison had become ill and had to go to bed as soon as we got into it. The Japanese amah didn't know how to dress "foreign" children. She put their shoes on the wrong feet; she put the girl's clothes on backwards; many things were done in a queer way, all of which didn't help Mrs. Avison to get well. The Korean cook did not know how to do any foreign cooking - he couldn't even cook an egg. The outside man stole our fuel for his own home and things went generally wrong.

A Korean language teacher had been secured for me and he came every day to take up much of my time, hence I could do but little to help in the house. Mrs. Avison grew worse and I became desperate. At length I decided to get a trained Chinese cook if I could find one. I applied for help to an English-speaking Chinese servant in the American legation. "Did he know of any Chinese cook who was out of work?" "Can do." "Is he a good cook?" "Yes, he cooked for a German family in Wonsan." "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes, if he steal anything, I make good." So I told him to send the cook to me.

He soon came to the house. He knew a little English and I asked him if he could cook dinner by himself if I showed him where the supplies were. "Can do." I took him to the store room and left the keys with him. By and by we were called to dinner. He surely could cook! The meal consisted of soup, an entree, main course, salad, and dessert, and it certainly did taste good. It was the first time since our arrival in the new home that Mrs. Avison had been able to enjoy her food. One afternoon Mrs. Avison while still in bed, said she wished she had a nice piece of steak, so I called the cook and told him that Mrs. Avison would like a nice steak. "Can do," he said, and in a short time he returned with a piece of steak, nicely cooked and very tender, and Mrs. Avison ate it all. With this change in diet she was soon on her feet and able to teach the amah what to do for the children.

Though I had given the cook no money during his first week,

he had provided us with plenty of good food and I knew that a time of reckoning would come. It did. On Saturday evening he brought in his account book, listing the various purchases for the week. He did not know how to write except to make figures so he had drawn pictures of the various items purchased, eggs, chickens, and the like. It was the strangest looking account I had ever seen. The prices of each item was listed and the total for food ran to much more than our salary for the period. So I said, "The meals are good. The cooking is good. But the cost is too much and I cannot afford it. From now on I will give you a certain amount for one week and you must not spend more than that amount." We came to an agreement and he remained with us for a considerable time, always providing good food and keeping within the limit set.

One day he came to me and said he wanted more help in the kitchen. He wanted a boy to clean things up and scrub the floor, - he was a cook and not a kitchen servant. I said that the outside man would clean the floor for him. He did this for a time and then one day, without further conversation, I found a young Chinese in the kitchen attending to the cleaning work. I called the cook and told him I could not pay for an extra servant in the kitchen and he must use the outside man as I had already said. He replied that the boy was his nephew and wanted to learn how to cook. "No pay him any wages." And so I agreed to the plan.

Not long afterwards the outside man was missing. The cook then said, "Chinese boy can do." The lad did the chores and carried the fuel and all went well. We paid him the wage of an outside man and he did the kitchen chores for nothing.

Another day the man who did the bedroom and laundry work was missing - the houseboy. The cook said, "No mind. Chinese boy can do." So the chap did the work of two servants.

When the Japan-China war broke out the old cook came to me and said he must go back to China. He had "one piece wife" there. He must go to see what was happening to his family. I said we could not let him go for we had to have a cook. Again he replied, "Ohina boy can do." So we let the old cook go to China and the Chinese boy became cook. We secured a Korean man as "boy" to do the housework and the young Chinese cook really "could do."

Thus I learned something about the farsightedness and strategy of the Chinese. All the time he had had in view his desire to go back to his family and yet to make suitable provision for his nephew.

It is likely you are wondering why we had to have so many servants. That is a fair question for American people to ask because in America, a house and family such as I had could manage with only one. Several reasons for this may be given but perhaps two will suffice. In the first place the wife of a missionary has to become a language student and do the work of a full missionary. She is expected to teach Bible classes in the Sunday school and church, to visit the women in their homes and to conduct classes in outside villages. Then her husband is a doctor she often has to see the women patients who enter the hospital, comfort them and often go to their homes after they get well in order to keep up the connection and foster the beginning of a church in the village or town from which the women had come. In the second place the untrained servants of that day were unable to handle more than one kind of a job in the unfamiliar circumstances and surroundings of a foreign home.

The value of the work done by the doctor's wife in visiting the women patients is well illustrated by the following incident.

A middle class woman from a village near Seoul came into the hospital as a patient in the early days of our life in Korea and, through



the teaching of Mrs. Avison and the Biblewoman, she had decided to become a Christian. When she returned to her home she was visited by the Biblewomen who brought back a pressing invitation to Mrs. Avison to go to the former's home once a week to conduct a Bible class to which she would invite all the women of the neighborhood. Of course the invitation was accepted and the rooms of her house were soon taxed to the utmost to hold all who wanted to attend.

The son of the hospital gaterman then decided he would do a follow up job with the boys of that village by gathering a few of them each Sunday afternoon and teaching them. He taught them to read and used the Bible as their textbook. Before long he had most of the boys of the village attending. When winter came this class, which so far had met out of doors, continued to meet in the same way in spite of the cold weather, for there was no room in the village large enough to hold them.

Before beginning the next stage of this story it will be necessary to tell how some of the working men spent the winter months when much of the work of the villagers stopped till spring again came round. Most of the working people wore shoes made of straw twisted into twine and woven into shoes, soles and all. The straw could not be thus used if prepared and woven in the warm room of their homes as it would dry out too rapidly and break and the shoes could not be made out of doors where the straw would freeze and break as it was being manipulated. So every winter they dug an oblong pit about sixteen feet square and two or three feet deep and covered it with a roof of thatch supported by poles. Doors were cut in the roof, which could be opened when the weather was suitable to provide the necessary ventilation and light. Inside, the floor was covered with straw mats on which the men eat and worked. That winter, when such a shelter as this had been created in the village, the men, seeing the boys still meeting in the open air, invited them to come inside and hold their school there. The boys gladly accepted the invitation and every Sunday afternoon during the winter they were made welcome by the men, who got into the habit of stopping their work and listening to the reading, the singing and the recitations.

Years passed and the outcome of this beginning in such a simple way was the development of an organized church of 250 members with its own church building, kindergarten, day school, night school, and all the various organizations of a modern church, all supervised and led by a regular Korean pastor.

The accompanying picture shows this church as its attendants sat for a photo taken on the last Sunday before Mrs. Avison and I left Korea as retired missionaries. My wife, my doctor son and I can be seen in the center of the group. This is just one such group developed as a result of Mrs. Avison's labors in the hospital and consideration of this will help you to understand why she could not do her own housework and carry on her missionary visitation and classes and also act as a teacher to her children in the years before schools for the children of westerners were established.

In December our boxes of furniture arrived at Chemulpo and were loaded on two-wheeled ox carts (each wheel made of wood and not perfectly circular) and brought over the rough mountain roads to our home in Seoul, nearly thirty miles inland. There was great rejoicing when we heard of the arrival, though a considerable amount of trepidation was also felt for we feared for the condition of the contents. Mrs. Avison was particularly anxious about the piano which would be the first one brought to Korea.\* Many accidents might have happened to it on route,

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\* The instrument had been carefully prepared for the long journey and great care had been taken to stretch all of the wires so that they would not easily get out of tune. After a period of forty-eight years, it is still one of the best in Korea.

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-by train, by ship, and finally by ox cart. When the shipment arrived at the house the piano box was the first to be opened and Mrs. Avison at once sat down to try out the keys. To her delight and ours, every note was perfect. The first tune she played was "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," and we all gathered around and sang it lustily. As for the rest of the contents of the boxes, crates, and barrels, we found only one broken place - just one fruit jar!

## A STRANGE CAREER IN KOREA

### Dr. Horace N. Allen introduces PROTESTANT MISSIONS

It happened in 1884.

In October 1883 a young doctor and his wife left Toledo, Ohio, for Medical Mission Work in China. He spent nearly a year in Shanghai, studying the language but grew discouraged at not receiving a definite appointment. When he learned that his Board in New York had decided, after the signing of the Treaty between Korea and the United States, to open Mission Work in that newly opened land, he cabled to them offering his services in that country. Appointed July 22, 1884 he became the first protestant Missionary to Korea.

Leaving his wife in Shanghai he reached his new field September 20, a date which thus became memorable in the history of Missions in Korea. On reaching Seoul, the capital, he went at once to the home of the American Minister, General Lucius H. Foote from whom he learned that no mention of Mission Work had been made in the Treaty and so his coming raised a problem that might easily have produced disagreeable reactions. Much would depend on the that of the first comer.

The American Minister was unable to give him any assurance in regard to beginning Missionary work but suggested that he might appoint him as Medical officer to the Legation, a position that would give him a definite standing in the community and at the same time, without raising the question of missionary work at the outset, enable him to give medical service incidentally to any one who might apply for it.

He bought a Korean house next to the legation building and, after preparing it to fit the needs of foreign occupants, went back to Shanghai for his family. They arrived in Seoul.

His coming to Korea just when he did was either fortunate or providential for it was not long before an event occurred which settled without any controversy the question as to whether missionary work would be permitted or proscribed in Korea.

The government had already decided to revise the postal system and have that service conducted on lines similar to those of western nations.

A young man, Hong Yong sik, son of a noble family and already interested in government reform and who had studied in Japan, was appointed as postmaster General and arrangements had been made to inaugurate the new system December 4, 1884 by a banquet to which many high Korean officials and the foreign diplomats were invited.

In the meantime a number of the younger Korean nobles who had studied in Japan and had learned there a good deal about the governmental systems of the U.S.A. and Europe, had organized themselves as a Reform party which had for its object the overthrow of autocracy and the substitution of a limited monarchy. Its leader, having failed to interest the King and Queen in their plans, decided that force must be used to effect their purpose and chose the occasion of the banquet as the time for throwing the conservative group into confusion and then, forcing their way into the palace, taking their Majesties into custody and by pressure obtain the King's signature to a royal edict announcing the new form of government with a cabinet composed of leaders of the reform party.

At that time their Majesties were in residence in the East palace or Tong Kwan while the banquet was to be held at the new post office headquarters outside the palace entrance.

While the feast was in progress a cry of fire in a nearby building was raised and all was soon in disorder. At that moment a party of the reformers made an attack on the group to create a state of alarm that would enable them to carry out their schemes in the palace. The new postmaster was killed and the leader of the Government, prince Min Yong

Sik, favorite cousin of the ueen was severely wounded on his face and arms. He himself had been a member of the reform party, as had been Hong Yong Sik, the postmaster general, but had refused any resort to force. He had advised the reformers to take a slower but surer (so he believed) method of making the desired changes. The revision of the postal system was done at his insistence and in pursuit of that policy.

The court physicians were called to treat the prince's wounds, but quite ignorant of Anatomy they were unable to staunch the flow of blood which endangered his life. Some one suggested calling the American doctor and in desperation he was sent for. Dr. Allen found a bleeding artery in a deep sword cut on the prince's arm and it did not take long to expose it and ligate it. Lo! the bleeding at once stopped! It was a miracle! But the efforts of the native doctors had so contaminated the wound that suppuration set in and only by means of constant attention was the arm saved. But saved it was and established was the reputation of the foreign doctor. In Dr. Allen's own words "the Medical ~~was~~ success in this instance prepared the way for the opening up of the missionary work proper." And again "that early success with the prominent native prince caused the natives generally to come for treatment of all sorts of ills, real and imagined. As a consequence I asked for and obtained the use of a building in which to see and treat these people. This, the first modern hospital for the Koreans was named by the ruler Kwang Heikwan or "house of civilised virtue." Another result of this incident was the appointment of Dr. Allen as medical officer to the royal court. He also became physician to all the western Legations that had been established in Korea.

Of course all this meant that he and his wife were accepted socially also by the entire foreign community and afterward this social recognition was extended to all the missionaries who soon began to arrive. Such recognition had not always been given to missionaries in other countries but in Korea the business people and officials of the Legation have throughout all the years accepted them as social equals a boon to all concerned.

During those early years the official representatives of America found it necessary to leave on business connected with the establishment of better relations with Korea and with those other countries which, having established treaty relations with her, were concerned to see that they got their share of favors. It was natural that, on such occasions, this half official, half missionary should be entrusted with the work of the American Legation and as one reads Dr. Allen's notes in his Chronological Index one finds it hard to distinguish in which of the two functions he was acting at any given time.

The king also asked him at various times to accompany delegations of Koreans to the United States - now a deputation to the American Government and again advisers of a group going to the Chicago Exhibit in 1893.

One is puzzled sometimes to know whether he was acting as a missionary doctor, a community physician, or the medical attendant of the Korean court. He was naturally more or less troubled to determine just how much time he should spend in those activities that interfered with his work as a missionary doctor. Were his energies being too much scattered? He decided they were and, after much consideration, he resigned from his connection with the Mission.

Later on he was reappointed by the Board of Foreign Missions but after a second trial he again retired from missionary work and that retirement became permanent.

His first position in the U. S. Legation was as Secretary but, because the Minister and Consul were so often absent, he, as substitute first one and then the other, often really knew more about govern-

allowed to preach repentance to him. As the letter was written by an ignorant native scribe who used terms that amounted to an unintentional insult, the matter was referred to me and again I was obliged to get a joint promise of good behavior."

Remarking on the frequent complaint that missionaries are persons *non grata* to other foreign residents he has the following to say: "Let a gentlemanly missionary come to this community, possessed of some talent that makes him a desirable acquisition whether it be a good voice for singing, the ability to make music upon some instrument or skill in some good vigorous game of athletics; let him even be a good story-teller or be simply endowed with good sense and good nature, backed by learning, and he will be taken up gladly and find real human sympathy even if this may not extend to his work for the natives in just the comprehensive manner he might wish.

"Further, such a man may find that an important side issue of his work will likely be the giving of sympathy to these fellow countrymen, who have their own trials and discouragements in the new land, and in so doing he may gradually win them to the ideals left behind with the distant home.

"A missionary of this description, and I have known such, who had something to give to the community and who is willing to give it, will not be ostracized or lack for sympathy and the companionship of his kind. He will on the contrary be welcomed and be made a part of that little band, and it will be for him to say just how much or how many of the attentions open to him he shall or ~~may~~ accept.

"There are missionary names of good men, some of whom are now long dead, which are revered in the communities of which they were members, and to whom more than one prosperous and successful business man of substance and position in the community looks with deep regard as to one who had given him real help in climbing out of the rut of personal gain and creature comfort, or what may have passed for pleasure."

A body of one hundred and fifty missionary men and women, with their large native following, brought plenty of work to the legation; for while the simple and kindly natives accept christianity readily, the official class were apt to let pass no chance for personal gain, and the frugal habits taught by the missionaries usually resulted in bringing about a better worldly condition to their followers, making them consequently the more liable to magisterial attention. In interfering with these native Christians the officials would sometimes overstep their rights and give good cause for the foreign teacher to take up the case for his native pupil. Sometimes, also, these cases seem to have been welcomed by some ~~of~~ of the more indiscreet among the missionaries, who may have thought that the legation officials were in need of stimulating excitement. At any rate, mission cases were almost always "on the docket."

I have entitled this account of Dr. Allen's activities "A strange career," because I realized that his experiences in Korea covering a period of twenty-one years had been very much out of the ordinary. Now as I glance over his own writing I find a paragraph headed "A strange Career" which shows that the title I chose is a very fitting one. I quote it here.

"It is a rather strange termination of a career begun as a medical missionary to have it end as a minister plenipotentiary; yet the change was so gradual as to be little noticeable, beginning with a preliminary service with the Korean legation in Washington and then step by step from the lowest post in our own service up through all the grades below ambassador. As this service was continuous and all in one country and practically coincident with the whole period of that country's diplomatic relations, it enabled one unconsciously to acquire a useful familiarity with conditions such as would be difficult to secure in a period of

mental affairs than did they. This led to his promotion step by step, until he became Minister Resident and Envoy Extraordinary and, when the Legation was raised to an Embassy, he became the first American Ambassador.

My first acquaintance with him was in August 1893 when he was returning from the trip to the "White City," as the Wou'd's pair in Chicago was called. He had gone there as the king's representative to assist the Korean deputation and advise them how to meet the many difficulties they would certainly encounter.

When we were leaving Fusan for Seoul we boarded the S. S. Genkai, always referred to as the Genkai Maru, (maru meaning ship) we met Dr. Allen as he returned from America and during the two or three days of our trip to Chemulpo and the night on the river boat to Mapo (the river port nearest to Seoul and only three miles away) we got to know him quite well.

On his return to Seoul he decided to resign from his position as Court physician feeling that as an official of the American Government he might at sometime or other find himself much embarrassed if he had to take issue with His Majesty or His Ministers.

The next time he was called on to attend the king he asked me to accompany him and he introduced to his Majesty and from that time for fifteen years I was a frequent visitor at the palace.

During his period as American representative he certainly found himself in many interesting but difficult and embarrassing positions. The large number of American Missionaries, about 150, must have caused many of his embarrassing moments.

Had they all been wise it would have been easier for him and them; but how could we expect worldly wisdom to be always found in religious enthusiasts?

Some of these, no doubt, felt that, as he had been a missionary, he should always decide in favor of the missionary when one of them got into a dispute with a Korean citizen, a Korean official, or a representative of some other country. Some of them too, expected him to support them in trying to help Christian Koreans who, depending probably on securing the missionary's help, had evaded his duties as a Korean citizen.

Dr. Allen, because of his missionary experience, knew the ins and outs of much things and, while he sympathized with those who wanted his help, showed his sagacity by carefully discriminating the cases brought to his notice and giving or refusing his help accordingly. Though the reasons for a refusal were always, or nearly always, explained in a sympathetic fashion, the complainants were sometimes aggressive, saying to others that Dr. Allen had no use for missionaries since he had taken up with politics.

I quote the following from Dr. Allen's book "Things Korean." "While, as a rule, our missionaries combine common sense with superior mental qualities, among so many there must be some exceptions. One man lost his patience while a guest at a Buddhist temple and began smashing the little plaster idols with his cane, so that his fellows were excluded from entertainment at that place for some time. This was a somewhat noted case at the time since the British representative urged drastic measures in punishment on the ground that his government would never allow any interference with the native worship in India and that we owed it to ourselves to take the same course in this newly opened country. I did not have to do more than consult with the missionary and with his associates who deeply regretted his lapse, to get from them jointly a promise that nothing of the kind should be allowed to occur again. However, the man, not now in Korea, did break out again and wrote a letter to the Emperor calling upon him to repent of his sins and asking to be

shorter service. "It also enabled me to hold commissions consecutively under presidents Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt." He also had in the same book the following reference to his varied duties: -

"A Promoter - It was a somewhat unique position in which I found myself upon leaving Korea after twenty-one years' residence there, having to my credit the introduction of the following new departures, all of a useful nature: Protestant missions and western medical science; modern mining on a colossal scale; steam railways; electric trolleys and water-works, all of which were left in a successful going condition."

During the progress of the Japanese-Russian war, Dr. Allen visited America to lay before his government the situation in the Far East as he saw it. It had become apparent that his views of the situation was. "Would Korea lose its independence no matter which side won, but he also saw clearly that America would also lose her position of influence not only in Korea but also in Japan and China."

Not only was he unable to convince his Superior Officer of this but his views brought him into disrepute with the Japanese Government which did not like to feel that America's representation in Korea did not approve either its plans for expansion or its methods of carrying out those plans. As a result he in 1905 resigned his post and returned to America where he took up residence again in Toledo Ohio. His book "Things Korean" was apparently written in 1915 for the last paragraph reads as follows\*

"But even if China should escape, who knows but the little peninsula of Korea may not possibly witness another decennial overturn and pass under the guidance of yet another overlord? In 1884 Japan drove China from the peninsula. In 1904-5 Japan drove Russia from the entire Korean neighborhood except in the vicinity of Vladivostok. In 1915 ---. The blank will have to be filled in later; may we be spared any military participation in events that may lead to any such change."

Did he foresee what would come after 1915?

Apparently he did.

His last years in America were years of suffering from osteomyelitis of the leg. One leg was amputated but the disease was only halted for a time. He died.

As a fitting close to those notes I quote a few sentences from preface to his book "Things Korean" that plainly show his attitude toward the Koreans and his views on the failure of America to redeem the pledge made to Korea in the Treaty of 1882.

"The poor Koreans are now in desperate straits and it had been suggested that this work be devoted to exposing their wrongs in an effort to turn public sentiment in their direction. Such a course does not seem to be advisable at this juncture, - rich as are the supplies of materials at hand. Opposition on their part seems at best to be unavailing if not suicidal; they can only make the best of existing conditions."

The sad feature of the case is that we deserted them in their time of need and ignored the solemn agreement we had entered into with them as an inducement for their abandoning the centuries-old position of exclusion and non-intercourse and emerging into the dazzling glare of treaty relations. Written into the treaty are the following words:

"If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government the other will exert their good offices on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement thus showing their friendly feeling."

We paid no heed to this solemn pledge at the critical time of the Portsmouth convention and must accept the odium attached to such violation of sacred covenants.

CONFIDENTIAL - MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR

As my official appointment to a specified task in the mission was not to be held for nearly two months after our arrival in Seoul, I applied myself to studying the language and getting acquainted with the city.

The need for active language study was more strictly apparent by a very early incident. I received an urgent call to go to a nearby home, supposedly to see a sick woman. On arriving I found her already dead and the body covered with a sheet according to the usual custom of Korea as it is of our own country. Though her family knew she was dead when they called me they had heard such stories of the wonderful things the Korean doctors were doing that they hoped I might even be able to bring her back to life. My slight knowledge of the language was much strained in my effort to explain the limitations of my skill but I was able to make them realize that this was beyond my power.

This experience made me all the more anxious to learn the language as fast as possible for what can any one do in a foreign land till he gets to a point where he can understand what the people say to him and be able to reply in the language which they use familiarly?

My fellow missionaries knew this and they had arranged a teacher for my life and me before our arrival. We lost no time in calling on us, bringing Mr. Yi associated with him to introduce him and act as interpreter. His surname was Yi (Lee) and it was not necessary for us to know his given name because he must always be addressed as Yi sun sung (sun sung meaning teacher) one of the highest titles in Korea where scholarship is regarded as of even more importance than official rank, and where ability to read and write the Chinese script well was the supreme test of scholarship.

There was a great scarcity of helpful text books and I would have to depend on Mr. Yi who came to me very forenoon, to give me such instruction as could be imparted by a teacher who did not understand my language to a pupil who did not understand his. As he had been teacher to Mr. J. L. Albert who had drilled him in methods of teaching, he was perhaps a better instructor than the average, and had no reason to complain. In time I was able to speak haltingly and to understand fairly well what people said to me.

Mr. Albert had taught Mr. Yi certain words important in his own work and he took pleasure in using them on me and I must say he was a very effective means of teaching some of the grammar of the language and some pronounced words with great difficulty but with great satisfaction to himself as *sh-i-ig-ituh*. Though I never gained anything like an extensive use of Korean, I did get enough to make myself understood in the range of subjects included in a public school and in delivering sermons to the students and in the church.

Professedly Yi was not a Christian but I learned that he was secretly a member of the Roman Catholic church and that his father was being brought up by the sisterhood to become a nun. I soon realized there had been something in his past that he was hiding from me and from others too, and I resolved to learn something of its nature. Though he was introduced to me by Mr. Yi, I was told by some of those acquainted with his past that his real surname was *Lee* and that he had changed it back in the 1870's when the ruler had per-



execution of all Christians was carried on by the regiment - the 1st  
Colon 'oor. At that time he lost his courage, denied his faith and  
even betrayed some of his friends to the police. Then he was released  
of what he had done and tried to conceal his identity by changing his  
surname from Lee to Yee and though he never went back to the idolatrous  
cult of his fellow countrymen he did not return only to his  
Christianity until near the time of his death many years later. I  
found that if any one spoke the name near in conversation about his  
death immediately fell on the ground if he was present.

Yi sunsain came to my home every morning except Sunday and  
he sat down for the forenoon to converse with words and phrases and  
then I spent the afternoon in trying to make sense out of the voluble  
speech of the men and women who came to the clinic and thought I should  
understand their long and rapidly spoken sentences. At first I could  
only get a word here and there of what they said but as time went by  
my ears seemed to open and gradually my brain grasped an occasional  
sentence and I gained courage.

I suggested to my teacher that he go with me to the clinic  
in the afternoons but he shook his head. I urged him but for a long time  
he kept on declining. I wondered why but one day was shocked to dis-  
cover that while he was willing to come to a foreigners home, which  
he could do without being observed, he didn't want to be seen on the  
streets with me. Apparently his need for money compelled him to  
associate with us but he did not have much love for us in his heart.  
However, he at last consented to go with me and so we started off. I  
did not at first notice that he took narrow, unfrequented lanes,  
but when I did and suggested that we take the more direct route to  
save time, which meant going on the main street, he was quite averse  
to doing so.

This continued for some time until one morning, without any  
request from me, he led me through the main street to the hospital.  
I made no comment and he made no explanation but it soon became evi-  
dent that he had lost his fear and had become my personal friend.

After nearly six years of this daily intercourse, we were  
ordered to Canada because of the ill health of both my wife and myself  
and, for a time at least, we who had learned to love each other must  
part. The morning of our departure came. Our trucks had been shipped  
ahead of us and we were to be carried in sedan chairs the three miles  
to the Lan River where we were to board a small river steamer for the  
port of Chemulpo. Yi sunsain was at the house early in the morning  
to say the last good-bye. When our sedan chairs were ready and our  
coolies loaded with our baggage, I tried to bid him good-bye but he  
could not have it - he was going to accompany us part of the way. So  
the family went on ahead and we too followed. We took my hand and  
so, hand in hand, we walked through the main street of the city and  
I had full proof that his affection for us and his trust in us was  
genuine. Very little while I suggested that he leave us and return  
to his home but it was not till long after we had passed through the  
city gate and were well on our way to the river that he at last  
stopped to say good-bye. As he uttered the Korean phrase which meant  
"go in peace" followed by the English words "good-bye", the tears  
welled up in his eyes and he turned sadly away and began his return  
to the city. As we were going to land without any certainty of  
returning we were greatly moved by this evidence of our teacher's  
devotion. Then he did turn, eighteen months later, to join his  
our faithful interpreter and friend.

Having got started in language study, I naturally wanted to  
see the novel Korean hospital. I had been warned not to expect too  
much so I was perhaps less disappointed than I might otherwise have  
been. The buildings were of Korean architecture, some of the larger

and many more. They had at one time been occupied by a foreign  
prince and of course we could not expect them to be anything but  
for a modern hospital but what of this? What had I come for? To find  
a modern hospital with all the facilities I had come to expect. *16 7/11/44*  
Surely not - I must be willing to begin with what they already had. As I  
looked them over, I began to plan just what use to make of each  
building and how. One more I planned the more I hoped the mission  
would point to this particular job. In the meantime I would learn

GENERAL LI  
GENERAL LI

A Korean woman, Kim, beautiful dress and with an air of nobility, indicated the position of great importance, came to call on me at home. A really important man like the King's chamberlain, Kim, was made to appear as if he fitted with men of culture, but Kim, born in a noble house, and known by his very surname of importance, was used by other men as messenger, assumed all the airs that he thought went with such a position.

He told me he had come from the palace of General Li (uncle), a cousin of the Queen, who had fallen from his horse and been severely injured. General Li desired the services of the foreign physician. "Could I come immediately?" "Of course," I said, "I could be very glad to accompany him to the home of the General." He insisted in which he lived was in the vicinity of the homes of the nobles and the wealthy families of the city, so he had not far to go, and he walked it, which was not in accord with good Korean custom.

When we reached the outer gates of the palace, they were thrown hastily open for us and I saw an array of soldiers just inside, apparently waiting to accompany me to the General's sick room (the General's sitting room). I had heard how great men were escorted to the palace but this was my initiation into such pomp and ceremony. A soldier on either side of me, hands under my arms, almost carried me in. It was not as comfortable as riding but they were slow in the extreme politeness so I accepted silently. I was surprised when the General opened the door of his sitting room for I had supposed from the description given by Kim that he had been seriously hurt. He, too, could be so it: so I bowed low and inquired about his injuries. I could see that they consisted of no lines but merely scratches on his face but he said he feared that his wounds were if not properly cared for. I had my surgical kit but did not so I drew out his wounds as carefully as though they had been serious injuries for I had my reputation to make.

The General then invited me to sit on the floor with him. I was sorry that I had not learned to smoke. I took up a pipe of the pipe he was smoking. At his small bowl of white bowl, with a bamboo stem beautifully carved and about four feet in length, the mouthpiece being made of shiny silver. As he sat on the floor and smoked, he let the bowl rest on a metal plate. It was evident that he could not light his own pipe. Such a procedure could not be dignified for a really great man, hence the low staff. When he desired to smoke he called two servants to empty the ashes, but the tobacco into the bowl and light it for him. All he had to do would be to puff slowly and carefully as long as the small bowlful of tobacco lasted.

As compared with a Japanese pipe, the bowl was very large. A Japanese pipe held only enough tobacco to last for only two or three puffs and required very frequent refilling, but its stem was only about six inches long and the smoker could refill it himself. A Korean pipe has a bowl about one third the size of the usual American pipe.

As I had already learned the expression in Korean, I was able to pick up some phrases in his conversation. There was an expression that he used frequently: "oo-ree cho-sun," the English translation of which is: "our cho-sun." This was the name of the country at that time and can be translated as either "Morning Brightness" or "our land." Thus he was saying, "our country" and

Over again and saying it with evident pride. The Koreans do love their country and often use this expression in their conversation.

According to good Korean custom I had to be feted before I left and I found the taste of good Korean food quite agreeable. When I left the General's sitting room, I was assisted to the outer gate in the same manner in which I had come, a soldier at either elbow helping me along.

Ordinarily a patient with such minor wounds would not have required a second visit by the doctor but General Lin was so afraid his face might be scarred that he begged me to come and see him every day until the scratches were completely gone.

I learned that this man Pak, was well known to the Koreans and to the missionaries who had arrived in Korea before we came. When I spoke of him they all smiled and said: "He is always called Pak, the liar, because his statements are all so greatly exaggerated." I saw him often afterwards and he was always polite and pleasant to me, traits which doubtless recommended him to those who needed a messenger of combined dignity and servility.

... first page that ... attention ...  
... fire that burned very high for a short time ...  
... in near the ...  
... signal fire. 'Is signal fire?' ... 'yes, it brings ...  
... to the ... of the conditions existing in the ...  
... parts of the country. In the absence of ...  
... out few offices in the distant parts of the country) there was ...  
... of ... information the conditions existing in the ...  
... for ... the capital. ...  
... might ... light ... or for ...  
... could ... to the central government. ...  
... signal fires are advised.'

...  
... over the country on certain ...  
... built or which ... more ...  
... fire ... either that all ...  
... or so ... very important disturbance was taking place. ...  
... district the trouble ... fire or ...  
... the nature of the affair and its location. This fire would be seen at  
... once by the ... at the next ... on the way to ...  
... signal would be at once seen by the next and so on ... to the central ...  
... with ... a few minutes, the condition of ...  
... would be ... at the place. ...  
... as quickly as telegraphic messages because the ...  
... waiting ... every day and those in charge were ...  
... would be set to the ... as soon as the signal was seen, and  
... it was literally true that the news was flashed to the capital.

I wonder whether this ... 'the news was flashed' ...  
not have its rise from this very system of beacon fires.

One of the interesting relics at ...  
... those ... stone ...  
... pleasure seekers overtaken by ...  
... the ... to be able to distinguish ...  
... large ... on a high ...  
... in the ... could just ...  
... could ... the anxiety of their friends ...  
... electric flashing lamp ...

Thus, ... is the ...  
part of the equipment of ...

Naturally one of the first things I ...  
... hospital about which I had heard so much, and the ...  
... of which I expected to spend my life, the institution given to Dr. Allen  
by the ... he had saved the life of the ...

For Dr. ... Dr. Allen ...  
of the hospital, it was carried on by another doctor in the ...  
... still in charge of it when I arrived.

... visited in the first time I was ...  
... though ... had been ...  
... of ... only the ...  
... dis ...

During Dr. Allen's period of service in it, the ...  
... so ... Dr. ...  
... of historical ... Dr. ...  
... before the removal of Dr. Allen from ...  
... had been ... so that Dr. Allen was the first to arrive ...  
... have the honors that came to him as already described.

After having seen the hospital, I found ... full of  
interesting things, some of which were ...

THE ROYAL KO EAN HOSPITAL OR CHAY GOONG WUN.

I looked forward to the meeting of the Mission to be held in October which would settle the place and nature of my work. During the interval I heard the subject discussed. Certain of the small group of missionaries then on the field, all of whom lived in Seoul, had explored various sections of the country with a view to establishing one or more stations outside of the capital. The leader in this work was the Rev. Samuel A. Moffatt and he was very anxious to have me appointed to open medical work in the city of Pyang Yang in the far north. It was a very important work but to some it did not seem appropriate to send a newly arrived family with four young children as pioneers so far away from the center. Personally I agreed with that point of view though I said nothing either pro or con. I felt I should submit to the judgment of those who should know where I could probably render the best service. I tried to be impartial but I fear I was very much like John Wesley when he was planning to take a wife. He wanted to do God's will even in the choosing of a wife, and so prayed much about it. He said, Oh, God, I want even in this to do thy will. Let it be - - -

Rev. Underwood wished very much to see the Mission continue its connection with Royal Hospital, believing that, if rightly conducted it would be very helpful in maintaining the King's interest and that of the most influential people in all phases of missionary and when the Mission Board in New York consulted him about the matter while he was in America, he strongly advised them to continue connection with it and urged them to seek a physician who was especially fitted not only to do the medical work but also to maintain Dr. Allen's prestige at court and with the nobility while at the same time he made the institution itself a directly evangelistic agency.

While this matter was still under consideration, Mr. Underwood, as previously stated, made a visit to Toronto to address the Y. M. C. A. connected with the two medical schools there. It fell to me to conduct him around the city to the several meetings that had been arranged for him and as we moved about, we discussed the medical needs of Korea. He told me about the Royal Korean hospital for which they wanted a physician and also of the dire condition of the people because of a lack of sanitary knowledge, of the terribly high death rate of the people as a whole and the still more terrible infant mortality. I had already told of our decision to go out to those needy people as a result of Mr. Underwood's visit.

However, the frequent absences of Dr. Allen as related and the early death of Dr. Heron from dysentery, the work fell off-- probably because neither their successor nor the clerical members of the mission regarded it as an important factor in helping to forward the evangelistic side of the mission work.

Had it not been for the interest Mr. Underwood took in its continuance, it would doubtless have been dropped altogether after Dr. Heron's death.

But Mr. Underwood whose ideas of missionary work were broader than those of most of his evangelistic coworkers believed that

Just before the decision was made, however, a letter from New York to the Mission instructed it to retain its connection with the Government hospital and to appoint me to conduct it and that settled the question. I was pleased for it put me in a position to

initiate a project that I had already envisioned - the training of native doctors with the object of fitting them to carry on a campaign for the introduction of sanitary methods, a work that should naturally be begun in the capital.

So it came to pass that on November 1, 1893, I began my work as physician to the Royal Korean Hospital. What a high sounding name for such an insignificant institution! But it was a place in which to begin - it presented an "open sesame" to whatever I might want to make of it. There was a small dispensary building where the medical work had been done and where much more, I hoped, could be done.

It consisted of a one storied Korean building, sixteen feet by twenty-eight feet, divided as in the accompanying drawing. All outdoors served as a waiting room. The patients entered at 1, or 2, were examined and treated in 3, 4, and 5, then, passing through 3, received their medicines from 6 and went out at 1.

It was a small affair but what a lot it might mean to many suffering people! The equipment of instruments and the stock of medicines was small but I added some of both that I had brought with me and these gave me a good start. As for the rest of the buildings, they were sufficiently numerous and large to provide a commodious hospital when the time for preparing them should come. The king contributed 3000 a year-- at that time the equivalent of \$1500 United States currency - for the use of the institution but as the money was paid through the choosas, most of it was eaten by them and but little

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\*Eaten' is a word commonly used for that part of a sum of money, supposedly given for a specific purpose which is appropriated by paying agent for his own use.

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of it reached its proper goal.

I have said that most of the money was eaten by the Choosas. A choosa is a government official of a low order who having passed the regular government examination expects to be given a salaried office and if that is not done he still never expects to do menial work. When the hospital was established under His Majesty's order it opened an opportunity for giving a group of these waiters a place, but as no fund was established to provide them with salaries, they naturally took what they needed out of the fund given to the hospital which, of course, was transmitted to the institution through them.

As there were then no nurses to help me in this work, I decided to ask the northern and Southern Presbyterian missions, both located in Seoul at that time to try an experiment. I suggested that each of them appoint a single lady, having some knowledge of the language and a flair for medical work, to join the institution as pupil nurses and learn how to assist a doctor and give practical care to the sick under the conditions found in such a primitive hospital. The idea was well received and two of the women, not too old to learn and not too young to meet even the male patients, were duly appointed. They were Miss Martha Tate of the Southern Presbyterian Mission and Miss Victoria Arbuckle of the Northern. They were very helpful to me under the difficult conditions of the time but Miss Tate was soon taken to the southern part of the country where her own mission had selected a separate field for work and Miss Arbuckle left to return to America

and so the scheme did not have a fair trial.

When I began work in the dispensary I had not acquired enough of the language to enable me to talk with the patients personally, so an interpreter was appointed from among the group of choosas to help me. As he understood English quite well I was able to carry on with comparative ease but he was what the Koreans called a yangban.

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\*This word conveys a very distinct meaning to a Korean, a meaning which we foreigners gradually absorbed so that we always used it instead of the English word by which it was interpreted to us, viz- gentleman. It could be applied, however, either to a man or woman. They belong to the official class, not necessarily rich and often quite poor. If they cannot get a position suitable to a yangban they live from hand to mouth by borrowing or sometimes even by begging. Most of them have studied the Chinese classics and this put them into the highly respected group of "scholars." They are neither plebeians nor bourgeois. They may be rich or poor but, in any event, they do not work. They are born into a group above the working class. who had to get his living without working with his hands. He was apt to address the low-class patients in a supercilious tone to which they did not object because they were used to it but which I did not like. On one occasion he showed his sense of greatness when a boy brought him a note written in the simple Korean script which was then despised by readers of the difficult Chinese characters as fit to be used only when writing to the unlearned and how could he, a choosa, be put into that class? He kicked the messenger and sent him back with the note with directions to tell his master that he, the interpreter was not a "sangnom."

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\*ASangnom is just the opposite of a yangban. He is a member of the working class.

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My predecessor had devoted his forenoons to other duties and attended the dispensary during the afternoon only and I was told that on rainy days he did not attend at all. The reason given for this was that the Koreans did not come out when it rained, so it was not necessary to attend at such times. I studied the attendance records and noted that when Dr. Allen was conducting the work, the daily attendance ran from thirty to forty, and of late it had seldom exceeded fifteen. I felt that the drop was probably the result of the lack of interest of the new doctor, so I determined to give a service that would attract the sick in greater numbers again.

As I had to devote several hours a day to language study so that I would eventually not need an interpreter I thought it best to do that in the forenoons and spend every afternoon at the dispensary according to the established custom. I posted a notice to that effect and that the clinic would be held on rainy days as well as on fair ones, because many surgical dressings needed to be changed daily and there might be others who needed immediate attention whatever the weather, and ere long the attendance was almost as good on rainy days as on bright ones.

Under the new order the records soon began to show an improvement in the number of patients and the presence of my nurses attracted more women so that the whole afternoon was required to give all of them proper attention. During the first six months I had some of the empty rooms prepared as wards and thus began actual hospital work. This required the development of a kitchen and laundry and the secur-



ing of women to nurse the female patients and young men to take care of the sick men and boys. The next forward movement would be the provision of an operating room which, as already said, was planned for about the end of the first six months.

Just at that time a call came for me to go on a two-days' journey into the country to see a very sick man of considerable importance who had, as a last resort decided to try the foreign doctor after all the efforts of the native physicians had failed. To be called in under such conditions is not a pleasant experience for it always means the patient is very near death. But the foreign physician must take these serious cases if he is to gain recognition in a new country. Mr. Underwood went with me as an interpreter. When we reached the home of the patient we found they had indeed waited till after their own Korean doctor had done everything he could before calling the foreigner. It had taken four days for the messenger to come and for us to go and when we got there the sick man was already dead and there was nothing for us to do.

There was a large town nearby and learning the usual market, held every five days in the chief towns, would be held there the next day, we decided to attend it for the people would gather there from all the farming and village districts for many miles around and it would be a good opportunity for us to do some missionary work. Mr. Underwood arranged to distribute tracts and preach to groups as opportunity might offer and I to set up a clinic for any who might want the service that I could give them. We rented a small room overlooking the market place and a crowd soon collected around the door and I had plenty of applicants for cures for all kinds of ills. I examined the cases and wrote prescriptions for medicines which Mr. Underwood dispensed. Empty beer bottles served as containers for liquids, dry drugs were given out in paper wrappers, and ointments served out in large empty clamshells. How different all this was from life in Canada! But it was very interesting for I was often put to my wit's end to diagnose and provide treatment for the great variety of ailments. I had with me a supply of antiseptics and plenty of absorbent cotton and bandages with scalpels, forceps, and probes and so I could perform many minor operations which however had to be done without anaesthetics. Of course, some simple dental instruments were included and I extracted teeth, opened abscesses, and scraped out diseased bone cavities with but few complaints from the sufferers.

When I needed a rest Mr. Underwood took the opportunity to give out and explain religious tracts and this combination of doctor and preacher worked well.

Before the day ended a young southern Presbyterian missionary Rev. William Junkin, arrived in town. Learning that two foreigners were there, he hunted around for us and joined us. All three of us used the little room, seven by seven feet, as sleeping quarters that night. After we had prepared our beds on the hard oiled-covered stone floor I was surprised to see Mr. Junkin get inside a bag which he drew up to his neck and he tied this with a drawstring, then put on gloves which were held tight to the sleeves of his night jacket by elastic bands. With much interest I watched him get fixed for the night and then laughingly asked him what it all meant. He said I would probably know before morning. I ~~did~~ did.

As many Korean houses are infested by fleas and bedbugs, some of the missionaries carried such night bafs with them and thus were able to sleep in the midst of all marauders. Next morning we left Mr. Junkin there to take advantage of the interest our visit had aroused.

We stopped at various points on our return journey so that Mr. Underwood's time in coming with me might not be wasted by merely

traveling through the country without meeting the people for whom he had a message, so we did not get home until more than a week had elapsed.

When I went to my clinic next day I got an unpleasant surprise. I found all the space I had selected for the operating room and its adjuncts already occupied by a Japanese doctor. The choosas had found an opportunity to rent the rooms at a profitable rate and to them that was better than bothering with operations. I heard their story in silence and no doubt they supposed the matter comfortably settled, but I was thinking it out quietly all the day and evening. I had been there just six months and should already have received half of the annual contribution of 3000 promised by the king toward meeting expenses but had received only half of the half. So now, having to face the question of the future development of the institution, I determined to take a stand that would settle whether I was to be continually hampered or be given authority over its affairs. So next morning on my arrival at the dispensary, I called the chief choosa for a conference. I told him I would see the patients during that day but in the evening would collect all the medicines and instruments which belonged to me, take them to my home and end my connection with the institution.

This startled him, for he feared the king would hear of it and be angry. He begged me not to do that, promising to get rid of the Japanese doctor at once and see that I received the full amount of the money provided by the king. I answered that I could not trust any one who had taken advantage of my absence to rent to an outsider part of the property given to me to use as a hospital and I would, therefore, leave the place in his hands. He was alarmed, because the matter would have to be reported to the king by Dr. Allen, the American Minister, and the choosas would be put in a very difficult situation. All this he explained to me but I said I was not interested and that it would not alter my decision.

I wrote to Dr. Allen telling him the circumstances and leaving him free to take whatever steps he might think wise. I also wrote to the Executive Committee of the Mission in Korea and to the Board in New York, informing them of what I had done. The following day a deputation of the choosas came to my home to plead with me again but I told them the matter was now out of my hands and any negotiations concerning it must be made with the American Minister. When Dr. Allen asked me on what conditions I would return, I gave him my terms as follows:

1. All the choosas but one must be recalled by His Majesty. As the institution belonged to the King I would be glad to have one official there as a liaison officer between His Majesty and myself.
2. All the 35 servants must be dismissed so that I might select my own helpers.
3. The entire property must be turned over to our Mission to be remodeled according to the needs of the hospital at the expense of the Mission.

If this were done, we would guarantee:

1. To release the king from any obligations for a financial grant to wards the expense of the work.
2. To return the entire property to the king at any time after one year's notice and the repayment to us of all money expended by us in improving the property, remodeling it, etc.

They were completely stunned by this proposition and came to me many times in an endeavor to change the conditions but I always referred them to Dr. Allen. They were very much afraid that it would come to the King's ears, especially as I saw him often and might tell him about it. Or worse, he might ask me whether all was going on well with the work.

After nearly six months of negotiating, Dr. Allen reported that they would accept my terms, but all would leave as they did not think it necessary under the new conditions, to keep even one official there.

In the meantime I had been in communication with the Mission Board in New York which approved all I had done. I asked the Board to provide funds for remodeling and for running expenses and also to send me two good nurses who could not only take care of the patients but also train a Korean woman to do the practical nursing. I described just the kind of nurses I wanted and got a prompt reply from the Secretary saying my request brought to his mind the story of a minstrel who, needing a horse, went to a dealer and told him the kind he wished to get. The dealer looked at him and replied "Thy man! There ain't no such horse." So, he went on to say, they would do the best for me, but feared they would be compelled to say, "There ain't no such nurse!"

They finally sent me one nurse and a lady physician. The latter was Miss Georgian Whiting - the nurse was a Swedish woman, Miss Anna P. Jacobsen. Both were good but unfortunately the nurse lived only a short time, having contracted amoebic dysentery followed by abscess of the liver from which she died. The doctor contracted matrimony with Dr. Owen of the Southern Presbyterian Mission and went with him to the southern part of the country and I was left alone again.

Once more I called on the Board in New York for help and again they appointed a lady physician, Dr. Eva Field, and a nurse, Miss Esther L. Shields, who were already applicants for missionary work and they were soon on their way to the field.

It was then 1893 and both my wife and I were in poor health as were Mr. Underwood and his wife, so the Mission ordered us to take a vacation in Japan in the hope that the rest and change would restore us all. The Underwoods had only one child to take but we had six so the trip for us was not going to be an easy one. Our little Martin was but a babe in arms and his brother Raymond was only thirteen months older and Mrs. Avison, already much weakened by illness, could not care for them without help, so we took our Korean amah with us and then, to further ease the boat trip for Mrs. Avison, I put a small rocking chair on the deck so she could have some of the comfort of home, but the boat itself did all the rocking necessary and the amah, having her first sea voyage, was unable to care for the babies. We did have our hands full.

We debarked at Nagasaki and went into the interior to where we remained only a couple of days. It was a health resort, but not suited to our liking. There were hot springs that were seen only when the tide was out as they were close to the sea and the tide as it flowed covered them up. There were many Japanese bathhouses which were much patronized by the native people. Men and women without distinction would go into the same bath house, strip to the skin and bathe together. There was a very large round tub of hot water in which to sit on a bench that ran around its inner circumference and the bathers, men and women, would sit on it indiscriminately, and slap each others' knees and laugh loudly. When I asked as to the character of the bathers, I was told they were of good reputation and that such intermingling was not considered indelicate.

As soon as we could make arrangements for kago\* and carriers

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\*A kago is a sort of two-man sedan or carrying chair used in Japan for carrying travelers up the mountains chiefly.

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our party of nine, adults and children, took a trip up the high mountains to Jikoku, a place of many hot springs which give that region its name, - Jikoku or Hell in our language. The limestone rocks have been so long under the influence of these hot springs that one can thrust a stick deeply into what looks like solid rock and there are areas where one can dig a small hole in the ground, put a kettle of water in it and before long have boiling water in the kettle. We saw that done many times. Another nearby spot has smaller similar springs and it is named Kojikoku, meaning little hell. We met some American friends there, missionaries to the Japanese and it seems to be a favorite summer resort for missionaries so that some of the people living there made a joke of the fact, saying the missionaries went to hell for a rest.

We, however, got no help there and soon returned to Nagasaki where we learned that the lady physician and nurse for the Royal Korean Hospital had recently passed through on their way to Korea.

So we then proceeded to China after that sometimes elusive thing called health, and strange to say, found it in the great city of Shanghai. Then we felt we could move on, toward home. We took a boat northward to Chefoo and then crossed the Yellow Sea back to Chos en where we found the new doctor and nurse already at the hospital.

In the meantime I had been thinking more deeply about the future of medical work in Korea. I had noted the prevalence of epidemics, the terrible death rate that was decimating the population and the unsanitary conditions prevailing in both city and country. I had also given consideration to the fewness of foreign doctors and the improbability of their number being ever increased to more than thirty or so and the impossibility of that small number ever being able to do much toward improving conditions unless efforts were made to educate Korean young men as doctors in sufficient number to do what the small number of foreign physicians could not accomplish. With that in view, I had carefully selected my hospital assistants with the idea of giving them a medical education and at the same time guiding them to a desire to spend their lives and energies in improving the health of the people by careful treatment of their sicknesses and the education in hygienic principles that would lessen the incidence of disease. I had already begun the preparation of textbooks and from them had been teaching my helpers some of the amazing possibilities lying in present medical methods.

SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA

Previous to the year 1392 A. D., the capital of Korea was Sengde, the center of the kingdom then known as Koryu\*. In that day,

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\*The Present name "Korea" is a corruption of koryu.

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one of the most powerful generals had been sent by the king to punish the Chinese who had been raiding the northern part of the country. But when his army got as far north as pyeng yang, he turned back toward the south to meet another Korean army which he believed was following him with the intention of fighting him. He defeated this army and then declared himself king of koryu, made Seoul his capital and changed the country's name to Chosen (pronounced Che'-sen'). The word means "Meaning Calm."

The new King started a new royal family which was destined to carry on a series of reigns known as the Yi Dynasty. Several sons were born to the new sovereign. He wished to make his fifth son his heir but the third son rebelled and made himself king. This third son abdicated in 1418 and built himself a palace at Yun Heui Dong, close to the present site of the Chosen Christian College, which took the term "Yun Heui" as its Korean name.

Seoul was chosen as the capital because it occupied a site that could be easily fortified against an enemy's attack. It is situated in a rather extensive valley surrounded by mountains except in the narrow places between the hills where gates were erected were created. The new king ordered high stone walls to be built around the city extending over the ridges of all the surrounding mountains and hills with a gate at each mountain pass, so that the people might go in and out on every side.

CLOTHING OF THE PEOPLE

For the most part, the people of Korea dress wholly in white. The farmer who ploughs in his rice fields binds his brow with a white head band, wears a white jacket and white baggy pants rolled up above his knees. So it is with the "yangban", or scholar, whose long fingernails indicate that he does no menial labor. His fine silk vest and jacket, his long coat and bulging trousers bound neatly at the ankles, are all of white. The women too, whether rich or poor, wear short jackets and long pleated skirts of white material. One interesting fact concerning the women's clothing stands out in contrast to the way we occidentals are brought up. In Korea, the more brazen a woman is, the more she covers her body and the better dressed she is. The common woman will go about with a gap of several inches between their skirts and jackets, thus exposing their breasts to public gaze and with little thought about it. But a keisang (dancing girl) would not leave her room without having her skirt tightly bound around her chest, high up under the armpits, and her short jacket coming down well over the skirt band. I was told that as long as a married woman gave birth only to daughters she did not expose her breasts - they were without honor, but as soon as she bore a son her breasts were exposed as being very honorable - she was the mother of a son.

Because so many of the people wore white clothing an idiom for describing a crowded street came into being. It is: "How crowded the street is today, - it is just white with people!" However, although the majority of people still wear white, bright colors which were formerly reserved for royalty and officials are beginning to come into the commoner's wardrobe. Little children have always been garbed in brilliant and to our thinking, strange color combinations. Bright purples and cherises, - greens, reds, and yellows help to brighten up the drab little homes of their brown mud walls. We read in our bibles of Joseph's coat of many colors, and small Korean boys today wear coats with sleeves of many colored strips quite like Joseph's of so long ago, I should imagine.

Perhaps you are wondering how these white clothes were kept clean. They weren't. One suit might sometimes be worn as long as several months without being changed. It was used for work, sleep, and recreation. And even now, after western ideas of hygiene have been introduced and clothes are changed more frequently, if one is next to a man who has toiled and sweated and eaten in one outfit, which has not been changed for two or three weeks, the odor is rather hard to bear.

In thinking of the Korean white clothing as being dirty from long wear, we must not forget that we too wear our clothing for long periods and it is only because ours are generally not white that we are regarded as being clean.

THE WELLS OF SEOUL

A city of two hundred thousand people needs plenty of water and Seoul, the capital, had an abundant supply, for the hills and mountains that surrounded it ensured this. They shed rain and snow enough to serve all the homes clustered in the valley. The people needed only to dig down a few feet into the soil to get a steady supply with carriers distributed to the nearby houses in buckets as shown in the accompanying picture. These wells, for the sake of convenience, were usually dug close to the narrow lanes which constituted the main lines of traffic throughout the greater part of the city. At the sides of the lanes were ditches into which the contents of the privies drained, and most of the wells were so close to the ditches that contamination of the water in the wells was practically unavoidable, especially as the wells were lined with rough stones and wide crevices between the stones permitted free entrance of the seepage from those drains.

The only way of getting water to the homes was to pay water carriers to deliver it as needed or for the women of the house to fetch it. If the women did it they raised the water from the well by means of a small dipper attached to a rope. This dipper was usually left on the well curb and was used by all comers. The woman, having filled her water jar, carried it home on her head. The regular water carriers, however, men who made this task their business, carried it in two buckets attached to a frame that rested on the shoulders of the carriers.

(See illustration)

Note accompanying picture: Originally these buckets were made of wooden staves but by the time we reached Korea these had been to a large extent replaced by the five gallon kerosene cans which the standard Oil Company of America had found to be the most convenient containers for distributing its products throughout Asia. Surrounded by a wooden frame work that prevented easy destruction, these were being almost universally used even in the farthest parts of the country.

The water would be poured into earthen jars similar, no doubt, to the jars mentioned in the story of the wedding at Cana of Galilee at which Christ turned the water into wine and this had to be dipped by small gourds that, when not used, lay around anywhere. One can see how easy it was for the water in the well or in the jars to be easily contaminated and be the means of disseminating intestinal diseases such as diarrhoea and dysentery.

As we saw these Korean wells, we were reminded of the wells of Biblical cities as they are described in the Scriptures except that the Jewish carriers were generally women who carried the water in pots on their heads, a method also common in Korea. Read Exodus, the second chapter, verses 15 and 16 - "And he (Moses) sat down by a well. Nor the priest of Midian had seven daughters and they came to a well and drew water and filled the troughs to water their father's flocks."

The wells of all the towns and villages throughout Korea were similar to these just described in Seoul and they were a chief cause of the many sicknesses which made the death rate of the country greater than the birth rate, and it looked as though the Land of Morning Calm was doomed to almost complete depopulation if something were not done to improve its unsanitary conditions.

Of course there were some saving customs that had served to render many of the people more or less immune to the disease germs that were so widely distributed through these wells. Cold water, for instance, was not the most common beverage. The most frequently used drink was prepared from the part of the boiled rice that adhered to the sides of the iron pot, covered by a lid so as to confine the steam. The adhering rice, which had been partly caramelized, was softened and partly dissolved in added water, producing a liquid that was completely sterile, very palatable and a good substitute for the tea used in other countries.

Another saving factor was the partial immunity that constant infection gradually produced in some of the people so that many of these who had not succumbed in childhood lived to a ripe old age and the destructive death rate was found in the first years of life.

To what more important work could missionary doctors devote themselves than to spread the better knowledge they possessed? To this process of education and to the development of native doctors I decided to devote my time and energy. What use would it be to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ merely as a means of spiritual salvation and leave the people to be doomed to disappear from the earth? Was not the Gospel of Christ, as he expounded it, largely devoted as much to the liberation of men and women from bodily affliction as it was to their spiritual betterment?



AN EARLY EXPERIENCE WITH A RUSSIAN LADY.

Seeing a large white building on a hill just inside the west Gate I asked an American lady - "what is that big white house on that hill, the highest one inside the city walls?"

"That? Oh, that's the Russian Legation. Haven't you been there yet? Well, you and Mrs. Avison must go there next Wednesday afternoon - it will be Mrs. Waeber's 'at home' and she will be glad to see you."

"What do you mean by her 'at home'? That's new to us."

"Well, it is the custom here for every lady in the foreign community to set aside one afternoon each week or every two weeks when she will be at home to receive or entertain guests by serving tea and cake. Wednesday afternoons are all reserved for Mrs. Waeber, the wife of the Russian Minister. And, believe me, no one misses calling on her unless it is absolutely unavoidable for she is in every way the leader of foreign society in the capital city of Seoul."

I reported this conversation to my wife and we decided to go the next week.

Wednesday afternoon came and we went with some hesitation, for we had never met any Russians, but with pleasant anticipation because so many had spoken enthusiastically of Mrs. Waeber. It is quite a climb for, somewhat Russian like (The Great Northern Bear) they had selected the highest site in the city for their legation so that it can be seen from every part of the city. When we reached the building, somewhat out of breath, we were met by a smiling-faced servant and ushered directly into the great dining room - yes, it was a great room, for they had not only the most prominent site, but also the biggest legation building in the city. Mrs. Waeber sat at the middle of one side of the long dining table, serving tea with a charming smile that made all feel welcome.

Our rather flurried guide introduced us to the hostess - "Mrs. Waeber, we are so sorry to be a bit late, but we had to call for our newly arrived physician, Dr. Avison, and his little lady, whom, I am sure, you will like. May I introduce them to you?"

"Dr. and Mrs. Avison, I am so glad to see you," she said in the purest of English, "please sit there, right across the table from me, where I can talk with you while I pour your tea."

We took our places quite relieved by her graciousness. The seats around the large table were nearly all occupied and our introduction to the hostess was considered as an introduction to all her guests - a very good custom that saved any interruption to the sipping of tea, eating of cake, and the vivacious conversation that was carried on by the company. The friends who had brought us sat next us and told us the name and business of each guest.

"That little Japanese couple?" They are the Minister for Japan and his wife. We will call on them one of these days. You will like them -- That little man over there? Oh, that's Mr. Waeber, Mrs. Waeber's husband, you know. Yes, he's all right. He understands English very well but his speech is a little broken, not like his wife's. He is rather reserved at first, but very pleasant when you get to know him."

"Who are the two rather foreign people sitting next to Mr. Waeber?"

"Oh, yes, they are Mr. and Mrs. De planoy, - he is the French Minister. Yes, they speak English too, but with a good deal of accent. You will soon get used to it, though."

So we quickly got to know the faces and characteristics of all the foreign ministers and their wives and also of the missionaries.

"Who's that other distinguished looking Frenchman?"

"That's Bishop Mutel, head of the Roman Catholic Mission in Korea. He has lived here since he was quite young and has never been back to his native France. That's the way the French Roman Catholic missionaries do. -- No, he doesn't speak much English though he understands most of what we say."

"How do you converse with him, then?"

"Well, I happen to understand some French and so have no trouble. When you learn to speak Korean you will have no difficulty in talking with him for he speaks Korean fluently. In the meantime you can get along with him in English if you keep to the simple forms and do not speak too fast. I will introduce you to him as soon as an opportunity occurs."

So went the chatter.

I had been watching our hostess and wondering at her knowledge of so many languages. Her servants. Her servants? One was Korean, another Japanese, another Chinese, and she spoke to each in his own tongue, for although each of them knew a little Russian none of them could use it as well as she understood and spoke theirs. She was indeed a remarkable woman.

Mr. Waeber, being the first of all the members of the consular corps then in Seoul to arrive in the country was the dean of that body, and so Mrs. Waeber was the "first lady" among the foreign residents of the city and the leader in all the social affairs of the community. No one else could have filled the position more graciously or more efficiently. If there was sickness in the home of any foreigner, she was the first to call and offer sympathy and help and she always took with her some food delicacy or a bottle of wine. If there was a death, she was the first to proffer help in the preparations for the funeral.

Thus our new life in Korea served as an introduction to people of several different countries, and Seoul proved to be a really cosmopolitan center.

## THE MARBLE PAGODA

In the center of Seoul is a small public inclosure known as Pagoda Park because of the marble pagoda erected in the middle of it. The story of the pagoda is an interesting one.

It was erected in the city of which was then the capital of China. It was sent to Seoul by the reigning Emperor of China as a present to the King of Korea who had it erected on its present site in the heart of the capital. It is reported to have been sent from India to China by

The upper section of the pagoda stands on the ground beside the main structure. Why? Two different explanations for this are given. First, when it was being erected in Seoul, a Korean sage told the King that if it were completed the Yi Dynasty would come to an end and to prevent this disaster the upper sections were left on the ground. Second, though it was first erected in its entirety, the Japanese after one of their incursions removed the upper part and left it on the ground where it now stands as a proof of their capture of the Capital, but the date when this occurred is not given and such treatment of an emblem of Buddhism would be a questionable procedure for such strong Buddhists as the Japanese to be guilty of.

Whatever the case may be, the marble Pagoda now stands with the upper part on the ground. It bears no resemblance to Korean architecture and the characters carved so beautifully in the marble are reputed by competent scholars to be Indian. However, it gives evidence of the influence that Buddhism exerted over the thought of both Koreans and Chinese and clearly indicates the enthusiasm of early buddhists priests to promulgate their faith in remote countries.

### IDENTIFYING SKELETONS

The first foreign missionaries to Korea were Roman Catholic priests who entered Korea as early as the 1770's, many of them only to die martyr's deaths. Even up to and during the time of the Tai Won Kun's regency (18 to 18), the Roman Catholic missionaries suffered persecution. The Tai Won Kun was very much opposed to having any relations whatsoever with foreigners, either in matters of business or religion.

In 1866 the Tai Won Kun ordered a group of French priests and their Korean assistants to be executed. These executions apparently took place on the banks of the Han River at a place called Yong San. In my eagerness to learn about the country which might be my future home, I had read of these executions before I went to Korea, but I had thought nothing more about them until some French priests who resided in Seoul requested me to accompany them to Yong San to help them identify the bodies of three French priests who had been executed at that time, some thirty years before, and whose bodies were supposed to have been buried there. They had received orders from the pope to exhume the remains and bury them in consecrated ground according to the manner prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church. There was a Catholic cemetery near Yong San, adjoining the church grounds, in which they were to be re-buried. Much to the consternation of the priests, skeletons of four bodies were found when the graves were opened. Evidently some one besides the three Frenchmen had been buried with them. Perhaps it was the remains of one of their Korean priests who had been executed at the same time.

The French bishop was anxious to identify the French priests and bury them separately and, as I was a doctor, they had called on me to help them decide which three of the four skeletons were those of their French priests. Was there some way to differentiate the bones of a Frenchman from those of a Korean? I knew of none unless we could find some ways in which one of them differed from the other three.

The various bones of each skeleton had been placed in order on a long table in a room of the Catholic seminary building. I had thought that as Korean men are generally shorter than Europeans, the length of the skeletons might be a differentiating factor, but all four were practically of the same length. The differences in conformation of the skulls was but slight and as all differed a little that did not help us. I asked if they had a record of the ages of the priests. In their opinion any Korean who might have accompanied the priests would probably have been a younger man than they, but the bones did not indicate any such differences in ages.

Next I inquired if they knew whether or not the priests smoked. Probably so, but what would that have to do with our immediate problem as the Korean also would be a smoker. I explained that if they were accustomed to holding a metal mouthpiece between their teeth, it might have worn them down. And if the teeth in three skulls seemed worn down more than those in the fourth one, that might help us.

We spent several hours in our investigation and in the end found nothing to prove that the bones of one skeleton differed sufficiently from another to make a selection. But something must be done. Again we examined the teeth and decided upon those three skulls in which the teeth were worn more than those in the other skull. Since then I have often wondered whether three French priests had been buried in consecrated ground or whether, by chance, one good Father had given himself in death as in life to a Korean.

### DECREES AGAINST CHRISTIANITY

As has been mentioned before, the French Roman Catholics had

DECREES AGAINST CHRISTIANITY

As has been mentioned before, the French Roman Catholics had been the first Christians to carry their religion to the Far East and had had a good footing in China as far back as . There were Roman Catholic Christians in Japan too, at least since 1586 A. D. , for history says that when the Japanese Daimio, Yasuhiro, failed to force Korea to resume the neglected custom of sending envoys with tribute to Japan, Yoshitose, Daimio of Tsushima, a Christian, was sent to do what Yasuhiro had not accomplished. Another note says that in the war that followed the Japanese troops were commanded by Konishi, a Christian general. Still another note says that in 1594 A. D., a Jesuit priest and a Japanese Christian came from Japan to Korea to work among the Japanese troops and the natives, so the missionary spirit of the Roman Catholics was evident even at that early date.

Not long afterwards, in 1603 A. D., a Korean prince who had been baptized in Japan, tried to get to Korea via Peking but failed and returned to Japan. When persecution of the Christians broke out in Japan and this prince was killed at that time.

In 1784 in Korea, a royal decree was issued against Christianity and Thomas Kim, a Korean who had been converted in Peking and had returned to his home as a missionary, was killed. Again in 1793 two Koreans named Kim came from Peking and suffered a like fate and in 1794, a Chinese Christian, Jaques Tsui, arrived in Korea, and he too was beheaded in 1801.

In 1802 a new edict against Christianity was issued and the note says "Christianity began to spread rapidly. This, the new edict, added much to the knowledge of the faith." Thus persecution helped the general cause at the expense of individual lives.

In 1811 the Korean Christians applied to the pope for aid.

The notes say, "In 1853 Bishop Ferriol died a natural death and priest Jansen also died a natural death in 1854." Because so many had been killed for their faith the word "natural" had a special significance in those records.

In 1860 four more French priests arrived and the number of Christians was reported as 15,000. This number would include all the infants and children of Christians.

In 1863 King Yi Chul Chong died and his adopted son Yi became King at the age of eleven years. His natural father prince Yi Heung Sung, was appointed to act as Regent. He is generally referred to in the record as the Tai Won Kun, which means "The Great House Ruler." The Tai Won Kun's wife was reportedly a Roman Catholic Christian, but he was strongly opposed to the introduction of the faith into Korea, so in 1866 he began a severe persecution of Christians and of all foreigners by ordering the death of Bishop Berneux and eight priests.

1884 marked the arrival of the first protestant missionary, Dr. H.N. Allen, an American Presbyterian, and the first hospital was opened in February, 1885. It may be noted here that the King, on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday in 1873, had assumed the reins of government and the records do not tell of any particular cases of persecution up to the time of the coming of protestant Christianity in 1884. In that year Dr. Allen, by saving the life of the Queen's cousin, Min Yon Ik, gained the favor of the King and no objection was taken to the coming in of Protestant clerical missionaries which began the following Year by the arrival of several presbyterian and Methodist clergymen

and another physician. Indeed the King's attitude to these newcomers was shown by his request in 1836 to have three American teachers selected by the Foreign Missions Board of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America to come to Korea under the King's patronage to teach in a government school for English and also a request for a lady physician to treat the Queen to be selected and sent out the same way.

But in 1888, a decree was published against Christianity. What had happened to change the attitude of the King who had surrounded himself with Christians as doctor, teachers and friends?

The Roman Catholics had purchased a hill site inside the city on which to erect a large church. Though it was across the city from the palace it was much higher and those standing on the hill top where the church was to be erected could see the inside of the palace enclosure and with field glasses might even see the royal personages themselves. As this was contrary to all Korean ideas of propriety the church authorities were asked to change the site for another differently located. But the churchmen, regarding the church as higher than the government, refused the request and the decree against Christianity was the answer to that attitude.

Possibly a fear that the coming of so many American and English missionaries might lead to the overthrow of many customs and ideas to which the people were attached was also propagandized as a means for raising public sentiment against foreigners, and in 1887 some demanded that all foreigners should be forbidden to reside in the capital, and should be compelled to live in a foreign settlement at Yong San on the bank of the Han river, three miles from the City. It was then that this incident of the Roman Catholic Church's planning to build its cathedral on a site overlooking the palace occurred.

The Methodists had built also on a prominent hill but as it did not overlook the palace little objection had been made. But in spite of this decree against Christianity, the Roman Catholic authorities stuck to their determination to build on the site they had purchased and as Korea's treaty with France granted the right to purchase land without specifying any restrictions there was no way of preventing their buying any sites that the owners were willing to sell, so the Cathedral occupies its prominent place in the capital. The people have become so accustomed to seeing it there that it no longer assails their sense of propriety.

Probably the Christian converts, not to mention the missionaries and other foreigners, brought on themselves much of the opposition of the people by their too rapid erection of big buildings of foreign style, and the flouting of many Oriental customs which held a firm place in the thinking of the people.

STORY OF KIN OF CHEIJU

About the year 1003, while the hospital was still being carried on at its old site within the city, a young man applied for treatment of empyema of his right chest. It was an old chronic case several ribs. The treatment had to be carried on, of course, over a long period and recovery did not take place until all the ribs of that side had been removed so that the outer wall could fall in and adhere to the inner wall of the chest and he was with us for about two years.

During that time he became interested in religious matters and when he returned to his home in Cheiju he told his friends he had become a Christian. He explained to them what Christianity is and told them all he had learned about God and Christ. The story spread and aroused much interest and a group of believers resulted. Up to that time, as far as I can learn, no Protestant Christian work had been built up in that island.

Though we had news of him from time to time, we did not see him for many years. In the meantime the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church sent a pastor and bible woman to the island to follow up his religious work and a church was organized from which other churches came into existence.

Some short while ago, while Mrs. Avison was sitting on the porch of our home a strange man called and asked for Dr. Avison. She said he was out then but would be back soon and while he waited he talked to her, "Why, lady, do you not know me?" he asked. She answered, "I'm sorry but I cannot remember You." "Why, I was in your hospital about 30 years ago and as all my ribs of one side were taken out I was here for two years, ~~and all my ribs of one side were taken out/I/~~ I have been well ever since. My home is in the island of Cheiju. We now have a great church there and I am on my way to attend the General Assembly in Pyengyang as a delegate from that church." Of course she then remembered him, and when I returned you can well believe with what a feeling of gratitude I met him and learned that his two years' stay in the hospital had led to such fine results.

He had come up to the house with an elder of the South Gate Church (Hospital church), who had been born in Cheiju and becoming Christian through Mr. Kim's teaching had later on come to Seoul. There he attended the church connected with the Hospital and had become one of its Elders. Mr. Kim asked many questions about the student assistants who were in the hospital when he was a patient and was told that all of them became doctors a long time ago and that one of them was still a teacher in the medical college while others had hospitals of their own in the country. We sent him down to the hospital where he met this doctor and others who had been in the former dispensary and where photos of him and of his formerly diseased side were taken.

This is one story out of many which could be told of how the hospital, while caring for the physical needs of the sick, gives the spiritual influence which often changes the lives and aspirations of those who come at first only for bodily ills. Many of the churches throughout Korea grew out of the medical care received by individuals who, while they were being treated, received religious instruction and became earnest disseminators of their faith.

FORTRESSES OF SEOUL

Although the capital city, founded when the Yi Dynasty was established in 1392, is surrounded by mountain ranges over which it would be difficult to enter there were depressions in them where a force might successfully attack the city. A high and almost impregnable wall was built around it and strong gates were erected at the lower places where entrances and exits could be made. These precautions would seemingly make it impossible for an enemy to get into the capital but there was always a chance that traitors within might make it easy for an invading army to force a way through the gates, as had been the case not infrequently in other capitals in former times. With such a possibility in view, two fortresses were prepared to either of which the royal family might retire in case of an invasion.

PUK HAN: - one of these fortresses was located immediately behind the palace in the recesses of North Mountain (PUK HAN). This retreat was located high up on the mountain, surrounded by high walls pierced by only two small gates which could be reached only by a difficult climb up steep hills. A gate through the city wall, back of the palace, led to this roadway.

In the days after Korea's treaty of friendship and commerce with outside nations, foreign residents often climbed this hill in the summer time to get away from the heat and slush of the city and to breathe the cool air of the mountain top. Buddhist temples had been erected at various points on the mountain and the priests were always glad to open their temples as resting places for such excursionists. Indeed, quite often they would move the idols into a corner or into another room to clear a space for the mats or sleeping pads of their guests. Always, of course, this was done with an eye toward the generous compensation which the guests would surely offer as they were departing. In one of these temples there were five hundred idols and it seemed strange to us to see them moved about from place to place in order to make visitors comfortable.

As a doctor, I would sometimes be called during the day or even at night, to climb that mountain to see a sick member of a missionary or business family. My first trip up that difficult path, winding between and over rocks, was made in the middle of the night. When I retraced my steps the following day and found it difficult, even by daylight, to keep on the winding and rugged path, I wondered how my guide had kept to it so easily in the dark of the night.

The view from the mountain top, however, was beautiful - as are all such vistas in Korea - and the summer breezes were cool, clean, and refreshing, making an ideal place for summer residents, particularly if they were satisfied to stay there after getting to the top of the mountain and providing they kept well and did not need the services of a doctor and were able to keep a servant to bring supplies up from the city for their daily use.

As a refuge for a fleeing King with his family and attendants, it would be also safe, providing he brought along enough provisions to supply his needs indefinitely, or until the besieging army could be beaten off. If, however, his enemies gained possession of the palace or of the pathway up the mountain so as to cut off needed supplies of food, the fortress became a dungeon from which the only way of escape was capitulation or death from starvation.



Puk Han afforded a favorite climb for athletic young foreigners who found full scope between daylight and dark for all kinds of adventures and to return home worn out but happy over the exhilarating exercise.

Nam Han: - The other fortress was located some twelve miles from the palace and so could be reached in safety only if the King's retreat were made in advance of the arrival of the enemy. It was available only when the coming of a supposedly invincible army was known long enough in advance for the trip to be made in time. In some ways south mountain (Nam Han) seemed less safe than Puk Han. It was not so high, it is not so rocky, and its approach is easier. But it has only one available road which is easily defended from above. Forces attempting to reach the top of the mountain from other sides are exposed to a attack by rolling stones and by gunfire on all sides from a well-protected army at the summit. The top of this rather low mountain is narrow and is almost entirely covered by the walled citadel. Here again the danger to its occupants is that of starvation. If the invading enemy can surround it on all sides and be patient until the food supplies in the fortress are exhausted, its ultimate surrender is certain.

I saw this happen in the year \_\_\_\_\_, when a company of Tonghaks (East for the East) took possession of the hill when they were hard pushed by the King's soldiers. We could see the fortress from our home in Jeoul and, having spent a part of one summer there, we could fill in from our experience some of the details we could not see. Many wounded soldiers came to our hospital during those days. They had been sent up by their unwise commanders in vain efforts to get into the stronghold only to be shot by its well protected defenders.

I remember well one of those men who had been shot in the chest. His treatment had consisted in the applying of a chicken's entrail and bandaging them to the wound. This soldier made his way slowly to our hospital, reaching it only after several days of difficult walking. You can imagine his condition. Weak with loss of blood and insufficient food, as well as by the enforced walking during several hot summer days, he threw himself on the floor of the small room we gave him. Only a few times before had I been called upon to endure the foul stench from the already putrid flesh of chicken, combined with that of the pus from the already infected wound, and the odor from the unwashed body of the wounded soldier who had probably not had a bath for weeks. Forgoing the details, his smile of thanks after his wound had been cleansed and dressed and his body bathed, repaid us even more fully than would his money have done, had he been able to pay us.

We got quite accustomed to the sound of artillery and gunfire during the weeks that followed, but at last the royal troops that had been drilled by British officers on the Island of Mangsha were sent to relieve the attackers. They had learned more of strategy and, instead of vainly trying to capture the fortress, they simply camped around the foot of the hill, preventing all communication between the attacked and others, and stopped all their efforts to obtain supplies. This policy was effective, for after enduring starvation as long as they could, the Tonghaks sent out a white flag and surrendered.

YI SEUNG MAN

( He now signs himself synngman Rhee )  
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA

When Dr. Georgiana Whiting arrived in Korea in 1895 to collaborate with the writer in the Royal Korean Hospital in Seoul, her first need was a language teacher and Yi Seung Man, a young student in the Methodist School for boys was selected for this duty. The son of a Korean Scholar in the South he had, on the opening of Korea to foreigners, come to the capital to learn English and whatever else the Mission school offered that might help him to understand western thought and fathom the designs of those who were thrusting themselves on his country. I say "fathom the designs" because the Oriental people mistrust very much the motives of the western politicians who had forced them to open their hitherto closed doors. The Missionaries too were under suspicion of having ulterior motives - they were inclined to regard them, also, as emissaries of their governments.

This distrust was not unreasonable. Had not the Hawaiian Islands been but recently absorbed by the United States after years of what seemed to Eastern observers to have been a process of undermining by the business men and missionaries who, when the time seemed ripe, had petitioned the American Government to annex them? And had not India suffered a like fate at the hands of the British?

Rhee (as he now calls himself) kept all these misgivings to himself and, as far as we were concerned, seemed to be very friendly to us all. He came every day, outside of his school hours to supervise Dr. Whiting's studies so he and I became very intimate and he was always eager to discuss with me the difference between western forms of government and those that prevailed in Korea.

His own country's government was autocratic, the King's authority was absolute, and, as he compared it with what I told him about the democracy of the United States and Great Britain and Canada, his mind became obsessed with a desire to work for such a change in the government of his own land which, it was plain, he dearly loved and in this love for Korea he differed in no respect from the rest of his fellow countrymen. At that time it was known to its people as Chosen, a name that means "the land of the morning calm" and indeed, so far as its natural aspects were concerned, it was and is a land to be loved. But its government was an autocracy as were the governments of most Oriental countries. Though the King had a cabinet of advisors they were appointed by himself and were subject to dismissal if they failed to please him or to provide him with sufficient funds so he had all authority in his own hands.

Such a system is good or bad according to the wisdom or lack of it in the reigning monarch. As this particular autocrat's physician I had opportunities of seeing many kind acts done at times to even the lowliest of his subjects and yet, one morning I saw evidence of the danger any man was in if he were so unfortunate as to antagonize the king. As I was taking a stroll in the city that morning I was startled by seeing the decapitated heads of two men, each on a stick set up in the ground by the side of the street. The two men had been beheaded during the night and their heads placed there to let the people realize what might happen to those who incurred the King's displeasure.

Nine years before Rhee came on the scene, treaties of trade and friendship had been forced on China, Japan and Korea by some of the Western nations. While most of the people had greatly disliked this disturbance of their customs by the outside Barbarians, a small group of young men, sons of some of the highest nobles in the country had been trying to learn why foreign countries were so much stronger and richer than their own and they thus learned something of democracy.

Forgetting a democracy requires an educated populace capable of understanding the principles of government they determined to act without any delay and so, in 1884, made the great mistake that many reformers make - that of acting precipitately instead of preparing both the ruler and the ruled by the sure process of education. For the details of this see the Chapter on The Meute of 1884.

On the failure of their first attempt the leaders fled to Japan, China and America but some seed had been sown. Mr. Rhee and some into contact with some of their followers and the idea of democracy for his own country had taken possession of his mind.

On his visits to the hospital he often talked with me about these matters and spoke very frankly about his interest in them. I was rather surprised at this for he knew I visited the King frequently and he might naturally have felt a need for greater caution.

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\*During one of these conversations he grew quite excited and told me he had decided to devote his life to helping change his country's form of government. I pointed out to him the dangers of such a course, showing him how, in every country where men had attempted to change a long-established form of government too quickly, it had resulted in blood-shed and often in the death of those engaged in it. Then I asked whether he would be willing to face such an eventuality my question sobered him up for a bit but after some reflection, he said he would be willing to undergo whatever might come to him in the pursuit of so great an objective. His after history which this brief tale is to relate, showed that he was, indeed, in earnest, for he remained faithful to his ideals during years of the most severe trials, the keenest sufferings and the throat of death.

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However, in actual life we not infrequently find our highest ideals at least temporarily forced into the background by unexpected occurrences of a grave nature and this became true in the experience of Mr. Rhee.

#### THE CHINO-JAPAN WAR

In 1892 and 1893 disputes sprang up between Japan and Korea that led to the China-Japan war of 1894 and 1895.

Japan, finding herself unable to produce all the food needed for her population, had some time previously entered into a treaty with Korea by which the latter promised to sell to Japan every year a certain quantity of beans. This agreement, of course, was advantageous to both countries but there came a year when Korea, having a shortage in her crops of beans, felt she could not carry out the agreement without depriving her own people of needed food and so notified Japan. In spite of the limited crops in Korea, Japan threatened reprisals if the agreement was not carried out, but the Korean government re-declared it to be impossible under the circumstances. This created one point of irritation and about the same time a second cause for Japan's displeasure occurred.

Japan, having threatened retaliation on Korea because of its refusal to send boats to the former, the Korean King, in great fear, called on China for the assistance implied in that country's suzerainty.

China and Japan had previously entered into an agreement that neither country should send troops into Korea without notifying the other of its intention to do so but, on this occasion, China disregarded that agreement and, without any notice to Japan, sent a detachment to Korea in response to the King's request and so Japan had a quarrel with China as well as with Korea and it was not long till the China-Japan war was begun.

The story of the war is related in another section of these memoirs but is referred to here because most of it was fought in Korea and its aftermath completely changed the whole course of Korea's history and affected Rhee's after life.

Early in the war Japan's troops reached Seoul, the capital, and, in order to frighten the king into becoming their ally against China, they seized the palace and demanded permission to pass freely through Korea to Manchuria where they expected to meet the main body of the Chinese forces.

Our hero was on a hill from which we had a full view of the attack on the palace which of course lasted but a short time for the Koreans had neither armaments nor trained soldiers with which to oppose the well-armed and well-trained attackers.

Though the king yielded to their demands the queen, much more determined and more subtle than he, did all she could to hinder their progress and in this she was supported by the King's father, the former regent, who was in all other respects her arch enemy as already related. The Japanese promised to set Korea free from the suzerainty of China and guarantee her continued independence if their army was granted the right to pass through unopposed.

Finding the queen obdurate they compelled the king to deprive her of all her rights as queen and reduce her to the rank of a common peasant woman.

The Japanese defeated China completely and declared the independence of Korea, thus raising it to the position of an Empire. All this looked very nice till their "friends" told them they would handle all Korea's foreign relations. Later on they also took over the management of her internal affairs so that she was independent in name only.

This introduced another grave issue for the reformers and interfered with their program for furthering democracy. They felt compelled to oppose the schemes of the Japanese to get complete control of Korea's affairs and at the same time they had to push on with their plans for governmental reform so that they were doubly menaced. The king regarded them as his enemies and the Japanese looked on them as their most dangerous opponents.

Our story must now deal with the relation of the reformers including Rhee, to their own King and government, leaving the story of the efforts of the Japanese to bring the people to accept their control to be told in another chapter except as it affected Mr. Rhee.

Soon after the end of the war the queen was restored to her former position and privileges and became an Empress instead of a Queen and that was probably not a help to the reformers.

The Japanese met with many difficulties in bringing people to accept their rule. Looking around for ways in which to break

down this stubbornness they learned that the Korean custom of men wearing their hair in the form of a topknot was closely associated with their nationalistic feelings. In the long ago the Koreans had not worn topknots but the Chinese, at the end of a victorious war against them, ordered them to assume this form of hairdressing to distinguish them from other people and as sign of their submission. It was thus at first a mark of degradation. As time passed however they came to think of it as a special symbol of their nationality and so it became very precious to them. A similar thing had occurred in China. When the Manchurians conquered China they ordered the men to wear the queue as a sign of their subjection. The Chinese after a long time had come to regard it as a symbol of their nationality and so clung to it in spite of its origin. Just so was it with Korea and its top-knot.

When the Japanese recognized that the Koreans regarded their topknots in that way and that as long as they wore them they would remain Korean at heart, they ordered all the men to cut them off and dress their hair in the Western style.

They did not openly refuse to do this, they just ignored the order. Those living within the walls of the capital could be easily dealt with but how were they to enforce the order all over the country and especially amongst the farming population which constituted more than 80% of the people.

Policemen and soldiers were stationed at all the city gates, each armed with a pair of long scissors kept concealed until they were to be used. The countrymen coming into the city were allowed to enter without being disturbed but every man going out had his hat pulled off and, if he still had his topknot, out came the scissors and off came the topknot.

When orders for all the city people to get rid of their topknots were promulgated even those within the palace were not to be excused. I was in attendance in the palace almost daily at that time and every day his Majesty anxiously asked if I knew when the order was to be enforced. Of course I did not know. One day, however, as I was leaving the palace, he told me not to come the next day but to return the day after and, as I looked into his white face, I knew that tomorrow was to be the dreaded day, the day on which he was to be subjected to the greatest indignity that could be put on him.

When I entered the palace on the second day I found a very sad looking group and as I walked through the anteroom to his Majesty's apartment I could see he was watching me with a greater interest than usual. After greeting me he said, "your hair looks all right, who cuts it for you?" Then he ordered one of his attendants to be called and as the man entered he directed him to remove his hat, saying to me, "look, they have made us all into Buddhist priests." This was the lowest epithet he could use because for a period of more than three hundred years Buddhist priests had been regarded as the most degraded of all the people and had not been allowed ever to enter the capital and as every one knows they were marked by closely shaven heads.

The sight of the attendant's hair would have been laughable had the matter been less serious. His topknot had been snipped off and the remaining hair left straggling. This enforced hair cutting added a quite unnecessary indignity to the enmity already engendered by various other acts of the Japanese.

You will wonder why the Buddhist priests had fallen into such disgrace in a country which had formerly held them in the highest esteem. The story as it was told me is as follows:

Yeare ago Japan, which had long wished to conquer Korea, decided the time had come to do it. To make it easier she sent spies to learn about their defences and, knowing the esteem in which Buddhism as it was practised in Korea was held, sent them as priests.

The visitors were hospitably received and entertained as guests of the king. They lived at the capital and were given access to every part of both city and country as they professed a desire to study Buddhism as practised in Korea. But later on it turned out that they were not priests but officers of the Japanese army whose business it was to learn all about the defences of the capital and prepare the way for an easy capture of the city when the army should arrive. From that time Buddhist priests were taboo at the capital. They were forbidden ever again to enter its gates and they became the most despised of all the people so that when the Emperor spoke of being made into a Buddhist priest by the cutting of his hair he was using the most contemptuous term he knew. As a matter of fact, the order for their debarment from the capital still held good when I reached Korea in 1893, three hundred years later. Though sick priests did at times come from outside the city to the dispensary they always came disguised and the above story was told me to explain why this was necessary.

During the progress of the China and Japan war and for sometime afterwards the members of the reform party were too much concerned with the danger of the complete loss of their country to push their own ideas of government very strongly, but they did not forget and in time began again to promote their views as opportunity offered, though in doing so they faced a double hazard for they were as much opposed to Japanese rule as they were to the autocracy of their own king as already mentioned.

One Sunday afternoon previous to the cutting of the king's hair, Rhee called at my home and surprised me by asking me to cut off his topknot. "Why?" I said, "do you really want it off?" "Of course not," he answered, "but as it has to be done I want it done by a friend and not by one who will take pleasure in doing it." We went to the dispensary where I cut it off in one piece, and, laying it on the table, trimmed off the remaining hair with whatever skill I possessed which was not much but, to say the least, I did a better job than had been done on his Majesty.

When I had finished, Rhee took up the topknot, wrapped it in a piece of gauze, and, while the tears ran down his cheeks, said he would take it home to his mothers. Of course, why not? She had given it to him as a sign of his coming manhood and marriage and had, by so doing, made him into a full-fledged citizen of his country. At that moment, more fully than before, I understood the sentiment wrapped up in that little bunch of hair and realized to some degree the depth of the antipathy that Koreans felt for their Japanese masters.

From my personal contacts with the Emperor I knew him to be a man of good heart, with the welfare of his people much in mind and I think if he had been left to himself he would have yielded to the demands of the reformers but the many officials and nobles, and all others who were dependent on the royal treasuries knew such a change would be a menace to their privileges and it was easy for them to use the police in their efforts to prevent the success of Rhee and his friends.

One afternoon my home was visited by Mr. Rhee and my own language teacher of the same name who said they had heard a notice was being posted asking for the arrest of a Mr. Rhee a teacher or one of the missionaries. neither of them waited to learn particulars but as both answered to the description both came to us for at least temporary protection. During the afternoon word

During the afternoon word was received from their friends that it was the younger man, the subject of this story, who was wanted and so my teacher returned to his home.

They came to us because of the system of extraterritoriality then in force which precluded the property of a foreigner from being entered by a Korean or Japanese policeman without the written permission of the Minister representing that foreigner's country. They knew they would be safe with us at least until the machinery of the law could be set to work and that might take considerable time. Of course, under the circumstances, we could not refuse to shelter them for they were our friends and, from our point of view, were not criminals.

However, as we could not expect to keep Rhee in our home very long, we had to consider what steps to take for his safety. In conference with him it was decided that he should go far into the country to stay with some friends so we dressed him up as a woman, called a woman's sedan chair and, before daybreak, sent him out of the city with the strict injunction to stay away long enough to let things blow over. Of course we made no enquiry as to where he was going as it was better that we should be ignorant of his whereabouts. Men like Rhee, however, are not easily kept down and, within two weeks, he returned to Seoul and even ventured to call at our home. We scolded him but without avail -- his whole soul was in the movement.

Within a short time he was arrested and jailed but managed to escape. In some way he had obtained a revolver and when the police attempted to rearrest him he threatened them with it. They overcame him and soon had him in prison again and this time the charge against him was the serious one of having attempted to shoot a policeman. He was speedily tried, condemned to death and put in the euth call to await execution.

But day after day passed without the order for his execution coming. He was put in stocks every day in an effort to break his spirit. Stocks are now a thing of the past in all civilized countries but at one time even in England and America they were frequently used. If you have read the story of the pilgrims in Massachusetts or of Bunyan in England you will remember that Bunyan in England and the supposed witches in New England were put into the stocks in an effort to get them to recant or confess.

One can see that unruly prisoners might be quickly reduced to submission by the use of these contraptions but although Rhee was placed in the stocks every day for as many hours as he could endure it without fainting he remained uncowed -- even this did not make him swerve from his life's purpose.

One day a request came to me through a confidential messenger to send him an English Bible and this was soon followed by a request for a dictionary. At this point I will let Rhee relate what followed just as I heard him tell it in several American churches.

#### MR. RHEE'S STORY OF HIS IMPRISONMENT

"Soon after the American missionaries began coming to Korea, we Koreans learned how, long years before, missionaries before had gone to the Hawaiian Islands and that large numbers of the natives had accepted the Christian faith. The missionaries were soon followed by American business men who grew rich trading with the natives though the natives themselves were not much profited.

"Then, a short time before the missionaries first came to Korea, we learned that the American government had annexed all these islands and made them a part of its territorial possessions and this,

of course, necessitated the abdication of their queen. We Koreans naturally thought that a similar fate was planned for our country, for had not the Americans forced Japan and China and Korea to open their doors to foreign trade and was not that soon followed by the coming of missionaries and had we not reason to think as we did?

"At that time I was a Very young man living in a country section. I had received the usual education in the Chinese Classics but this did not prepare me to understand the ways of the West or the workings of the foreign mind and, as there had been developed in me a strong distrust of the missionaries and a hatred for their religion and for everything foreign, I decided to go to Socoul and enter a mission school, there to learn all that might enable me to discover the secret of the Westerner's power and at the same time find out just what the missionaries had in mind in coming to our country and opening schools for the children and young people.

"As I needed money to do this I accepted a position as language teacher to one of the missionaries and this brought me into close contact not only with the lady whom I was teaching but also with Dr. Avison and many of his fellow-workers. I was surprised to find in them only apparent good will to our people but still I continued to distrust them, thinking this seeming good will might be only a pretense in view of what I had believed was their real motive in coming to our country.

"In Seoul I soon fell in with a group of young men of my own country who were endeavoring to introduce a new form of government. They were being led by a rather young man of high station, the son of the Minister of War, who had had a minor part in the disturbance of 1884 and had left the country when that effort failed. In the meantime he had studied with missionaries in China and had graduated at an American University in the U.S.A. During the China-Japan war he had been recalled to his homeland and given a position in the government. While in China he had become a Christian and was not only a firm believer in the good intentions of the missionaries but stronger than ever in favor of a constitutional form of government though he hoped this time to bring it about without bloodshed by educating the people and at the same time favorably influencing his Majesty and the members of the Cabinet.

I soon decided to cast in my lot with this group. While we felt bound to work for the abolition of the autocracy that Korea, along with other Oriental countries had been under for ages, we were at the same time opposed to the domination of the Japanese who were trying to absorb our country after defeating China so we found ourselves in a very difficult situation, being under the enmity not only of the conservatives in Korea, but of the Japanese. It was not long, therefore, before many of us found ourselves in jail with dark days ahead of us and perhaps death. But during all those hard days I knew myself to be in good company for amongst us were some of the best minds in Korea. Some members of our group had become Christians but along with many others I still clung to my old religious beliefs and to my distrust of the missionary body though my contact with many of them had, in spite of myself, forced me to believe in their sincerity and, in the case of Dr. Avison, a real love had developed between us. When it became impossible to avoid the loss of my token I begged Dr. Avison to cut it off -- it was too precious to permit it to be done by some one who I knew would be happy in doing it. Later when an order for my arrest came

out, I went to his home for temporary protection and he sent me to a safe place in the country. Within a short time, however, I returned to Seoul because I could not be happy away from my comrades. I was soon arrested and jailed as a traitor. I managed to escape, and getting possession of a revolver I threatened the policemen who were



trying to arrest me. For this, together with my efforts at reform, I was sentenced to execution by beheading and was put into the worse of all the bad cells into which all prisoners condemned to death are committed. Those cells were not more than 7 feet square, were very dark and dirty and poorly ventilated. For some reason the order for my execution was delayed from day to day, but I could only live in expectation that the next day might be my last. Each day I was put in the stocks for as many hours as I could bear it.

"I had not the solace that a good book might have given me, so I sent to Dr. Avison for an English Bible and a dictionary, thinking these at least might be allowed. I read the Bible whenever I was alone in my cell and, though it had not meant anything to me when I was in the mission school, it now had a deep interest for me. One day I remembered how one of the teachers in the school had said that, if we would pray to God he would hear our prayers and answer them so, there in my cell, I prayed to God for the first time in my life and said, 'O, God, save my soul; O, God, save my country!' Immediately my cell seemed to be filled with light, a joyful peace came to my mind and I was a changed man. The hatred I had felt for the missionaries and their religion and all my distrust of them passed away. I knew they had come to give us what they themselves valued highly.

"In my joy I told the jailer about my experience and when his brother came to the jail, as he often did, the jailer told him about it, and said I had been a different man ever since. Both these men were converted as a result of the change in me. My life in the jail became very different for I was given a better cell and they stopped putting me in the stocks. The jailer gave me permission to start a school in the jail for boys for, sad to say, there were many young boys there. He allowed me to write to my missionary friends asking them to send me a copy of every publication in the Korean language they had in the Tract Society and these were eagerly read by the prisoners who had nothing else to divert their attention. The jailer's brother began to study for the ministry. Later on he went to America for further study and then returned to Korea to give the gospel to his fellow countrymen. I was soon happy to find many of the prisoners professing their faith in Christ and I became glad and contented, for life had a new meaning for me.

"The cholera epidemic which was then rampant in the city invaded the jail and it is impossible to describe the horror of the conditions there. I gave up all my time to waiting on the sick, most of whom died, however, and, at my request, Dr. Avison came to the prison and left with me the medicine to be administered. The epidemic passed away after several weeks and I was indeed thankful to have been spared and enabled to be useful as there was so much to be done to comfort and help the others."

I now resume the story where I left off. There were many men of prominence in the jail as political prisoners, most of whom were as strongly opposed to Christianity as Rhee had been, but the occurrences just related and the great change in Mr. Rhee induced them to read the Bible with a more sympathetic mind and many of them were converted. After their release these joined one or other of the churches and became active cooperators in the missionary work.

Amongst these was Yee Sang Chai, the most noted Korean student of the Chinese Classics of his time whose story will be told in another part of these memoirs.

I am thinking now of one of the prisoners, Kim Chung Sik, who after his release, became the first Korean General Secretary of the Seoul Y. M. C. A. and is now retired and living quietly in Seoul but still serving as an Elder in one of the largest Presbyterian Churches in that city.

Rhee was in prison for seven years, 1897 to 1904, and after his discharge August 9, 1904, the question of what he should do was discussed very seriously by his friends because his zeal for Korea's reformation was still manifest and it was feared he would get into trouble again if he remained in the country. All united in an urgent plea to him to go at once to America for further study which might enable him to do even more effective work.

He was loath to do this but, in the end, consented though he insisted on taking his son, Tai-Sun-ic, with him. The boy did go with him but before long he succumbed to an attack of diphtheria in America.

It meant, however, another long separation from his wife and family immediately after a seven year' break in his home life while in prison, and also a separation from his aged parents whom he would probably not see again. Those hardships were among the many of which I had warned him away back in 1894 if he persisted in carrying out his purpose to devote his life to the reformation of the government of his country. He left Seoul November 4, 1904, carrying with him eighteen letters of introduction. That of Rev. Dr. J. S. Gals will serve to show the esteem in which Mr. Rhee was held by the foreign group in Korea. The affection of his own countrymen was shown by the honors they bestowed on him in after years.

Dr. Gals' letter: -

"To Christian Friends in Washington, D. C. and other parts of America;-

"This will introduce to the reader Mr. S. N. M. Lee (or Rhee) a Korean born in Seoul in 1875. He was well educated according to the old methods of Chinese scholarship, but, early finding the insufficiency of this for the present age of the world, he bent his energies to the study of English and other branches that lay open to him through the Chinese. He believed in the independence of his country, and not only that Korea should be independent but that the Korean people should awaken from their torpor and think and live. He started a daily paper, the Mail Shin Mun (Daily News) first, and later the Chay Kook Shin Mun (the Empire Newspaper) which contained translations from English and in them he preached ideas of liberty. This was contrary to the conservative government and they had Mr. Lee arrested in September 1897, and for seven years he lay in prison.

"For seven months he wore the Cangue, a wooden collar weighing twenty pounds or more and during this time, to add to his agony, he sat with both his feet in stocks. He saw his companions taken out, beaten, tortured, hanged and beheaded. He knows all the sensations that go with the heavy thud of the sabres on the execution ground, which fate he fully expected for his own. More than once the morning papers announced, "It is reported that S. N. Lee was beheaded in the night." He walked too, in the coolie gang with a heavy iron chain fastened over his shoulders and padlocked at the back -- all because he claimed the right of popular assembly where he and his companions might meet for debate, conference, and mutual improvement.

"He heard the gospel before going to prison but only in his agony and loneliness did he learn to trust. He performed that most difficult of all acts for mankind, namely, he renounced himself and gave his heart to God, and then set to work to see his fellow prisoners

saced. He had a library started in prison, a library of Chinese publications from Shanghai, and work went on.

"Among those converted through Mr. Lee's efforts were a Mr. Yeo Sang Jai, Secretary to the first Legation to Washington; a Mr. Yee Yun Gung, one of the most noted scholars in Korea, specially mentioned in literary work of the last century; and Mr. Kim Chung Sik, who was at the head of the police in 1895 and 1896. There are many others, some forty in all, who have been touched by his persistent efforts.

"He was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor and 100 blows and last summer (1904) on August 9, he was pardoned and set free. He can tell a wonderful tale, all true to life, of the sorrows of the yellow man. May he find many good friends among his white brethren in the free land of America, and during the three years that he proposes to spend there in study, observation and writing, may he be cheered and helped and be sent back to do a great work for his people.

"He is altogether worthy of friends for he is a gentleman born, a scholar and a Christian whom God has used."

Jas. S. Gale,  
Presbyterian Missionary in Korea.

Author of "The Van-guard."  
Seoul, November 2nd, 1904 (A pamphlet accompanied)

As an instance of how his countrymen regarded him I quote from the record of his journal "On reaching Fusan I dined with the Governor of the Province." That was less than three months after his release from jail and was a mark of the honor in which he was held even then.

On reaching Kobo, Japan, he was joined by the brother of his former jailer, Yee Choon Hyuk, (American name Howard Leigh) who had become a Christian under Rhee's teaching while in the prison as already stated and who after completing his theological studies in Seoul, was on his way to supplement these in an American College.

On reaching Honolulu, November 29th, many Koreans who had received word of his coming met the ship and escorted him to a meeting in the Korean Church. During his short stay in that city, he spoke several times to Korean groups. Leaving Honolulu the same evening he reached San Francisco December 6. It is interesting to note a statement in his diary saying a double room for himself and friend at a Japanese hotel cost them 50 cents and food cost from 10 cents a meal upwards. They were evidently avoiding extravagance.

They left the city of San Francisco, December 16, and his notes say "Mr. Vail bought our tickets to New York Via Chicago at half rate." He arrived in Washington D. C. December 31 and the same evening presented his letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr. Hamlin.

This evidence of his forthrightness was seen in all his acts - if a thing was to be done he wasted no time in getting it done.

The next day being Sunday he attended morning service at Dr. Hamlin's church, lunched at the pastor's house, took his evening meal at the Korean Legation and attended church again in the evening.

On April 23 he received baptism at the hands of Dr. Hamlin in the Church of the Covenant, that rite having been deferred until it could be done in America. His foreign friends in Korea had advised this so he could feel free to choose, without any pressure from his associates, with what denomination he would prefer to unite.

Though he was thus baptized a Presbyterian he ultimately united with the M. E. Church when he accepted an appointment by that body to take charge of the educational work for Koreans in Hawaii which had

by mutual agreement between the Mission Boards in America been turned over to the M. E. Church. But this took place afterwards when he had completed his studies in the U.S.A.

During his stay in America he first attended the George Washington University from which he received the B. A. Degree June 5, 1907.

My family and I were in America on furlough in 1908 and it was a delight to me to meet him and have him speak on the same platform with me. During the same year he also accompanied Dr. Underwood and Mr. H.B. Hulbert on speaking terms.

It seems strange that we three, Underwood, Hulbert and I who together spent the night with the King of Korea when friends of the Queen were trying to break the hold the pro-Japanese Cabinet had gained over the government, should be the ones to have his help in our speaking engagements that year when we were addressing audiences all over America. Having obtained his B. A. degree, as already mentioned, he took up further studies at Harvard University where he obtained the M.A. degree in 1910.

Later he received the Ph. D. degree from Princeton University the subject of his thesis being "Neutrality as Introduced by the United States."

His scholastic success in America in only six years after he was released from prison in Korea, during which time he also earned his support by lecturing in churches and on public platforms, gave clear evidence of the complete equality of the brain power of the Korean people with that of white and other colored folks and showed that their misfortunes and failure to win their way to recognition among the nations was due to causes other than mental inferiority. After receiving his Ph. D. degree he visited his native land where his friends kept a close supervision over him to prevent him from again getting into political trouble. As one part of his endeavor as well as because he was fitted for the part, the Korean Methodist Church elected him as a Korean lay delegate to the General Conference to be held in Minneapolis, Minn.

While he had been a student at Princeton he had won the friendship of President Woodrow Wilson and his family and his diary refers frequently to his visits at their home in the years that followed his return from what proved to be his last visit to his homeland.

As one reads his notes of those days, to which I have had full access, one is struck with his rapid journeyings to and fro in his efforts to arouse the sympathy of the American people for Korea.

Returning to Hawaii he travelled during the next five years, all over the Hawaiian Islands many times in the performance of his duties.

When the world war was in progress and the Allies announced a program for giving the small nations an opportunity for an undisturbed national life the Koreans believed their political independence would be restored when the victory, which they fully expected would have destroyed the power of the autocrats and established democracy and, in preparation for that event, they set about organizing the Republic of Korea. Of course, it could only be on paper then, but they prepared a proclamation, named a president and cabinet and got everything ready for action as soon as the war should end. And who was named President? Who but Rhee Seung Man. For had he not really given his life for the establishment of democracy in Korea? It was a great honor his countrymen planned to bestow on him, but he had earned their esteem and love.

When I heard of it I rejoiced ~~with~~ with him and my thoughts

when back to the conversations we had had more than twenty years before when he told me he was ready to give his life for the establishment of a freer form of government in his country and I had reminded him that such a course was likely to lead him along a thorny road that might indeed cost him his life. He had replied that he would accept whatever suffering it might bring and even death itself, if it would secure greater liberty and happiness to the people. The road had certainly been thorny and death had been at his heels all the way but success was now in sight.

Of course all this had to be done secretly and much of it by correspondence for many of the patriots were living abroad. It was arranged that the president-elect and certain others should go to Paris to present Korea's cause to those who would have the responsibility for making the terms of peace and carrying out the promises that had been made to the small nations.

Suddenly and without any preliminary explanation I find in his notes, January 6, 1919 - "I left Honolulu at 6 P.m. on the S. S. Enterprise." We are left to guess where and on what business. Farther on his notes say, "Jan. 12 - Ired Ahn Changho." One has only to put together the dates, his hurried departure from Honolulu and his wireless to Dr. Ahn, another earnest patriot who had been a refugee in China and America, to conclude that "The Republic of Korea" was about to make an appeal to the group working at Versailles on the Treaty of peace to give Korea its freedom from Japanese domination. This, in fact, was so. Dr. Rhee and Mr. Ahn hoped to go to Paris to join Mr. Kim Kyi Sik, a Korean patriot nationalized in China, in making Korea's plea. This proposed journey to Paris called for passports from the American Government which felt it could not grant the passports because those two men, though they had spent years in the U. S. A. had not become naturalized citizens.

Thus thwarted they could do no more than write earnest pleas to president Wilson to listen sympathetically to the pleadings and arguments of Mr. Kim who had actually arrived in Paris from China.

Kim Kyu Sik was the son of a high born Korean who had been educated in America where he obtained the B. A. degree. On his return to Korea he spent several years in his native land as a school teacher and Secretary of Rev. Dr. Underwood and was highly respected by the foreign groups in Korea.

Rhee and Ahn, accompanied by other Koreans, went to New York to attend a conference of the representatives of other small subject nations which, like Korea, were anxiously looking to Versailles for freedom. It is not necessary to tell of all the many efforts that Rhee made to get to Paris, of his visits to American government officials, of a cable to Lloyd George in England, etc. At last I find the following brief sentence, "April 19, then I dropped it." Bravely and conscientiously he had done all he could, but without avail.

Only Kim Kyu Sik was at Versailles when the Treaty of peace was being discussed. He stayed there and worked until it was signed and all hope for Korea's independence had been shattered. The Koreans had put much trust in the statement of Dr. Rhee's friend, President Wilson, whom he had found to be very favorable to Korea's claims, but in the end, Wilson had to tell them that the situation had turned out to be a much more tangled one than he had expected it to be: so many countries were involved and so many divergent interests of those who had fought the war were discovered that a solution such as he had envisaged had become impossible of achievement. In the case of Korea, for instance, the wishes of Japan had to be considered. As Japan was determined not to give up Korea which was her connecting link

with Manchuria and China, and all the other parties to the war were very much averse to doing anything that might bring on any more trouble, Korea had to be sacrificed.

For many years the Koreans kept representatives in Washington always hoping that something would happen to open a way by which they might regain control of their own land but, in the end, Dr. Rhee returned to Honolulu where he is still living.

In the meantime Mr. Ahn sailed for Shanghai, leaving his family in Los Angeles where they are still living, or were in 1931 when Mrs. Avison and I met them there as we were on our way to New York.

A Ahn had received most of his education in the Presbyterian Mission High School in Seoul where I had known him well - a devoted Christian, a genuine patriot and one of the most effective speakers I have ever listened to. He continued his activities in Shanghai for many years and many of his compatriots regarded him as the real leader of the Korean people, and this eventually led to a breach in the cordial relations that had existed between him and Rhee.

In June 1920 Rhee went to Honolulu en route to Shanghai to confer with the Koreans there as to the next step to be taken in behalf of the independence of the Republic of Korea. In China he met Kim Kyu Sik who had been Korea's only representative at Versailles and had just recently returned from there.

Dr. Rhee's visit to China seems to have been an outcome of the lack of harmony between him and Mr. Ahn, already mentioned. The Koreans in China having supported Ahn, Rhee was trying to heal the breach so that all could be again united. The China group asked Rhee to resign the Presidency which he was willing to do provided his successor could be immediately elected and assured of support.

Apparently this could not be satisfactorily adjusted and Rhee returned to America.

A few years ago (this was written in 1939) Ahn was arrested in China by Japanese police who had been long on his trail but had hitherto been unable to take him because of international relations.

He was brought back to Korea, and after trial, was declared guilty of treason and sentenced to several years in jail. On his release he came to see me at the hospital and say good by as one of the conditions of his release compelled him to leave the capital and live in the country. He did not live long after that, but his name is one of the most revered of all Korean patriots.

Going back now to Dr. Rhee - a note in his diary says, "The Korean Commission was known in Washington as the Korean Legation," indicating that the Republic of Korea had set up a commission in Washington with Rhee as its head.

Dr. Rhee, accompanied by Dr. Philip Jaishon (the Suh Jai pil of the Emute of 1894) and Mr. H. B. Hulbert, engaged in a speaking tour throughout the U.S.A. with the object of acquainting the American people of their governments' breach of faith with Korea when President Theodore Roosevelt suggested that the Treaty of Portsmouth recognize the seizure of Korea by Japan in spite of the fact that in making the Treaty of Trade and Friendship with Korea, the U.A.A. promised violate it.

The years until 1932 were spent by Rhee in travelling back and forth to keep the fires of patriotism burning and then plans were made to go to Geneva to plead with the League of Nations to champion Korea's cause.

Although in 1919 the American Government had declared its inability to provide Rhee with a passport for travel to Versailles, the government in the meantime changed its attitude in regard to this and it now issued what was practically a diplomatic passport. This was the first of its kind this government had ever issued but it was vised by all the other Legations. Although he got to Geneva and was well received individually by the representatives of the several nations, he was unable to get any action because all seemed unwilling to disturb their relations with Japan in view of the many difficult international problems the League was facing at that time. So this question will probably remain as it is until that indefinite time when Japan may be reduced to such a state of military disability that Korea can with safety be detached from her and once more become a free land. Rhee returned to Honolulu and again took up the school work he had been carrying on there.

Some time ago I received from a Korean friend in Hawaii an account of the erection in Honolulu of a new and much enlarged Korean church which is named in honor of Dr. Rhee to let him know that the people amongst whom he has spent so many of his later years love him and honor him for all he did and tried to do for the advancement of his nation and what he is still doing for the education of Korean children and youth in Hawaii.

In the Spring of 1939, I learned he was again in Washington and in late April, when he visited New York for a short time, I had the privilege of spending a few hours with him. He was then 64 years of age. Time had dealt mercifully with him for he has but few gray hairs and his mind is as active as ever.

On one of our furlough trips to America my wife and I called on him at Honolulu, and going to his school, we sent in a message that friends wished to see him. When he saw us he ran to me, threw his arms around my neck and wept for joy as though I were his elder brother, I, too, was deeply affected as I remembered the past years, beginning with such deep hatred of those he believed had gone to Korea to take away his country.

Now no more hatred but the deepest affection, no more anti-Christianity but a heart full of religious zeal, no more narrow nationalism such as is yet keeping the peoples of the world apart and fostering wars and rumors of wars; still a loyal Korean but looking upon all men as brothers. This is no doubt what Christ meant when he told his disciples to go into all the world and teach the nations what he had taught them when he was in the synagogue at Nazareth he set forth the program for his life's work -- good will, and loving deeds, the forces that will ultimately bring all men into a loving fellowship.

A man is great, not only when he has succeeded in accomplishing the thing he aimed at, but also when, in spite of all obstacles, he has held to high aims even through suffering and in face of threatened death.

Rhee Seung Man was and is a great man -- one of the coterie of great men Korea has produced.

SONGOHUN OR SORAI

The village of Sorai referred to above has two names, both words meaning exactly the same thing. Every place in Korea has this duplication of names, one being the Korean pronunciation of the written Chinese characters and the other the Korean name itself.

The Korean name of the pine is do and that of a stream is Rai so that the name of the village is so-rai, but the Chinese characters are pronounced Song for the pine and Chur for the stream, and the name of the village is therefore also Songohun each name meaning the same thing. But by whichever name it is called it is indeed a lovely hamlet from the Korean point of view, though we might say "picturesque."

It is located near the center of a plain that stretches from the foot of the Tai Kyung San (Great View Mountains) to the Yellow Sea - very fertile and beautiful to look on.

A winding stream flows from the mountains and at one point in its course, right in the middle of the stream, for some ten or more feet in circumference, bubbles can be seen rising briskly as though it were water boiling in a pot. Day and night it has been doing this as far back as people can remember but it is not hot water, it is as cold as though it came from a deep well as no doubt it does. It is a great boon to dwellers there who daily fill their water pots from its very center. It needs neither to be boiled to make it pure nor iced to make it cold. It is nature's gift of pure cold water. Doubtless it was this that attracted people to build their houses there in the first place and perhaps it has had its due effect on the mental and spiritual upbuilding of the villagers for from that place came many of the most intelligent, most vigorous and most devoted men and women who made the church at Sorai noted throughout the whole country.

Even before the missionaries came to live among them and teach them, they were devoted to religion as they had learned it from Confucius, from the priests of Buddhism and from the spirit worshippers of their own antiquity.

One of their number named Suh Sang Yun, a gentleman farmer and student of the Chinese Classics, travelled to the far north, across the Yalu River into Manchuria and on to Mukden, its capital, taking with him goods produced in Korea and returning with Chinese goods valued by the people of his neighborhood. On one of those trips to Mukden he fell in with the Scotch Presbyterians who had established a Mission there and became especially attached to the Rev. John Ross with whom he could converse through the knowledge of Chinese both he and his friend had. From Mr. Ross he learned of the Christian religion and took back to his home a copy of the New Testament in the Chinese script which he could read. He was thus led to believe in Christ and so it was that a new religion came to beautiful Sorai and when American missionaries first went there, they found the seed had already been sown and some of it had already begun to germinate.

On one of his visits to Mukden, Mr. Suh traded his load of Korean goods for Bibles and carried them on his back to the Manchurian town of Antung on the Yalu River. As the customs officer there would not permit him to take them into Korea, where Christianity and its books were yet taboo, he loaded them on a boat that was sailing for Chamulpo. On arriving there, he again found himself unable to get them past the customs house where they were stored until, through the friendly intervention of the American Minister, they were released. The energetic and devoted Mr. Suh then took them to Sorai where he disposed of them to the readers of Chinese already predisposed

to read them as throwing more light on his teaching.



Thus the names of Suh and Sorai will be forever connected with the beginning of protestant Christianity in Cho-sen.

Mr. James S. Gale and Mr. Malcolm Fenwick, both of Toronto Canada and both unmarried, went there to live during their early years in Korea where, with no English people to talk to and divert them from their studies, they could the more readily learn the language and at the same time get accustomed to Korean ways of living and where also they could be sure of the sympathetic attitude of the people.

That territory had been assigned to the supervision of Rev. H. G. Underwood who made it the center for his country work in the Yellow sea Province - Whang Hai Do. When Mrs. Avison and I arrived in Korea, the converts there included nearly every member of that community and the need for a large church had become evident. By vote of the residents it was decided that the best and most logical site for the church would be the very spot occupied by the village temple so that building was torn down and the site made ready for the erection of the christian church.

Having decided the question "where" the question of "how" had to be considered. At other places, where churches had been established by Roman catholic missionaries, church buildings had been erected by Mission funds so the Christians of this, naturally expecting the money for the building would be at once forthcoming. What was their surprise at hearing Mr. Underwood express his gratification at their progress and then they thought the building would be completed and ready for dedication.

"Why," they said, "we are expecting you to supply the funds for that - we have no money for it. The materials will have to be bought and workmen paid."

"Oh," said Mr. Underwood, "how do you build your own houses? who provides that money?"

"Why?" said they, "each one buys the materials and the neighbors join together and help him with the work."

"Then," was the answer, "why not follow a similar plan for the church? You will need wood -- doesn't the village own woods around the neighborhood? And aren't there plenty of stones to be picked up without cost and also the clay and sand needed? Have you no carpenters and stoneworkers in the village who are members of the church? will they not help by giving their services?"

At first they gasped, then their leader began to smile and at last exclaimed, "Of course we can do that". And off they went. And they did it.

The building was of purely Korean architecture and large enough to accommodate all the residents of the village.

When it was completed, Mr. Underwood and some of his fellow-missionaries dedicated it to the worship of God and all the more joyfully because it was the first church building erected entirely with Korean funds, and would, in this respect, be an example to every other community that might need or wish to have a church of its own.

In the year 1896 I visited the village for the first time and, in company with Mr. Underwood, had many unique experiences. After calling at many villages and towns en route we arrived at Sorai at dusk on a Saturday evening. On reaching Mr. Suh's house, we gave the special cough used by Koreans to announce the coming of a visitor. The door was quickly opened, revealing a sight most surprising to both of us. It was strange to see them sitting with their hats off - quite contrary to Korean etiquette, and wonder of wonders, their top knots had been

cut off and their heads closely shaved. I know I caught my breath at such an unexpected appearance for they all looked like Buddhists priests. Later on, when the formalities of arrival had been observed, we asked, "Why?"

"Well," they said, "the Japanese authorities who have seized our country have ordered all Koreans to cut off their topknots. We do not like it, but we discussed it and studied our Bibles to see if there was anything in its teachings to guide Christians under such circumstances. There we found Paul's direction to his converts in Rome - Romans 13,1-7"

and we decided that the orders of our present rulers should be obeyed by us as Christian leaders."

We couldn't object to that attitude of course. On Sunday ~~by~~ Mr. Underwood conducted the service and at its close I witnessed a very unusual ceremony.

The leader of the church, though not then an ordained minister, was Mr. Suh Kyung Jo, brother of the Mr. Suh who had brought the first Bibles into Korea from Mukden. He had lost his first wife and had afterwards, before he became a Christian, taken a second wife. Following the custom of the country at that time, he had taken her into his home without any marriage ceremony. She had borne him several children of whom two were sons. At the time of which I am writing these were about 12 and 14 years of age.

Though his second marriage had been without a ceremony, it had the sanctity of common usage, the children were all legitimate in their country and the question of its validity had never arisen, but now that he was to be ordained as an elder in regular charge of a Presbyterian Church, he himself suggested that as a matter of example to the members of his church he and his wife should be married in the church according to the Christian formula, so Mr. Underwood, without in any way minimizing the legality of their relationship, performed the regular marriage ceremony. It was of course a very unusual event and the first instance of such an occurrence in Korea. They stood with their children at their side, thus including them in what they were doing. I said this was the first instance of such an occurrence in Korea. If another did occur, I did not hear of it, though I lived in the country for forty years after witnessing it. Their children were all baptized at that time.

That evening, while Mr. Underwood and I were sitting with Elder Suh and his family in their home, the subject of his boys' future was discussed. As Mr. Suh said, he wanted his oldest son to be a minister of the gospel and the other to be a physician, I turned to the boys who were, according to Korean custom, listeners without joining in the conversation unless directly spoken to, and asked them if they were of the same mind as their father. They said they were except that the older boy wanted to be the doctor and the younger one the minister. While we talked the whole question over, the father said little but we could see that he still expected to have it his way. However, when the boys were older and the matter had to be decided, the father went the older one to our Medical College, and he became one of the first group of seven doctors to be graduated in Korea. He had learned some things in the meantime. The other boy set out to be a preacher but because we was involved in plans for regaining the independence of Korea, and had fled to China to escape capture by the

Japanese, up to this time he has never returned to his much loved land and his original desire has never been attained. The father, Elder Suh, became a student in the Theological School the presbyterian Mission had established in pyeng yang and in 1908 was a member of the first class of its graduates. he was then ordained as the first regular pastor of the Sorai church over which he had presided as leader from its very beginning.

The fact that sorai was the first place in Korea where protestant Christianity gained a foothold led some of the early missionaries (as already stated) to go there to live while they studied the language, so that close contact with the people in a locality where no one understood english might give them a more intimate understanding of the language and a greater freedom in speaking it than most others gained, and because of this, the church continued to grow all the faster. They established a modern day school and it became as famous as its church.

From it came one of our early medical students (kim Mjung Sun) who after his graduation was appointed as an assistant to the American professor of physiology in his Alma Mater.

He did well in this position and the College, after a few years of testing, sent him to the Northwestern University in Chicago to study physiology as a specialty. There he took the degree of Bachelor of physiology. Continuing his studies, he gained his Master's degree and then proceeded to the degree of ph. D. in physiology.

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\* During a conversation with the professor of physiology in the University, shortly before the completion of those studies, Dr. Ivy assured me Dr. Kim was fitted to become a teacher of physiology in any college in the United States of America.

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Returning then to Korea he was given the rank of professor of physiology in his own college where he has successfully served ever since. Recently he was named as Superintendent of the large hospital in pyeng yang, nearly 200 miles North of seoul which duty he carries on in addition to his teaching in Severance: He spends half of every week in pyeng hang and the other half in seoul. Thus sorai became a leader in modern education as well as in religion.

The sorai community now has a large church building and a flourishing public school and still maintains the enviable position in Christian leadership it gained in the early days of Mission work in Korea.

PAK THE BUTCHER AND HIS FAMILY OR DEMOCRACY IN RELIGION

Soon after our arrival in seoul in 1893, the Rev. S. F. Moore asked me to visit a sick Korean man, a Mr. Pak. As I could not then either understand or speak the language Mr. Moore interpreted for us.

The home was not that of a poor man but like most others it was small. The room in which the sick man lay was about seven feet by seven feet square and of about the same height. The floor, covered with thick oilpaper, was warm even though it was only September, being heated by the smoke from the kitchen fire which passed through channels under the floor before it reached the chimney. The patient was lying on a thin, padded quilt which allowed the heat of the floor to be comfortably felt. I sat on the floor, cross-legged, not a very convenient posture for a westerner and very inconvenient for a doctor when examining a sick person.

After making my diagnosis and prescribing for the patient, I gave way to Mr. Moore who read some appropriate verses of scripture to the man and talked with him for a short time. Until Mr. Pak had recovered, Mr. Moore and I visited him regularly until he had recovered and he was not only profuse in his thanks, but he made Mr. Moore happy by telling him he had decided to become a Christian. He was in earnest too for as soon as he could go out he told all with whom he came into contact of his newly found faith and urged them to do as he had done.

Not many listened to him for he was only a butcher and in Korea the butchers are a despised class -- they are at the very bottom of the social scale.

Of course butchers are important to all who eat meat, but most of the people in Korea had been or still were Buddhists and they are forbidden to kill animals or eat their flesh. One of the most important tenets of that religion is the belief in reincarnation or the transmigration of souls. This belief is associated with the central Buddhist idea of Nirvana which is a state of spiritual perfection attained only by an individual who, during his earthly life, has overcome all his natural physical desires. He is perfectly negative because his positive qualities have all been overcome. As the attainment of Nirvana on earth is a very difficult process, few if any, reach it during one lifetime and so the idea of reincarnation follows naturally. The soul must be sent back to earth in another body, perhaps again in human form but more often in the form of one of the lower animals. No one on earth knows whether one of these animals has in it the soul of an ancestor so just as naturally as grew up the idea of reincarnation there came the idea of the sacredness of all animal life. No animal may be killed for in so doing a parent or dear friend may be the victim.

Now as butchers kill animals as a matter of business, they may be killing not only their own friends, but also those of others, and so from the Buddhist point of view they are not fit to be regarded as men. But what of those who eat the killed animals? Tell they eat only dead bodies, do they not? The souls have already gone to the world of spirits to be judged again so why not make use of the bodies that are already dead?

So the butcher was not allowed to wear a hat or a topknot, the two sacred signs of manhood in Korean and our friend Pak could not win a hearing from the people generally, so he turned his attention to men of his own class and they heard him gladly. Mr. Moore had a group of Koreans meeting in church every Sunday and our friend allied himself with this group. Of course, its members looked askance at the

coming into their midst of a man without a hat and this turned into consternation when the butcher's friends began to come to their meetings in such numbers that the group was often referred to as "the butcher church." What name for a church in Korea!

The original group included some who belonged to the "upper classes" and felt themselves superior even to most of the men with hats who had become Christians. But what were their feelings when they saw these hatless men coming into their midst and being welcomed by their pastor? They were embarrassed. If their friends outside laughed at them for taking up with the strange religion, how much more did they jeer at them for mingling with the despised butchers!

So they interviewed Mr. Moore. They told him they did not want to cause him any trouble but - well, he could see for himself that the coming in of the butchers placed them in a very disagreeable position. Would he not do something about it?

Poor Mr. Moore! He was facing not one dilemma but several. He did not want to send the butchers away and he did not want the others to leave. Above all, he did not want the Christian church, at its very beginning to recognize social status as a test of membership. But he realized the deep repugnance the wearers of hats felt toward those without them, and he was greatly disturbed.

It reminded me, and perhaps Mr. Moore remembered it too, that Christ accepted an invitation to dine with the socially outcast Matthew, the taxgatherer, and his friends whom the Pharisees called "the irreligious and sinners" and thus set an example to his followers everywhere and at all times. After all, it was a question of democracy in religion such as he has often troubled the church throughout the ages, one on which no church court has yet ruled.

Mr. Moore discussed the matter with his aristocratic friends and tried to make it plain to them that all men are equally the sons of God and therefore brothers of each other and that it would be a violation of this great principle to ask the believing butchers to stay away from the church. He ended by saying that the "butchers are not going"! Though this was a great blow to their pride, they decided to stay and that church grew and prospered. The principle of democracy was thus established in the Christian church of Korea from almost its very beginning and the butchers found themselves in an entirely new relation to one section of their fellow men.

In 1894 - '95 the China-Japan war was fought and, as had always been the case in such wars, Korea, lying between the two warring countries, became the main battle ground though, at the very end, the Japanese did enter Manchuria to complete their victory over China. Then, as is not uncommon even yet, the war was followed by an epidemic which in this case was Asiatic cholera. It first broke out in Manchuria but moved gradually south into Korea. Cholera is not endemic in Korea - that is, it is not native to the country. It always comes in from outside in the form of an epidemic. It had invaded Korea many times in the past and the people were very much afraid of it as it took a heavy toll of a people who had no knowledge of either how to prevent it or how to cure it. As it could advance no faster than men could travel, because its contagion had to be carried by people, there was time to make some preparation before it could reach Seoul but every day we heard of its attacking people along the main highway from the north.

The Minister of Home Affairs, Mr. Yu Kil Choon, called me to his office for a consultation as to the measures to be taken and then appointed me to take full charge of everything connected with prevention and treatment in and around Seoul. He gave me a posse of police-

men with full authority over them and supplied me with funds for the work. Naturally I felt a heavy responsibility had been put on me for this was to be my first experience with this dreaded disease.

The king too was greatly alarmed. He called me to the palace to ask me about it and then begged me to stay in the palace so as to be near him all the time. Now what was I to do? Ordinarily the king's word is final and a request is an order, but this time it could not be for I had promised to superintend the work for the whole city. I explained this to him and told him I would place in the palace one of the young Korean men I had been instructing in the hospital and give him a supply of medicines to administer to any suspected cases until I could myself reach there and that I would spend every other night near him. He agreed to this and so that matter which might have caused a good deal of trouble, was comfortably arranged.

Mr. Moore had had to choose between sending away the butchers and risking the loss of the gentry who were attending his church and now I had to risk offending the King by telling him I must care for the common people in the great city. I told his Majesty there were others needing care as well as he and again this democratic principle prevailed for the king saw the point and accepted my solution of the problem. Autocracy had received a jolt, a gentle one Mou may say, and the greater value of the mass had been maintained as against the lesser value of the few. "There are others Your Majesty!"

The young man whom I sent into the palace was very faithful and won the praise of the King and his courtiers. Fortunately no cases of the disease developed within the palace walls.

I also kept my part of the agreement, and though it was often very late at night when my work in the city allowed me to leave it, I got to the palace every other night as I had promised. The other nights I spent with my family at our summer home in Han Kang, about three miles from the city, having to walk there generally in the late darkness. Naturally my wife was always anxious till I got there for she had the responsibility of caring for our four young children under very difficult conditions.

Going back now to the epidemic itself and to the preparations we were making to handle it, we could learn each day that cases were developing nearer and nearer to the capital. The interval was used to organize the whole immigration group in the city into a cholera-fighting squad. Practically all other work was laid aside while the doctors and nurses coached the lay workers in the methods to be adopted in caring for the patients, avoiding the contagion themselves, visiting stricken homes to persuade the people to send their sick ones to the special hospitals set up for the occasion and in doing all that was possible in the way of disinfecting the homes from which cases were taken. Helpers for the hospitals had to be secured and trained to serve both as assistant nurses and servants. Directions for reaching the hospitals had to be posted in various parts of the city.

The popular idea was that this disease, like so many others, was caused by the entry into the patient of an evil spirit that could only be avoided or removed by placating it with gifts, sacrifices and worship and this idea, of course, had to be eradicated before much progress could be made towards either prevention or cure. This spirit was supposed to have the form of a rat and had two Korean names: Kwayjil, spirit disease, and Chwee Tong, rat disease.

At the end of seven or eight weeks of very strenuous work, the epidemic began to subside and soon thereafter we were able to re-open our other hospitals and the schoolteachers and evangelists resumed their regular lines of work. While much of our effort appeared to have little result so far as saving life was concerned, some headway had been made towards giving the people a different idea of the causes of such diseases. The effectiveness of our methods of prevention had been proved by the fact that not one of the workers who for so long had been in constant contact with the patients had taken it. That alone was worth all the hard work of those weeks for years of mere exhortation would not have been as effective.

We, too, had learned several lessons, one of which was the value of cooperation among ourselves. We had also gained much practical knowledge of how to handle such epidemics and also much of what not to do. We had learned the uselessness of giving the people orders whose purpose they could not understand and therefore generally refused to carry out. We had also awakened to the fact that we must prepare for an epidemic before it comes and that the education of the masses along sanitary lines must not be neglected if such diseases were to be avoided or controlled. The Government, through the Minister of Home Affairs, expressed its gratitude to us and sent a present to each of the foreigners who had participated in the work.

The attitude of the Government and those evidences of its good will led Mr. Moore to come to me with the suggestion that this might be an opportune time for me to ask a great favor from it.

"What are you thinking of?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I am thinking of the poor butchers whose condition is so pitiable. Why not ask the Government to pass a regulation permitting the butchers to do up their hair and wear hats like other men?"

That staggered me and I said to him, "You believe in asking a great deal when you are at it. I fear you overestimate my influence."

But he persisted and I gave in. I suggested that we join in addressing a letter to Mr. Yu. The letter was as follows:

"Your Excellency,

It is not necessary to draw your attention to the great disability under which the butchers of Korea live. Though they are useful members of society and not behind other men in intelligence they are not permitted the honorable custom of putting up their hair in topknots and of wearing hats, the symbols of manhood in Korea. We are venturing to hope that this condition may be remedied now when so many broadminded and liberal men hold positions in the government.

We assure you that we represent the views of all the foreign residents in Korea and that all will be greatly pleased to see such an act of justice done to this long-suffering group of your people.

We are, dear sir.

Your obedient servants,"

we were much gratified when we received a reply from Mr. Yu saying they were grateful for the suggestion and would have noticed posted at once throughout the country proclaiming the new law. That was

done and the notice said in effect - "From this time butchers are to be regarded as men. They are hereby permitted to dress their hair and wear hats according to the general custom of Korean men."

Not long after that I saw a well-dressed Korean man coming down the street with the stately tread of a gentleman and as we approached each other I recognized my old friend, Pak, the butcher walking along the street for the first time in his life, a MAN. I found myself wondering what he was thinking about under his hat and whether he realized what had brought to him this great privilege. Was it not due to a recognition beginning to take hold of the minds of Koreans of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men?

Then I realized more strongly than before that the work of missionaries is the making of men. This thrilled me as I realized that that was really the reason for my being in Korea, to ~~make~~ make men by bringing them into right relations with God the father and other men their brothers.

Of course, this was a big step in Pak's upward move. As time passed he became a banker and his religious enthusiasm continued till he became a recognized leader in the church. When an elder was to be elected in the church he attended, some one suggested that Mr. Pak be chosen, but a more cautious man said they must not forget that Pak had been a butcher and it was not fitting that he should be made a ruler over the rest of them. And so another was chosen. Later another elder was to be chosen and ~~again~~ again Pak's name was mentioned, but still objection was taken. "Let us wait longer," said one, "for it is not seemly. We need a deacon - let us elect him to that office." To those of you who do not understand these distinctions in church officers we may say that an elder is a ruler in the church while a deacon is a worker. So Mr. Pak became a deacon.

Twenty-one years after his conversion, he was elected an elder of the largest Presbyterian church in the capital. How slowly prejudice dies even in the Christian church! I was present at his ordination and, along with others, placed my hand on his head while the ordination vow was being administered and, again, I wondered whether he was remembering the day when he was converted, the day when Mr. Moore said, "the butchers are not going", and the day when he first put up his topknot and donned his hat and thus became a man. I think he never forgot.

#### The Butcher's Son.

The butcher had a son named Suh-Yangio. Like all the other boys of that time, he wore his hair hanging down his back in a long braid just as the young girls did. He went bareheaded except when the weather was very cold and then wore only a sort of cap for hats were worn only by men.

But when a boy attains the marriageable age, about twelve or thirteen, the first steps are taken to make him into a man. Three things are necessary - his hair must be unbraided and put up as a topknot on the crown of his head, he must be hatted, and he must be given a wife.

The first step is to arrange for a wife for him.

They did not tell Suh-Yangio to go out and find a wife - oh, no, they just told him they were going to find a wife for him. In Korea these affairs are ~~all~~ arranged through a "go between," a woman, who makes it her business to know where all the eligible boys and girls are, their position in the community, their financial situation and all the other things required for the making of suitable matches. So

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Of course, they explained just the kind of a girl they desired - beauty, of course, amiability too, good health, and a strong body as she would have to work hard and relieve her mother-in-law of all the arduous toil of the housekeeping and if she had money too, all the better.

In time the intermediary reported and/as the report seemed fairly satisfactory, a meeting between the two sets of parents was arranged so that the boy's parents could see the girl and those of the both sides the young people were told of the match though probably they did not have an opportunity to see each other until they met to take their places at the wedding ceremony.

In due time, therefore, a date was set for the marriage and preparations were begun for the event. The boy's hair was put up and he was given his first hat. This was smaller than the regular hat worn by men and was white instead of black. The wearing of this particular type of hat served as an announcement to his friends and the general public that he was engaged to be married.

The details of a Korean wedding will be found in another section of this book so I will recite here only some of them which pertained to this one, which was partly Korean and partly western.

Mr. and Mrs. Pak, being Christians, decided on a mixture of customs. Mr. Moore performed the part of the ceremony which might be designated as Christian. The small rooms and the courtyard were filled with guests among which Mrs. Avison and I stood. The bride and groom stood together while the minister asked the usual questions and then pronounced them man and wife. The two wore the usual Korean wedding garments but Her face wasn't covered with the alabaster-like paste that is usually part of a Korean bride's make-up. I do not know whether these two had seen each other before they met for their marriage but, presuming that this was their first meeting, according to the general custom, I could not help wondering what thoughts were passing through their minds at that moment and I wondered how you, my reader, would have liked to be married under such conditions.

However, there they were, doing what their parents and their forebears had done before them and it may be presumed that, not ever having expected anything different, they were content to let matters take their usual course. But I could not help comparing this method of getting a wife with the Canadian and American way. It took me nearly eight years of attention to the Young lady whose consent I wanted to win and to prepare a home for her - and we enjoyed it all. But, in Korea, the parents took all the trouble and, as for getting a home ready, the bride and groom just went into the home of his parents and he had no responsibility in that matter. How easy it all was - but what a lot of fun they missed! At any rate they had no heartaches until after they were married! However, in the light of my experience, I prefer to have had the years of effort to win her, the happy memories of it all, and the joy that came into the home that was founded on a mutual love of which we had made sure before it was too late to change.

When the ceremony had been completed and the time had come for the guests to leave the house, Mr. Pak accompanied Mrs. Avison and me to the gate and surprised me by saying, "Doctor, now that I have got my boy married, I want you to take him into the hospital and make a man of him." Make a man of him? Why, had they not just now completed all the steps required to make a man of him? They had put up his hair, they had given him a hat, and they had gotten him a wife. What was in Mr. Pak's mind? "Ah!" thought I, "the butcher but lately those made into a man himself has got a new idea. He has realized that those things make a man outwardly only, and he wants his son to become a man

inwardly." so I said I would be glad to do as he requested.

Not long afterwards he was brought to me and I started him on the road to true manhood. I set him to cleaning the floors, making up the beds and doing all the things that would test him and make me sure he had in him the stuff out of which real men are made. Though it must have been hard for him to be set at tasks so unusual to men in Korea, he responded finely and in due time I started him on his book studies. For all the details of the years between then and his graduation as a doctor, the reader is referred to the special chapter telling of those matters.

#### The Butcher's Daughters

The butcher, Pak, had daughters who, by the custom of the country, had no other outlook than to remain uneducated and become daughters-in-law at the age of 12 or 13 in some household where they must be the servants of their mothers-in-law. As a result of this custom there were no schools for girls in Korea until after the Christian missionaries arrived in 1885 because, said their father, it would take the girls all those years to learn to cook and sew and thus relieve their husband's mothers of the drudgery of housekeeping. And furthermore, they claimed, the girls had no brains and you could not teach them booklearning if you tried and as they had no souls, what was the use anyway?

But the missionaries opened schools for girls though they could get as pupils only the very young girls who were still too young to do any of the household work. Soon, however, some of the Christian parents did send older girls to those schools and among them were two daughters of Pak, the butcher, who he felt should be given as good an opportunity as his son was having. The years passed by and in 1908, the year made famous by the graduation of the first doctors, one of those girls graduated from her school. The principal asked me to preside at the exercises which were to be held in the church near the school, the largest church in the city, capable of seating 1200 people as they sat on the floor as tightly packed as possible. And, let me assure you, the church was packed that day, for many were anxious to see this notable sight, the graduation of those young women who should long ago have been married, according to the age-old custom of the country.

It was a day of surprises for even me. As I entered the church I saw no curtain down the middle of the church such as had, from the time when the women and men began to attend church at the same time, separated the men from the women. What had happened? I was told that the people of that church felt that the graduation of Korean girls, even from a junior high school, marked such a great departure from past customs that they might as well inaugurate the new era by breaking down one more barrier to that free intercourse between men and women that they had observed among the westerners. So, at the instance of the women of the church, the curtain was removed and, though the men and women sat on separate sides of the room, they felt a great forward step had been taken. It was not long before this action was followed by all the churches of the city and later on, the new custom spread to all parts of the country.

Another surprise awaited me for, when the graduates came into the church, they were led up to the platform and seated there in full view of all. Such a thing had never happened before so I realized that a new day was dawning in Korea and that I might expect even more changes in the future. The exercises then proceeded according to the usual formula- the diplomas were distributed and the usual complimentary address delivered.

Then came another astonishing event. One of the girls was to deliver a valedictorian address - a brainless girl without a soul was to talk to a group of her own kind as well as to six hundred old men, young men, and boys. Then she got up and stood before the great audience who was she? She was the daughter of our friend Pak, the butcher. That a change in but a few years!

I cannot now remember what she said, but I did think her speech was a good one. I said to myself that she would make a different kind of wife and mother and make a new kind of home and that if we could do the same for every girl in Korea, the missionaries' duties in that land would soon be finished. As I looked around the church from my place on the platform, I imagined the men's ears turned forward as they listened to this amazing girl.

Thinking of all that had happened to the butcher in fifteen years proved rather overwhelming. He had become a man among his fellow men as had all the butchers in the country; his son had become one of the first group of doctors trained according to Western methods in Korea; and his daughter had stepped out of the ignorance that had been considered the inevitable lot of women and was now capable of taking part in the educational, the social, and the religious work of her country. But the end was not yet.

#### Dr. Pak's Family

Dr. Pak, the butcher's son, had served his Alma Mater some years when it became evident that the needs of the growing medical college and the increasing demands of the government for teachers with higher educational acquirements than had been necessary when the work was first started led him to leave the teaching staff and go out to practice his profession independently. He chose to go across the river that separated Korea from Manchuria and settle among the large number of Koreans who emigrated to that district. There he opened a small hospital and soon long organized a primary school and a small church all of which he supported at their beginning. Years passed and he raised quite a large family.

The time came when the church at the severance hospital decided to establish a kindergarten for the small children of its members and Mrs. Avison was selected as its principal. It was not long before the parents of the little tots brought to the principal a woman whom they had selected as teacher. She was apparently a capable person and, after careful investigation of her qualifications, Mrs. Avison appointed her as teacher. When Mrs. Avison learned that she was a daughter of Dr. Pak, she had returned to Seoul and, strange to say, was to become the first kindergarten teacher in the church which had grown up around the medical school and hospital where her father had been first a student of medicine, then a doctor and teacher. And so the work was bearing fruit.

Not long after that two of Dr. Pak's sons came to severance as medical students.

Mrs. Avison and I retired from Mission connection at the end of June 1932 in accordance with mission rules, but I continued as President of the two colleges until September 1934 when I retired from those positions also, though we continued to live in Korea until December, 1935. During the fall of that year we decided we ought to return to America (Canada and the United States) and leave the new officers to carry on the work of the colleges and hospital without feeling it necessary to consult me over any changes they might wish to make. As we had never visited the most northern stations of the

Mission of the United Church of Canada, we planned to do so before finally leaving the country.

When we reached the last of their stations, the one at Lung-ohing-tsun, some thirty miles within the borders of Manchuria, we naturally planned to visit Dr. Pak's home and institutions which were only about ten miles from there. But heavy rains, lasting several days, converted the newly made roads into sloughs which would have proved difficult for us to travel through and with great regret we gave up the idea of attempting it, sorrowing most of all because we could never again see these whose careers had been so closely interwoven with our lives.

But one day in the midst of this heavy downpour Mrs. Pak appeared at the home of our host. Years had passed since we had seen her but Mrs. Avison recognized her even before I did. She fell on our necks (literally) while tears of joy rolled down her cheeks. I asked for Dr. Pak and learned they had planned to come together, realizing that the journey through the mud would be too hard for us, but at the last moment a call had come for him to go to a patient many miles in another direction and so, with great reluctance, he had gone to the sick man's home as was his duty.

In the good Korean fashion she called us father and mother because she knew her family owed everything to the message of God's love. How glad we were to find that she and her husband had carried us in their hearts through all the intervening years!

THE INTRODUCTION OF MODERN OPTICAL WORK  
INTO KOREA

The first wearing of spectacles in Korea goes back to very ancient times. So honored did the custom become, probably because they were first worn by old men whose eyesight was failing, that many who did not need to use them took to wearing them, hoping they might be regarded as getting old and wise.

In the early days of the missionary movement we Westerners smiled at the large size of the lenses and the big horn frames that make them so conspicuous. We avoided glasses as long as we could and when the dreaded day came that we must wear them, we wanted lenses as small as possible and the thickness and weight of the frames reduced to a minimum. In fact, we were not satisfied until the legs were dispensed with and later the metal rings around the glasses, leaving only the lightest clasps and springs to hold them on the nose. There again the Eastern and Western ideas clashed. Which would win out? All who read this will know the answer.

As I went on with my hospital work I found many whose symptoms of illness were caused by irregularities of refraction that demanded properly ground glasses, not simply to enable them to see better, but to make possible the cure of many other symptoms.

Therefore, I provided myself with a refracting outfit so that I could determine just what kind of glasses my patients needed. In order to get a quick service, I bought a supply of frames and of ordinary lenses for the usual cases of eye defects. As for astigmatism, there were so many varieties and degrees of this trouble that a stock of lenses to meet them all could not be considered. I would have to order them to be ground in Japan, China, or America as needed.

This work of refraction took so much time that I taught one of our first graduates how to do it. He soon learned the process very well and I set him aside for special work on eye, ear, nose and throat. Dr. Hong thus became the first Korean to take up a specialty.

He was able to refract for astigmatism and did so, but his prescriptions had to be sent away to be filled. I tried sending these to the spectacle department of the Methodist Episcopal Mission Hospital in Peking, to one in Shanghai and then to Tokyo; but in every case the time required to fill our orders caused dissatisfaction to our clients, so I tried sending prescriptions to the United States. Though far away, this actually took less time and we continued to follow this course until I went to America again on furlough.

There I went to the factory of the American Optical Company with whom we had been dealing and explained the difficulties we were up against. I suggested that if they would teach me how to grind lenses for astigmatism I would purchase an outfit of machinery and take it with me to Korea. They would be repaid for this trouble by the increased trade that would come from better and quicker service, and they willingly agreed to do it.

Having learned the correct method of grinding lenses, I bought the necessary machinery and at the end of my furlough took it with me - the first to be used in Korea.

I selected a bright young man and taught him what I had learned and he soon became quite an expert. He would take the doctors' prescription, grind the lenses accordingly, and have them ready in a day or two instead of the six or eight weeks which elapsed before the work could be delivered from the United States.

Our greatest difficulty after the installation of optical machinery was caused by the frequent changes in size and shape of lenses, and in types of frames so that we accumulated a considerable stock of unwanted styles on hand which ate into the profits we had expected to make.

Our optician left us after several years to set up in business for himself and another had to be trained. At length we found a young man who, after learning the trade, was willing to buy our machinery and our entire stock of lenses and frames, if we would lease him the rooms needed. His offer was so tempting that we accepted it and threw off the responsibilities of this department with its probable accompanying losses. It turned out to be a good deal for both of us. The optician continued to do work for us and at the same time he greatly enlarged his business with the general public. He trained all his assistants and, before I left Korea, he had taken up the full support of a bed in the hospital for indigent patients to show his interest in this phase of our medical work.

THE INTRODUCTION OF MODERN OPTICAL WORK  
INTO KOREA

The first wearing of spectacles in Korea goes back to very ancient times. So honored did the custom become, probably because they were first worn by old men whose eyesight was failing, that many who did not need to use them took to wearing them, hoping they might be regarded as getting old and wise.

In the early days of the missionary movement we westerners smiled at the large size of the lenses and the big horn frames that make them so conspicuous. We avoided glasses as long as we could and when the dreaded day came that we must wear them, we wanted lenses as small as possible and the thickness and weight of the frames reduced to a minimum. In fact, we were not satisfied until the legs were dispensed with and later the metal rings around the glasses, leaving only the lightest clasps and springs to hold them on the nose. There again the Eastern and Western ideas clashed. Which would win out? All who read this will know the answer.

As I went on with my hospital work I found many whose symptoms of illness were caused by irregularities of refraction that demanded properly ground glasses, not simply to enable them to see better, but to make possible the cure of many other symptoms.

Therefore, I provided myself with a refracting outfit so that I could determine just what kind of glasses my patients needed. In order to get a quick service, I bought a supply of frames and of ordinary lenses for the usual cases of eye defects. As for astigmatism, there were so many varieties and degrees of this trouble that a stock of lenses to meet them all could not be considered. I would have to order them to be ground in Japan, China, or America as needed.

This work of refraction took so much time that I taught one of our first graduates how to do it. He soon learned the process very well and I set him aside for special work on eye, ear, nose and throat. Dr. Hong thus became the first Korean to take up a specialty.

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DR. S. H. HONG (HONG SUK-HOO)

My first introduction to Sukhoo was through a photograph of the first Presbyterian School for boys taken just before we reached Seoul in 1893. He was one of the students, son of a scholarly Korean who was for many years language teacher of several missionaries. (See boy marked x in the appended picture.) You will note the costumes of the boys, their long white coats, their hair hanging in a braid down the back and tied at the end with a bit of ribbon or string. The whole picture is much like that of young girls of similar age in America at that time. It is not to be wondered at that when the Board of Foreign Missions in New York received a copy of this photograph, that body thought it was a picture of a girls' school. In publishing an article in a mission paper on girls' schools in Korea, they inserted this picture over the title "A Girls' School in Korea."

There he studied English, and the usual subjects taught in the higher grades of public schools in America.

When this school was discontinued, Hong entered a so-called medical school established by the Korean Department of Education from which he graduated. But as the course consisted only of reading certain Japanese medical books without any access to either hospital patients or laboratories, those who graduated had no practical knowledge of either the diseases or the methods of treating them.

During those years the Chay Choong Won (Royal Korean Hospital) had been giving practical medical instruction to a group of young Koreans and when the first graduation of the Government Medical School took place two of the young doctors, realizing they were not prepared either to diagnose or treat diseases asked to be taken into this group of helpers in our hospital, saying they would remain in the class until it was graduated no matter how long that might be.

We accepted them and, it must be admitted the reading they had already done enabled them to make faster progress than would otherwise have been possible. It also prepared them to help in the very important work of preparing a vocabulary of medical terms which could be used in the education we were trying to give our hospital assistants. It required many years for us to prepare this vocabulary, subject by subject and teach all the subjects of a western Medical course, and it was not till June 1908 that those two young men and five others could be so thoroughly instructed and practically trained as to justify us in sending them out as a fair sample of the type of doctors we were aiming to provide for Korea.

After their graduation, all seven offered to remain as assistant teachers. We selected four out of the seven and amongst these were the two Hongs who had previously studied at the Government school which had in the meantime been discontinued.

Sukhoo proved himself a very good doctor and also teacher, and the same could be said of the other three. Unfortunately the other Hong developed lung Tuberculosis and died at an early age, but we filled his place with one of the other three and so the work continued with a staff of six men including myself and Dr. Jesse W. Hirst who had been sent from America to help in the work of the hospital and school. By this time, we had gained enough confidence (and shall we say boldness) to call it a Medical College under the name of the Severance Union Medical College, Hospital and Nurses' Training School.

It was soon found desirable in the interest of better benching, to begin specialization, and, amongst these specialties, Hong chose that of eye, ear, nose and throat. The writer who had had to be a specialist in every department, undertook to direct him in this until the appointment to the institution of Dr. N. H. Bowman to the staff. He had been an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist in the U.S.A. before he was sent to Korea so I turned over this department to him and appointed Hong as his assistant. This was a grand opportunity for the budding specialist who soon became almost as expert as his instructor. Then the illness of Dr. Bowman's wife made his return to America necessary and her death soon after prevented his return with his baby daughter, Hong carried on the department with the help of assistants assigned to him.

In the year , we felt it desirable to send Hong to the U.S.A. for still further study. He first spent a month in the office and hospital of Dr. A. J. McCannell, Minnetonka, Minnesota, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, so that he might gain a better knowledge of English as used by medical men and of the actual procedures of such specialists. Besides this Dr. McCannell had for several years been a liberal supporter of his work at the Severance Hospital in Seoul.

Then, following arrangements I had made for him he went to Kansas City, Mo., for a course on the Anatomy of the Head with Dr. J. D. Myers, Prof. of Anatomy in the Dental School of that city. Afterwards he went to New York and pursued his special studies at the post Graduate Medical School where he earned for himself the reputation of a good student and clever surgeon in his special line of work. He returned to his Alma Mater and for several years was head of his department. Residents in Korea of all nationalities trusted his skill. After giving the Severance Hospital many years of excellent service, the claims of a large family of dependents called for more money than our institution could afford to pay and he resigned to take up private practice. But during his years of service at our hospital and medical school, he had trained worthy successors so that the institution continued and still continues to be well served.

His children grew up around him, most of them, however, devoting themselves to music. A beautiful daughter was educated in Ewha College for women, two sons studied the violin and became concert players and soloists of repute.

MILK

We certainly were surprised, on our arrival in Korea, to be told that milk was unobtainable. "Why?" I asked, "I see plenty of cows drawing carts of carrying loads on their backs. What do they do with the milk?" "The cow's milk? Why do you ask that question? The calves have to be fed and they need all the mother can supply." "Yes," said I, "but when the calf is able to eat other food, do you not milk the cows?" "Why no. The cows in Korea are beasts of burden, just as horses are in your country. Do you milk your horses?"

That was another point of view and I could only say that in western lands oxen used to be used as beasts of burden, and cows too sometimes, but that was long ago, and cows are now kept only for three purposes - to bear calves, to give milk to their owners after the calves can be weaned, and in the end to be killed for their meat and hides.

"Well, I said, "what do you give your babies for nourishment when the mother's milk is not available, and on what do you feed invalids who are unable to eat solid food?"

"Babies? Oh, we give them rice water and rice gruel. That else is there? When one has money one may hire a foster mother, but that is for rich people. Most of the people are too poor for that."

So! That was the reason for so many puny infants and one of the reasons for so great a death rate amongst young children! "Tell, is milk not used at all in Korea?"

"Oh, yes, it is used by members of the royal family and, in order to make it possible for them to get it, it is forbidden to all others." I could understand that but another question immediately occurred to me.

"Is it not possible to obtain evaporated milk?" "Yes, but who can afford to buy it? Besides, when we bought it for a sick one the patient, not being used to it, refused it. Didn't like the taste and that was true of fresh milk too."

So this is what we were going to be up against in the attack we proposed to make against high infantile death rate, scarcity of milk, dislike for milk, high cost of milk!

Scarcity could be overcome by importing evaporated milk and liking for it could be gradually cultivated. We could, and did prescribe it, not as a food but as a medicine. They were used to taking had medicine, and so they would take the milk if told that it was a medicine. High cost? Yes, but all our American medicines cost much money so why balk at providing the best of all medicines? So for the time being the milk problem was solved for our hospitals.

It was many years before the demand for milk was great enough to warrant the establishment of dairies. The first dairy established was unhampered by any Board of Health regulations so the milk supplied was as likely to be a cause of illness as to be a means of nutrition: it had to be pasteurized. Even then the container was likely to be left open, exposed to dust and flies. And there was no means of refrigeration available for Korean homes.

But time (that blessed provider of all good things) brought a knowledge of sanitation, first to the authorities, who made regulations for the cleanliness of the dairies and proper care of the milk. The regulations were hard for the ignorant people to carry out. More time (what a good thing there is so much of it!) and the principles of sanitation came to be understood. Simple methods of carrying them out were found so that part of the trouble of getting a supply of milk was overcome. But one great difficulty remained and still exists -- a

sufficient supply of pure milk is too expensive for families whose total daily earnings will buy only enough to nourish one child.

### Bean Milk

The question of finding a cheap substitute for milk was always in the thoughts of doctors and nurses. It was especially acute in the nursing home established by missionaries in various parts of the country. Also for a long time it was an unsolved problem for those who were responsible for improving the nutrition of the children in very poor neighborhoods where it was practically impossible to provide a sufficient supply of milk. There are only two ways of helping such poverty stricken homes. (A) The improvement of the economic methods which have brought about such extremes of wealth and poverty as are to be found in every land, whether Christian or Heathen, and (B) providing the underfed with sufficient nourishment, either at cheap rates or as a free gift.

We should all strive to solve the economic problem but while that is being done we unite in the effort to provide for the proper nourishment of those in the lower levels of our society. The effort to secure a cheap substitute for milk occupied the attention of all who were interested.

As has always been the case in matters of food and medicine, the chemical research workers in hospitals and schools solved this difficulty by the work they did in the analysis of the soy bean which was one of the chief agricultural products of Manchuria, North China and Northern Korea.

Without going into the details of their work, it can be said that these research workers found a fluid product in an extract of those beans that contained nearly all the constituents of good milk. A very important part of the discovery was a simple method of extracting the valuable substance which could be followed by any intelligent person.

This information was quickly made use of by the hospitals and child welfare organizations in Korea and the preparation and distribution of "Bean Milk" has become "the regular thing."

Soy Bean milk hasn't supplanted the use of cow's milk by those who can afford the latter for milk tastes better and has at least one certain valuable constituent not present in the bean product.

Forty-five years ago Korea had neither cow's milk nor bean milk. Today it has both in abundance.

TRAINING POLICE OFFICERS IN KOREA

While the Russo-Japan war was in progress, an event occurred that gravely affected my family and me. Our two young children of that time were bitten by a rabid dog. They were then seven and eight years of age and the dog, a small fox terrier, was their own much-loved playmate.

They were frolicking with him as usual one day when he snarled at them, a thing so unlike him that they were greatly surprised. They tried to fondle him out of this strange mood, but he snarled at their hands and, having bitten both of them, ran away and hid. Much disturbed, they told their mother of this and she called me.

After treating the bites, I set out to find the dog. He had run into the cellar as though to hide after doing what he knew to be wrong. When I tried to coax him out I noticed his eyes were red and he ran by me and away into the street. This conduct was so unusual that my suspicion as to his ailment was aroused and, calling others, we set out to follow him. He ran to another group of his ion-arr homes and into the basement of one of them. He was evidently mad so we decided to put water within his reach and shut him in. Next morning he was dead.

Being sure of our diagnosis we made a search for any other dog that might have bitten him but none was found.

There was no Pasteur virus in Korea but a visit to the Japanese Minister revealed the fact that treatment could be obtained at the medical school and hospital in Marasaki, Japan - but how were we to get the boys over there? All the passenger and cargo boats that had been running between Japan and Korea had been taken over by the Japanese military and naval authorities and converted into troop and supply ships and so there was apparently no way of taking the boys across the straits to Japan. We appealed to Mr. Inagaki, our friend and Japanese Minister who was much concerned but made no immediate answer. Soon, however, he smiled, and said he thought he could help us.

An army transport was due to sail the next day from Chemulpo to Marasaki, he said, and he would give me a note to the chief naval officer of the port asking him to give my boys and me passage on that boat. He wrote the note at once and with it I took the train that night to the port so as to make sure of being on the spot next morning. I presented the letter and managed to learn they had received a telegram from the Minister in Marasaki telling them to expect me. I was then promptly received and instructed to be ready at a certain time to go aboard.

Within two days we were in Marasaki. They would accept no money for our passage except a small sum to cover the cost of our food which they said was required by the naval authorities because all the ship's supplies were rationed and had to be accounted for.

I went at once to the Medical School and was told treatment could be begun right away and the first was given the same day. Of course I watched their technique closely and asked many questions. After a few days I asked whether they could provide me with the virus for the remaining days of the treatment - about eighteen - so that I could go back on the first boat on which passage could be obtained. Yes, they could do this. When I went to get the virus I did not know their methods of preparing the virus but they when I returned to Korea could introduce his treatment and save the great expense and loss of life that would otherwise have been incurred.

Apparently this request failed and no help was given to us to consider

it. The next day, however, how will it could be to a if could purchase the necessary equipment and take time to watch the progress virus.

I did this and then set out in search of some way to get back home. Learning that a number of the correspondents were to sail for the island the following Sunday on a large vessel that was down chartered by a representative of the London Times, I sought his assistance and told him my story. He was interested in what I had to say and told me to get my boys and apparatus and board as soon as possible.

The virus infections which I gave the boys each day or two however naturally gave me every reason for expecting the pain they were feeling, but when I promised that if certain measures were taken for each treatment if they refrained from saying anything but "ouch!" they suddenly became brave and earned their pennies with smiling faces. These treatments were watched by everyone aboard with the greatest interest. Water must be boiled, the turtles thoroughly disinfected, and of this swine's antisepsis in the skin of the boys' backs cleared.

In due time we reached Manulabo and then Seoul. Because we had accomplished all we set out to do and more, all were very much pleased.

Now we faced the job of establishing the new research department. I could see it was going to take a lot of time and a considerable sum of money, not only to get it up, but also to keep it going. At least one rabbit must be inoculated and at least one killed each day to keep up the supply of spinal cords needed to provide a constant supply of virus of different strengths. The heavy work of the day at that time was that the spinal cord of an inoculated rabbit contained the virus at its greatest degree of toxicity and that if it were placed in a closed jar with the supply of calcium chloride to draw it out, a few days by such exposure, virus of varying degrees of toxicity could be produced and kept always ready for use. Of course, the virus containers had to be taken by the word in the sterilization of all instruments and of everything to be used in preparing the virus.

The first injection for a person bitten by a rabid dog was from a virus of the least strength, the second the next stronger, and so on till at length the patient's resistance became so great that the pure virus could be injected with safety. At the end of all the treatments, the resistance of the patient made his immune to the poison and if the treatments were begun early enough to complete the series before the virus from the original bite reached the central nervous system (which was quite a slow process) it would either gradually neutralize the original poison, or at least build up the patient's resistance to it, and so prevent the development of the disease in the bitten person. It can be seen, therefore, that there must be no break at any point in the whole process, which called for a never-ceasing sacrifice of at least one rabbit a day or two in a year. It also required the daily routine of killing a rabbit, removing its spinal cord and placing it in a suitable container along with the necessary calcium chloride. Then each container had to be relabeled to show the number of days it had been exposed to the drying process, and the contents of one container had to be discarded each day, the weakest in the series which had lost all its toxicity in the process of drying.

We had no fund for this important addition to our equipment, but we felt the new department must be installed and worked. That had the unexpected happened.

Because of the Russo-Japanese War, a guard of Italian Marines had been stationed in Seoul to protect Italians residing there. They were located at the Italian Consulate, which was quite near the palace. One night one of the palace buildings took fire and the Italian Marines helped to pull it. The next day the Government presented money to the Chief Officer of the Guard asking that it be given to those men who had been so helpful at the fire. It appeared that there was a regulation forbidding Italian soldiers to receive any such gratuity and the Chief Officer, who was apparently interested in Pasteur's work on the prevention of rabies, decided to donate this money to that very institution as carrying it on. Learning that our military hospital was not only desirous of doing this work but had already begun it, the officer called on me and offered us this money and the Government with a fund sufficiently large to make a good beginning.

We kept up the work of preparing the virus and keeping a supply of it on hand until the Japanese Government in London announced it had established a Pasteur Laboratory and was prepared to supply the virus, free of cost, to all who might need it. We then closed up our work of preparing it and depended on the government laboratory for a supply for any cases that might arise to us for treatment.

We found the government virus effective and have ever since used it. All we had to do was to send a reliable and duly authenticated messenger over to the proper official and request a supply for a given case and it was immediately given to the messenger. We can sincerely thank the government for this courtesy and many others of a similar nature.

DEMONOLOGY AND DISEASE

The word "demonology" has two meanings: (1) the theory or study of demons; and (2) the belief that demons or evil spirits do exist and do take possession of the minds and bodies of human beings, causing mental and physical diseases of many kinds.

The first theory - the existence or nonexistence of such beings cannot be either proved or disproved. However, all the evidence for their existence can be accounted for by what we know as the vagaries of the human mind, and the more we learn of these the less do we think of them as due to an invasion of an outside spiritual being. The further we advance in our understanding of mental science the more do we incline to the idea that mental disorders have a physical basis. In any case, the idea that contagious diseases are due to spiritual invasions has been completely discarded by physicians since the discovery of the germ theory. And these beliefs were not confined to countries which we consider uncivilized. Even in America, in the time of the pilgrims, this belief in demons led those devoutly religious people to regard men and women, especially women, who behaved in certain ways, as possessed by devils and they actually put many such people to torture and even to death. I regret to admit that a considerable number of missionaries still regard many mental conditions as evidence of the factuality of evil spirits. They were especially convinced of this when some cases recovered after they became Christians when all the methods practiced by their unlearned white doctors had failed to affect a cure. Some of them apparently think that the lessening of the incidence of contagious disease in Korea is due to the spread of Christianity per se.

The doctors, however, know that this decreasing incidence of such diseases is not due to religious faith directly but to an increasing knowledge of the germ theory of contagion. The contribution that Christianity made was the winning of the confidence of the people in the Christian doctors who told them the facts and proved their teachings by the efficacy of their methods of cure and prevention.

Naturally it was considered necessary to get the spirit to come out of the sick person in order to effect a cure. One method of attempting this was the application of a red-hot iron point to certain parts of the bodies of those afflicted by certain types of insanity. These applications were made to the scalp and also to any and every part of the body that the doctor believed to have some connection with the mind. I think now of a young lad who, after being so treated without a cure was, as a last resort, brought to our clinic.

His body, from head to foot, was covered with scars and unhealed sores after being so cruelly treated by loving but misguided parents.

However, I am not now trying to write an article about the validity or otherwise of either these beliefs in evil spirit causation or of their methods of treatment: I am writing an account of a group of sorcerers and sorceresses who believed themselves able to drive evil spirits out of the afflicted or who, without any particular belief concerning the matter, earned a living by practicing certain methods which were regarded as efficacious in such cases.

Sorcerers, called *hyongsa*, and sorceresses, called *judange*, are very frequently called in to exorcise these supposed evil spirits. These professional exorcisers have books on the subject which they study assiduously and many of them doubtless believe in the validity of what they do, even though they do not always succeed in effecting their sickness may be even increased. But what of that? Even our own



doctors do not always succeed in curing their patients but that does not make them regard their theories of disease as founded on uncertain ideas of their cause. So it doubtless is with these professional exorcists. Whose methods, methods I am here describing for the information of those who, fortunately, have been delivered from the results of the errors of their forefathers who doubtless believed much as did the Koreans when I first went to that land. It is not that I want to ridicule the people of Korea, whom I love for their numerous good qualities, but rather to arouse in my readers an interest in giving to the many yet unformed or less informed people of the world that opportunity for gaining true knowledge and understanding that all the nations may get the benefit of what we ourselves have gained through the efforts of our predecessors. That I am writing on this subject I have learned partly from the writing of a Korean scholar on the subject. He says it is not exactly known where and when the ceremonies of the mudang cult originated but goes on to say that in olden times, in Persia, the people there believed there was a god who liked to see his worshippers sing and dance before him.

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This custom of expressing religious feelings seems to have been general in the Orient. He finds references to this practice in the Bible. In Exodus 15: 20, it is written "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, "Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." In Samuel II 6: 14, 15, 16, it is written "And David danced before the Lord with all his might and David was girded with a linen ephod. So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting and with the sound of the trumpet. And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window and saw king David leaping and dancing before the Lord and she despised him in her heart." It is evident from those quotations that the practices of those whom we despise as heathens are but continuations of original methods of worshipping not only false gods but God himself.

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He goes on to say this idea of worshipping extended eastward to China, through Mongolia, then to Manchuria, and finally reached Korea. Others hold that it originated in Korea in the time of the Silla dynasty. Wherever it first began the ceremonies practiced by the mudang of Korea gradually took on the character of Buddhist rites and our Korean scholar believes that as Buddhism flourished most vigorously in Korea during the period of the Silla dynasty (1591- ) the present practice may be dated from that period. But he also says that while many of the ideas were copied from Buddhist ceremonies as late as 1591, some of them were copied from Taoism which was instituted in China about 450 B. C.

I now quote from the description given by our Korean author: "For many centuries these mudang ceremonies were considered as religious activities and especially in the time of the Yi Dynasty they were much observed by the Korean people. Only a woman is called a mudang and a man is called kyukja or kyungsa. They claim that by their ceremonies they can invite gods or rather spirits to come into them, and once the spirits have control of them, they can predict something for the future; they can also cure the sick, and cast out evil spirits from men. The mudang

mother teaches her daughter the same doctrine and makes her her successor. When the girl is about 15 or 16 years old she begins to study by reading books and by practicing with her mother."

While as stated, the ceremonies including dancing and the playing of so-called musical instruments, were at first considered as religious, this idea gradually gave way to quite a different one. All sicknesses and all misfortune came to be regarded as caused by evil spirits which were of the nature of demigods or half gods (believed originally to be the offspring of a deity and a mortal and therefore called demigods) that either entered into the persons who did not sufficiently honor them or from outside their bodies exerted a malevolent influence over them. The mudang ceremonies were designed to influence those evil spirits to leave the unfortunate person or to cease their influence over them. They varied greatly and the rites varied in accordance with the spirit concerned so~~x~~ that it required long study to master the art of conducting them.

The kynugeas and mudangs claim that they have the power to make unhappy homes happy, ensure happy marriages and the good birth of children, assure riches and prevent disasters. Their objectives are worthy but unfortunately they often fail. As these people make their living by these practices they charge fees that vary in amount according to their reputation for succeeding and the degree of wealth of their employers who also give them as good a feast as they can afford. Usually there is one chief exorciser but others of lesser rank may assist in the rites.

Many of the spirits are supposed to be local so that different localities call for different methods which are effective only in those regions. Some spirits, however, occupy more extended areas. The number of spirits is very great, so great that the mudangs are sometimes called "man-sin", a word which means "ten thousand spirits" or as we would say, "myriads". They are different for men and women; for houses and gates; for mountains and rivers; for different kinds of rooms in houses; for stones; for trees - for everything. Even the stars represent gods and goddesses in this cult. Different kinds of dress are worn in the performance of different ceremonies. The form of the dresses varies but little, except in color and in materials.

Their musical instruments consist of cymbals, flutes, big and little drums and clarions. Many kinds of fans are also used. Different dishes of foods are offered to the spirits according to their supposed likings and incense is burned, all with the idea of gaining their good will.

The methods used in conducting the ceremonies differ in accordance with the kind of sickness, or trouble for which they are called.

The mudang wears a special hat and dress and recites passages from the books of rites - after some two or three days of fasting and bathing when preparing for a ceremony she is careful not to look on a dead body and she often passes two or three days and nights without sleep. At the beginning of the performance she takes a fan in one hand and a sword in the other and repeats the special prayers she has selected for the occasion while her companions play on their instruments. She may begin her act by saying such a prayer as the following:

"I humbly offer my prayer to our honorable  
god; help us with your great power."

Then, after bowing from three to nine times, she says, "The God is within me and I will bless you" or "I will curse you" according to the occasion and declares, "This is the god of creation." Then she throws the sword on the ground. If the edge of the blade faces away

from her it is a sign that the desire of the employer will be granted. But if the edge faces her, they choose another day on which to try again. Mudang are unwilling to accept a denial. Sometimes she stands on the edge of the sword and then claims its failure to hurt her is an infallible sign that the spirit is with her or in her. When she asks the family to give as much money to the spirit as they can, and when this has been done, she says, "you will be blessed," or "Your prayer will be granted."

They have many ways of casting out spirits or otherwise dealing with them such as beating the sick man or frightening him; scorching or piercing the flesh over the painful part; puncturing a picture of the affected part with a needle which will be withdrawn when the sick one is cured; writing on tablets or pasting paper on the upper part of a gate or door; or making a substitute similar to the affected part and then destroying it. Sometimes they decide the cause of the family trouble is some malign happening to the ancestral tomb and the head of the family must go to the tomb, search for the trouble and get rid of it. In fact, sickness and troubles are all caused by the intervention of one or more demons which in the nature of things can only be exorcised by payments of money to those who by study and practice have become masters or mistresses of the spirits concerned.

The mudang or kyunssa cult is really a closed profession for the art is passed down by one family to the next in line by the training given by parents to children, and so on.

Small Pox (order to be changed to a suitable section)

I had not been in the country long before I noticed that practically all the people I met were pock-marked. This meant they had small pox. Inquiries revealed that smallpox was regarded as a disease of childhood and was so nearly universal that all children were expected to have it before they were two years old. Inquiry as to the death rate brought out the answer that deaths were very frequent.

One day a woman came to the dispensary for treatment and my questioning of her past history revealed that she had born eleven children. "How many are still living?" I asked.

"None -- all died in infancy."

"That's too bad, of what did they die?"

"Of smallpox."

"That all of them died of that disease?"

"Yes, that is true. So many babies die of smallpox that Koreans think it is scarcely worthwhile to count a child as a member of the family until it has safely passed through that disease."

It made me shudder and I came to the decision that we mission doctors must disseminate true ideas about how to control this one disease as the first step toward doing something to stop the terrible infant mortality that was causing a constant decrease in the population. Then I asked what Korean doctors did for smallpox patients, I was told that they were not consulted because everybody, including doctors, knew it was caused by the entrance into the child of an evil spirit, and what could a doctor do for that? The only thing was to try to placate the spirit and get it to leave the child and thus spare its life. They would place before the sick child food, money, anything of value, and then bow before it in obeisance to the spirit and beseech it to depart. Apparently the spirit was supposed to live in China, but it came to Korea at certain times and was dubbed 'honorable guest'!

One day when I was walking outside one of the city gates, I saw something that aroused my curiosity. It was a kind of shelf projecting from the wall for several feet. On closer examination I found

it to be a board with one end pressed into a niche between two stones of the wall and the other end held up by a stick. On the shelf was something covered by straw thatch. I asked a passerby what it was.

"That? Oh, that is the body of a child that died of smallpox." and he passed on.

Looking about me I saw a straw-covered something tied to the branch of a tree and was told that, too, was the corpse of a smallpox child. Later I asked my language teacher about what I had seen. I asked him if they buried the bodies.

"No," he replied, "they believe the spirit that killed the child will be angry if its body is buried, and it will enter another child and take it too."

I determined, of course, to strive with all my might for the elimination of these false ideas. When I suggested to Korean mothers that they let me vaccinate their babies, they asked me how it was done. They shrank in fear from something they did not understand and that caused their babies pain. Besides, they could not believe that such a method could keep out the Son-nim when it came.

But one day a woman, converted to Christianity and therefore trustful of the Christian doctor, brought her baby to the clinic and asked me to vaccinate it. Gladly I did so and told her to bring it every day to let me see that all was going well. The little one soon got well, of course. When, as time passed and the child's second birthday went by and no smallpox had occurred, and when still more time passed and the child's smooth skin was left unmarred other mothers, seeing this, brought their children for similar treatment. None of the vaccinated children contracted the disease and the devil of smallpox was destroyed by a bit of vaccine. That evil demon was shown to be a mere specter - a phantom - and the way was opened to bring other epidemic diseases into the same category.

I was a missionary and perhaps what I am writing about evil spirits and how faith in them was destroyed by the application of scientific methods of preventative medicine may distress some religionists who will refer me to the Biblical teaching regarding evil spirits and the fact that Christ is reported to have cast out devils by a command and to have caused them to enter into swine and drive them to a species of madness. I was an evangelical missionary and I want to give full credit to the gospel of Christ as a message of hope for spiritual degenerates and a reviving of the spiritual and mental powers which in turn wonderfully influenced the bodily functions of men and women and I would be one of the last to deprecate the value of Christ's teachings and example, though I am skeptical of the literal accuracy of some of those who report what Christ did and taught on certain occasions. I am, however, a physician, and more or less of a scientist, and must therefore accept the truth of what has been shown to be true by thousands of investigators and medical practitioners. That is just what the women of Korea did when they saw the demon of smallpox wilt before the scientific use of vaccine. Their faith in the reality of at least one evil spirit was shattered. After a time vaccination became obligatory and now, after less than fifty years, pock-marked persons are becoming rare.

#### Asiatic Cholera

The next epidemic that I had to contend with was Asiatic cholera. It followed close on the heels of the Japan-China war. The Korean Government heard of the prevalence of this disease in Manchuria and, day by day, as word came indicating that it was spreading southward into Korea, they became more alarmed for they had experienced such

epidemics before.

The Minister of Home Affairs at that time, Honorable Yu Kil-Choon, called me to his office and asked me to take charge of the capital and make an effort to prevent its entrance into the city, or if it did get into the city, endeavor to limit its ravages as much as possible. He gave me quite a large fund to be used at my discretion, appointed twenty policemen to be under my direction, and authorized me to take whatever steps I might think necessary to curb the spread of the dread disease. I accepted the commission and began to prepare for the campaign.

Realizing that it was not a one-man's job, I called a conference of all the missionary doctors and nurses to plan with me the steps to be taken. We could not stop its onward progress from the north, because travel could not be stopped. Not long after that, we began preparation for dealing with the first cases which might be reported. It is not necessary for me to go into all the details about the methods we used in the special hospitals which were prepared for the stricken people. That story is told elsewhere.

Knowing that the cholera germ had to be taken into the stomach along with contaminated food and that, even if food became infected, cooking it would kill the germ, we had big posters written in the simplest language telling people what its cause was and how to avoid it. These contained the following statements:

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NOTICE

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CHOLERA is not caused by an Evil Spirit.

It is caused by a very small particle of living matter called a germ. When this living germ gets into your stomach, it multiplies rapidly and causes the disease.

You do not have to take CHOLERA if you do not want it.

All you have to do is to kill the germ by cooking your food thoroughly and eating it before it can become contaminated again.

Drink freshly-made rice water. If you drink water, boil it and keep it in clean bottles.

As you may have come in contact with the germ without knowing it, always wash your hands and mouth thoroughly before eating anything.

If you do these things YOU WILL NOT HAVE CHOLERA.

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These posters were pasted up in all parts of the city.

Of course, all the workers in hospitals and all who visited cholera-stricken homes were carefully instructed in these methods of prevention and not one of the large number of assistants, even the nurses who were in close contact with the patients, contracted the disease. This was good evidence to the people of the reliability of our instructions as presented on the posters.

And what has all this to do with demonology? Well, my Korean hospital assistants told me that the Koreans everywhere believed that the disease resulted from the entrance into the body of a spirit called the rat spirit. They believed it to have the form of a rat and that it got into them through their feet and gnawed its way up the legs

to the abdominal organs; and they attributed the terrible cramps in the muscles to this gnawing by the spirit. As I walked through the streets of the city I frequently saw the picture of a cat pasted on the outside of the main entrance to the house. When I asked the reason for this, I was told that as the disease was caused by the Cat Spirit, they hoped the cat would catch the rat. People everywhere do foolish things like this because of ignorance, and how could ignorance be avoided under conditions prevailing in Korea in that day?

Going through another section of the city one evening, I noticed a straw cord stretched around a group of houses and, on this cord were hung pieces of paper with writing on them. In answer to my questions, I learned that the houses so encircled were as yet free from cholera, and that those living there had stretched this cord around the houses and hung on it written prayers to the cholera spirit exhorting it not to come within the boundary line. A short distance from that protected section I saw a platform some five feet above the ground, with some animals on it, and a number of court officials who had been sent into that part of the city by the king to offer those animals in sacrifice to the cholera spirit and thus to placate it in order to gain protection for that neighborhood.

I might go on telling of the spirits that produced other contagious diseases and mental derangements, but I think enough has been said to illustrate the widespread belief in demon possession, and the constant struggle of the early missionary physicians to fight this belief and to establish a basis of true knowledge on which to found reliable methods of freeing the people from the terrible scourges which they had to endure so frequently. Having won to a considerable extent the confidence of the converts of Christianity, our further success was dependent upon ways of educating great masses. To do this we adopted the plan of writing brief pamphlets each dealing with one type of epidemic disease. These pamphlets were printed in simple, terse Korean which could be read and understood by nearly all. Each had a striking title, such as "Small pox and Vaccine", "Eating Asiatic Cholera", "mosquitoes and malaria," "Flies and Typhoid Fever", "Bedbugs and Relapsing Fever," "Body Lice and Typhus Fever," "Contaminated Vegetables and Dysentery." These were handed to patients who came to our dispensaries. When itinerating missionaries were making trips into the country to hold Bible Classes, we gave them some of these booklets and urged them not only to teach the Bible, but also to teach the public health truths presented in the pamphlets. Thus some knowledge of sanitation and healthful living was given to the early Christians and the churches became not only centers of religion, but also centers of sanitary education. Thus belief in demons as causes of sickness was overcome by the cure and prevention of those diseases by attention to cleanliness and by scientific treatment.

BUILDING THE SEVEGANCE UNION MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL  
S. J. C.

During our first period of service in Korea, 1893 to 1899, we worked in the native buildings in Kurigai district to which Dr. Allen had moved his hospital, where its name was changed to Chay Joong Hon. It is not intended here to tell of the work done there, of the lack of equipment and the many inconveniences that made everything difficult, but rather to give some idea of what it meant to erect and equip a modern hospital in a land like Korea, at a time when Western methods of building were but little known and the installation of modern heating, water and drainage systems was totally unknown.

Then we had put in only five and a half of the eight years of service then expected of missionaries before they were entitled to a furlough, the sickness of both my wife and myself necessitated our returning to Canada on what was called a health leave.

The experience of those years in Korea had shown me the necessity of better hospital facilities if we were to carry out our plans for improving the health conditions of the Koreans so, as soon as my health would permit it, I set out to obtain a plan for a modern hospital to be erected when we should find it possible to return to Korea.

A series of seeming coincidences followed. I had a good architect friend in Toronto, Mr. H. S. Gordon, to whom I went with a request for a plan. He was already interested in Korea, being a member of a Committee that was supporting Mr. Malcolm Fenwick there. His first question was one I had not been prepared for: "how much money have you?"

I said, "I haven't any yet."

"Well aren't you putting the cart before the horse? How can I draw a plan without knowing how much money is going into it? That will determine its size and type."

"But," I replied, "if I haven't a plan with its estimated cost, how can I know how much money to try and get."

At that he laughed and asked me how many patients I wanted it to accommodate. "About forty," I suggested.

After some thought he said such a building, plain and without any frills, might be built for \$10,000.

"All right," I said, "please draw a plan for it on that basis."

He said he would get at the work right away and he would himself make the first donation by presenting me with the complete plans free of charge.

"Thank you," I said. "You see I have already made a good start in getting the money I shall need even before I have gotten the plan."

Then a young woman who had been one of my patients before we went to Korea called at my home and said that, having heard I was going to build a hospital in Korea, she had brought a little contribution toward it. "It is not much," she said, "as I am only a working woman; it is only five dollars but it is given gladly." Thanking her heartily, I said, "I am now confident I shall get all the money needed. With such a beginning, entirely unsought, I feel sure of complete success." I reported this to the architect who, in agreeing with me, said he believed success always comes to those who begin an enterprise believing in its necessity and trusting in the guidance of God.

Then occurred another event in the series of these coincidences.

I wrote a letter from Toronto to the Secretary of the Board

of Foreign Missions in New York saying I had recovered my health and was now ready to take up any work they might have for me to do in the United States. Before this letter had had time to reach New York one came to me from the Secretary of the Mission Board telling me they wanted to consult me so they would like me to come to New York as soon as I felt well enough to do so. I wired them I would go at once.

When I arrived at the Board's office and met the Secretary for Korea, Dr. Ellinwood, he told me the letter he had mentioned asked the Board to give Dr. Avison permission to raise ten thousand dollars with which to erect a hospital in Seoul and it was about this he wanted a conference with me.

I told him that, though I had not consulted the Mission Board about it before I left Korea, I realized the great need for a proper hospital there and had taken certain steps toward the scheme which I hoped he and the Board would approve. I told him what I had done in Toronto about this plan, and he promised to lay the matter before the Mission Board without delay. I soon learned that the Board approved the idea.

Not long after that when on a visit to the Board room, as I stepped out of the elevator into the lobby, I met the Board Treasurer, Mr. C. W. Hand, who was talking with a young man to whom he introduced me. His name, Beverance, meant nothing to me then though it came to mean a great deal later on. When the young man had left Mr. Hand said to me, "you are wanting a hospital and the Board has given permission for it. If you could just get in with that family, they could build it themselves and think nothing of it." "wouldn't that be nice?" I said. That was in the Fall of 1899.

Shortly afterwards I received a letter from a fellow missionary Rev. F. J. Miller, of Seoul, then in America with a sick wife who had been taken to the Sanatorium at Clifton Springs, N. Y. for treatment. He told me that Dr. Ellinwood, the Board Secretary, while visiting the sanatorium had talked with him about the proposed hospital. Dr. Miller emphasized its need and said he was glad the Board had given its consent for it. Dr. Ellinwood had replied that he was afraid that Dr. Avison would find it difficult to get the money as he was not acquainted with any moneyed men in the United States. "Yes, but he's acquainted with a mighty God," Mr. Miller had promptly replied.

This was in the spring of 1900. We were just getting ready to return to Korea when a letter from Dr. Ellinwood asked me to defer our going until the autumn as the Board wanted us to attend the coming Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missions in New York City. He also asked me to write a paper for the Conference on the subject of "Comity in Medical Missions." I had noted in Korea the great desirability for cooperation in Mission Hospitals and was glad that subject assigned to me.

The Conference met during the latter part of April and the first part of May. Its principal meetings were held in Carnegie Hall while smaller gatherings were held in various other halls and nearby churches. Three times a day Carnegie Hall was packed with an audience of five thousand people and all other meeting places in the vicinity were similarly crowded.

My paper was to be read in Carnegie Hall at a forenoon session and as I sat on the platform with my wife at my side to encourage me, I felt doubtful about being able to make all the people hear me. Also after listening to the many profound papers read by celebrated personages from all countries, my own paper seemed to be very simple and this made me rather nervous.



But when my turn came, I moved boldly forward and stepped to the small elevated dais that raised the speakers up so as to make them fully visible to the whole audience. Looking towards the farthest back row of the second gallery, I said to myself, "I will speak to the man sitting there, if I can make him hear, all will be able to hear."

Throwing my voice towards that point I read my paper. At least I thought then that I read it and still think I did but some of my friends told me afterwards that though I began to read I became so earnest that I seemed to forget the paper and spoke with little or no reference to it. The main point I pressed was that if the seven doctors assigned to Seoul by the various Mission Boards could cooperate and establish one good hospital in the Capital, it could do more good than the seven poor, little, so-called hospitals could accomplish even though only three or four of the seven doctors could work in it. The rest of the seven could then work in other parts of the country and greatly extend the scope of their endeavors for the people.

At noon, when the gathering broke up, I heard my name called from the center of the platform - "Dr. Avison is wanted here at the middle of the platform."

I made my way to where I saw Dr. Ellinwood standing and he said, "Oh yes, a gentleman here wants to be introduced to you." Turning to a fine looking grey haired gentleman, he introduced me to a Mr. Severance. Severance! the name at once struck a chord in my memory. It was the name of the young man I had met in the entry to the Board Rooms the previous autumn when the Treasurer had told me that that family could build the hospital for me without any help from others if I could get their interest. A great hope at once sprang up within me.

Mr. Severance said he just wanted to tell me he had enjoyed my paper and that the two best words he had heard so far at the convention were Comity and Unity. Both were good but Unity was the better of the two. He then said he wanted to talk further to me soon and made an engagement for the afternoon of the following Wednesday.

I then told him I had met a young man of his name, Severance, at the Board Rooms a few months before and was wondering whether they were related. "Tell me what he looked like," he said, so I described him. Smiling, he said, "Oh, that was my son, John."

"What did I think, do you ask? Well, I thought this was another of those coincidences. Will you wonder if I say I felt sure that that family was to build the hospital?"

On the Wednesday I met Mr. Severance as arranged and, losing no time on preliminaries, he came at once to the point. He said, "I learned from your paper that there are several denominational hospitals in Seoul and I suppose there is no need for another."

I said, "yes, we have seven places called hospitals by their supporters but I don't know what you would call them if you saw them. Not one of them is properly equipped and each is handled by one doctor without even one nurse." Then I repeated what I had said in my paper - "If three or four of those doctors could work together in one properly equipped hospital, they could do more work than the seven are doing under present conditions and, besides, that would set three or four free to go elsewhere so that a great many more sick people could be helped in different parts of the country."

"You are quite right," he said. "Have you any plan in your mind for accomplishing this?"

Now had come the supreme moment. The fact that I had a properly drawn plan was evidence to him of my foresight and I know I

had started out on the right foot when I asked Mr. Gordon to draw a plan for me. I took it from my bag and laid it before him.

He looked it over carefully and followed his scrutiny with such a volley of questions as I had never before been subjected to. He worked his way to the very bottom of my thinking processes and plan.

I answered as promptly and clearly as I could and at last he seemed satisfied.

"Well, I must go", he said. "Perhaps we shall meet again."

It was not a very definite good-bye message but I had discerned his earnestness and was happy in the prospect ahead.

At the end of the Conference Dr. Ellinwood asked me to be one of a group of missionaries who were to go to Schenectady, N. Y. on Saturday night to speak on Sunday in all the churches in that city, both morning and evening.

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The man in the gallery to whom I spoke in Carnegie Hall apparently heard me though of course I had no particular man up there in mind, for the next time we came to America on furlough, eight years afterwards, we settled for a year in Wooster, Ohio, where two of our children were in college. The President of the College, Dr. Holden, called on me and took me out for a buggy ride around the town and, in the course of the trip asked me whether I know what led Mr. Severance to give me the hospital. I did not. "Well, he said, "I will tell you. When you were reading your paper in Carnegie Hall, I was sitting with Mr. Severance way up in the back gallery. You had not been reading long when he turned to me and said, "What would you think if I gave that man a hospital? "High that he got up, went down to the main floor, and made his way through the crowd along the side aisle till he reached the platform where he waited till noon to meet you."

Amongst these were Bishop Thoburn of India, Methodist and Hudson Taylor, head of the China Inland Mission, so I felt I was to be in distinguished company.

Arriving at midnight I spent the night at the home of Rev. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, President of Union College. In the morning my host took me to the home of Mr. Walter Pitkin, Vice President of the Schenectady Locomotive Works, where I was to be entertained.

Mr. Pitkin was a delightful person, an excellent host and about as keen as Mr. Severance. I learned at the breakfast table that his parents had been home missionaries in the Western States. They had had a very hard time to live and raise a family on their slender salary and he spoke very feelingly (unfeelingly) of the Christmas barrels that used to be sent to them filled with old clothing that seldom fitted, or when it did fit was far too much worn to be of much service. But those days had gone by and he was now in comfortable circumstances and filled with great admiration for all missionaries either home or foreign.

As he asked about my work I told him of its condition and of my effort to get money for a new hospital which I hoped could be a union one. Would he like to see my plans? Yes, he would, so out they came and many questions were asked. Asking questions seemed to be a favorite pastime of big business men. At length he said, "I like your plans. Every inch of space is being used, not a bit of waste room."

Soon afterwards he reverted to the subject and said, "I want to help you build that hospital and will give you \$500,00 towards it."

The first gift had been the architect's plans, the second

gift was \$5.00 and now it was \$500.00 and no one had so far been asked for anything.

But I thought of Mr. Severance. He might object to others giving anything if he were going to donate the hospital himself, so I told Mr. Pitkin of Mr. Severance's interest. He said he knew Mr. Severance and I might rest assured that, having gone as far as he had done and then hinted that he might see me again some day, he was planning to carry the project through.

"But," he said, "I will give you the \$500.00 anyway. There is always a place for \$500.00 in a hospital and if, by any chance, more should be needed I will gladly give you more."

Boasted assurance!

I returned to New York next day and reported to Dr. Ellinwood who of course was greatly pleased. He then said that later in the month the Presbyterian General Assembly would meet in St. Louis, Mo., and he would like me to attend it. "For," he said, "there will be a discussion on the value or otherwise of self support in the native churches and, as Korea is taking the lead in favor of self support methods, you may be needed to speak as one with authority."

I said I would be glad to go though I might not be able to speak as convincingly on the subject as some of the evangelistic missionaries who are closer to the native churches could do.

"In the meantime, we will make speaking engagements for you on the way to St. Louis" he said.

This plan was carried out and I reached there at noon of the first day of the Assembly.

Learning that a meeting on Foreign Missions was being held in a nearby church, I attended it and listened to a paper being read by a young woman. During the discussion of the paper I rose and spoke two or three minutes in reverence to one of her remarks on a subject with which I had had some experience. Then I sat down the chairman, Rev. Dr. Halsey of the Mission Board, told the audience I was a medical missionary from Korea and he would tell tales out of school by making an announcement that the Board had not yet made public. He said a gentleman had recently called on the Board and, after asking many questions about Dr. Avison and his work, had ended by telling them he would contribute \$10,000.00 needed for the erection of a hospital in Seoul, Korea, where Dr. Avison worked.

Mr. Severance had not seen me again but he had done better -- he had given the hospital. It was only \$10,000.00 but it looked like a million to me then.

I soon received an official letter from the Board announcing the gift. The letter said Mr. Severance would be attending the General Assembly and it would be wise for me to meet him and thank him for the gift. The opportunity for my wife and me to meet him soon came and an interesting conversation resulted.

"We want to thank you, Mr. Severance, for this fine gift. It has made us very happy for it will be a great boon to the sick people of Korea."

"Well," he replied, "you are no happier to receive it than I am to give it and I hope it may prove to be all you think it will be."

"You don't know it, Mr. Severance," I said, but Mrs. Avison and I have been praying for this hospital for about a year and we can do no other than regard this as an answer to our prayers."

"Tell, seeing you say that, I will tell you that for just about a year I have had it in mind to build a hospital somewhere but ~~that~~ I could not come to a decision as to where it should be till I heard your paper at the Ecumenical Conference a month ago. He thought

came into my mind that Seoul was the place for it and so I decided. I trust that events will make it plain that both you and I have been divinely guided."

That autumn Mrs. Avison and I left for Korea feeling very happy at this fortunate outcome of our wishes and prayers.

In the meantime the King of Korea had notified the Mission through the American Legation that, in accordance with the agreement already described, he would in a year from that date, resume possession of the property of the Chay Joong Won, the Royal Korean Hospital, so we had to set out at once on a search for a new site.

Between Christmas and New Year I fell ill with Typhus fever and just when I was convalescing the King sent word that he was greatly pleased at hearing that an American gentleman had donated money for the erection of a new hospital, and in view of that he would like to contribute a site for it. He said he had commanded his financier to accompany us and help us in the choosing of it. We appreciated this for it should make it easier for us to secure it after it had been found. But alas for our hopes! Ultimately we had to find one for ourselves and buy it too, for the King's messenger a man of great influence was opposed to things foreign and though he spent much time with us in the search, he always objected to whatever place we asked for. Mr. Severance became disgusted at so much delay and sent me a check for \$5,000.00 with which to buy a site without further waiting, for he was anxious to get the project completed. In sending this check, he said, "Now, Dr. Avison, it is up to you. Do not any longer wait on the King for he seems to be tied up to advisers who do not want you to get what you need. Hurry up!"

That check cheered us wonderfully, for it enabled us to secure the best site we had yet found, just outside the Great South Gate and directly across the street from the main railroad station.

Having the plans ready, all we had now to do was to find a builder and make a start. So we thought, but "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley".

A considerable group of our fellow Presbyterian Missionaries had different idea of missionary work from that held by most of the medical and educational folks and, although the mission had asked that I be allowed, while I was in America, to secure \$10,000.00 for a hospital, this group became alarmed when I got it, fearing such a fine hospital as they thought it would build, the finest as yet proposed for any branch of work in Korea, would give the Koreans a wrong idea of Christianity.

They wrote me begging me not to build it according to the plan Mr. Gordon had drawn (which was not at all decorative though correct architecturally) and not to spend so much money in erecting it. They feared "the simple Korean converts would get the idea that Christianity was a philanthropic institution rather than a spiritual development. They wrote to the Board in New York urging this fear on them and asking them to divide the money, allowing half of it to be used in the evangelistic work, and leaving only \$5,000.00 for the erection of the hospital, an arrangement that they thought would safeguard it against the danger they feared. Just previous to these events I had taken sick with Typhus Fever and did not learn of them until I was convalescent.

These objections were not raised by my fellow workers in Seoul station where the hospital was to be built, but by a group in the city of Pyong Yang in the North. The Board, glad to get \$5,000.00 so easily for evangelistic work, agreed to their request. In the meantime, the Secretary for Korea, Dr. Ellinwood, had died and been succeeded by a new man who "knew not Joseph" and with his concurrence, the

Board voted to divide the fund as urged and duly informed Seoul Station of the fact.

While I was still in bed, too weak to leave it, the members of Seoul station met in my bedroom to discuss this unfortunate situation. They decided to write a letter of protest to the Board in New York signed by every member of the station and to send a copy to Mr. Severance to let him know just how Seoul station members felt.

When Mr. Severance learned of this action of the Board, he went at once to them and asked why they had taken this liberty with a gift he had made. The secretary explained that it had been done at the request of the Mission which felt that the evangelistic work needed financial help and that in its opinion \$5,000.00 would be sufficient to build the type of hospital that would be suitable for Korea.

"All right," said Mr. Severance, "the mission should know. But as I am at the moment building a hospital and \$5,000.00 is thought to be enough for that purpose, my gift will be \$5,000.00. There will be nothing of this gift left for evangelistic work. I believe in the evangelistic work and give freely toward it but just now I am building a hospital."

This was reported to the Mission in due course and as you will see it had a great effect on the Board's thinking.

In the meantime the new secretary was sent to visit the countries under his supervision -- Siam, the Philippines, Japan, and Korea, and study their needs. When he arrived in Seoul, I was up and around but still not permitted to engage in regular duties.

Dr. Brown met with the members of Seoul station to discuss its work with them but as he did not ask me any questions touching the Board's action regarding the hospital, I said nothing to me about it.

The next place he was to visit was Pyeongyang, some 200 miles to the North, and the trip had to be made either by a coastal steamer or overland by a combination of walking and pony-back riding by men and in sedan chairs by ladies.

As Dr. Brown wanted to see some of the work in the interior, he chose the overland route.

For this he would need guides and interpreters and the station appointed one of the evangelistic workers and me to accompany him.

It was quite a cavalcade that started on the trip -- a sedan chair with four carriers for Mrs. Brown, a pony for each of the three men, each pony having a mapoo walking at its head, and two coolies to carry supplies of food, bedding, etc. The missionaries were to conduct them to a certain town more than half way to Pyeongyang where a deputation from that city would meet them.

Along the way I avoided any mention of the hospital but I had taken with me a supply of medicines, surgical instruments, and surgical dressings to enable me to give treatments wherever we stopped long enough for me to see the many sick people who would certainly apply for help. The news of our approach got ahead of us and quite often people would come out of their homes to meet us, bringing their sick to the side of the road or asking us to go into their homes to see such as could not leave their beds. Of course it delayed us to stop and treat these but what else was a doctor for? So stop we did and Dr. Brown took great interest in this. It was all now to him and he began to feel he was back in the times of Christ who during his journeyings, frequently stopped to help the sick, the lame and the blind.

One day, as we were walking along the road together, he turned to me and, without any introduction to the subject, said, "Doctor, I was one of the Board members who voted to divide Dr. Severance's gift for the hospital, I thought then I was doing the right thing for

I was ignorant of the actual conditions of these poor sick people. While we were in Seoul, I wondered why you did not take me to task about my vote. However, I took note of all I saw there, of the many people who came to your hospital and of how great their need was. Since we started on this trip I have been overwhelmed by the amount of sickness we have seen and have seen the hope aroused in the Patients and their friends when they knew a doctor was in our party. I have changed my mind. I now see that a Christian missionary doctor entirely fails in his relation to these sick people if he does not give them all the help in his power. I can see now that a Christianity that is only preached falls far short of being complete. It must be practised also if Christ's spirit is to be manifested. I am glad that this opportunity has come to me to actually see the work you and your fellow doctors are doing, and I am now sure that not only is the full sum of \$10,000.00 needed but that sum is altogether too small. I shall immediately write to the Board in New York and urge them to reconsider the question and grant you the full amount of Mr. Severance's gift.

I heard this with a glad heart and was not sorry I had let him find out for himself.

In due time we turned our guests over to the contingent from Pyeng Yang and began our return to Seoul.

My fellow-missionary and I travelled back slowly, stopping at various places, he to preach and I to practice. We found Dr. and Mrs. Brown already back in Seoul after their inspection of the work in Pyeng Yang. They had returned by boat and so had come back more quickly than we had expected.

We found not only the Browns there but all the missionaries in the North had come with them and a meeting of the Mission was already in progress in the parlor of my home.

Dr. Brown slipped out of the meeting and asked Mrs. Avison and me to go with him into my study as he wished to talk with us privately.

There he told us that in Pyeng Yang he had spoken of his experiences along the way and of his change of mind towards the medical work and had pleaded with them to join him in asking the Board to reverse its action. When they had remained firm, he had suggested that they send a deputation to Seoul with him to discuss it with the Seoul people and endeavor to present a united front to the Board, either for or against the proposition. Not only some but all of them had come with him. Neither side had yielded as yet, but the Northern delegation had offered to vote for the use of the \$10,000.00 for a hospital under certain conditions-

1. That at no future time should Seoul Station ask for any additional sum for the enlargement of the hospital.
2. That Dr. Avison would agree to confine the cost of running the institution to Yen 3000 per year, the amount then being received from the Board.

I told him I could not agree to either proposition.

Asking me to think it over carefully and then come in to the meeting with a written answer, he left us in the study. Together, my wife and I composed a statement in which I repeated that I had said to Dr. Brown that I could not agree to either of the conditions proposed to me. In regard to the future enlargement of the plant, neither they nor I could judge now of what would be desirable or wise in the future. In regard to the cost of running the hospital, no one could know now what advances would be made in the price of fuel, food, service, or drugs. Already the price of wood had doubled, and the price of one drug, quinine, so much of which was needed for the constant stream of malarial cases that came to us was three times what it had been. How could they ask me to be so foolish as to make such promises?

I said I would prefer to take \$5,000.00 now with an open future, rather than \$10,000.00 with a closed future, for with \$5,000.00 I could build a smaller hospital and hope for its future enlargement. In regard to the cost of running it, I would not make any promise except to say I would, as I always had done, be as economical as the welfare of the patients would permit, but I would never agree to sacrifice the interests of the sick people who entrusted their lives to me in the belief that I would do all I could to help them regain their health. What else could I say?

As soon as I sat down, Dr. Brown cried out, "answered," but the meeting was brought to an end without any action being taken, Dr. and Mrs. Brown went to the home of the lady physician and nurse for dinner and the other scattered to their homes.

In less than an hour American mail was delivered at our home and there was a letter from the Board telling me of the reversal of its former decision so that we would get the \$10,000.00 without conditions. I ran over to the ladies' home to announce the news. Finding them all seated at dinner, I waved my letter. Dr. Brown jumped up and waved a seated at dinner, I waved my letter. Dr. Brown jumped up and waved a similar one that had just come to him. Did we rejoice?

The next letter from New York informed us that the Board had invited Mr. Gordon, my Toronto architect, to go to Korea to supervise the erection of the hospital and several residences in Seoul and then go to China to do the same for a number of buildings that were to be put up there. Once more our hats went up in the air.

There was great rejoicing in Seoul station, but the pyeng yang contingent didn't get over their disappointment until long afterwards when the new hospital had been completed and was in operation. I am glad, however, to say that the day did come when the majority of the members of the Mission changed their attitude toward medical mission work and gave me a practically free hand to carry out my ideas.

While these discussions were in progress, I had been looking for another site on which to begin building the hospital. I found a vacant hill outside south gate extending eastward from south gate that seemed even more suitable than my former choice. Several letters had passed between Mr. Severance and me concerning the delay in getting started. He had grown restless and had sent me a letter urging me to forget the King's promise to give us a site and enclosed another \$5,000.00 with which to purchase one and I bought this latter site. The deeds for it had just been obtained when I heard that the railway company was about to erect its main station directly across the street and that they had expected to purchase the land which I had just bought. They offered me a more money than I had paid for it, but I was unwilling to give it up. They then purchased some other fields at the foot of the hill, but when they found these too small for their purpose, they sold them to us. I was glad to secure them as I realized our site was going to be too small. In the end we secured over nine acres, quite enough for our institution without depending on either the King or his agent Mr. Yi. The value of the plot increased as time went by so that what I bought for \$15,000 was recently valued at almost \$1,000,000. out of this small beginning a plant was developed which cost several hundreds of thousands of dollars.

We were never told the name of the donor of Mr. Gordon's salary and expenses, but some of us thought it would not be difficult to name him - who but the giver of the hospital itself?

We had now only to find a reliable builder and get the work started. We chose a Chinese contractor, Harry Chang, who at one time had been trusted servant at the American Legation where he had learned

to speak English. Later he had also learned the building trade by working with contractors for foreign houses and familiarized himself with all parts of the work. We knew him to be honest and that he would abide by any contract he made. We arranged with him to do all parts of the work except the installation of the modern heating plant, the ventilating system, the water supply and the disposal of sewage, with none of which he had had any experience. These would have to be done by ourselves.

While Chang was busy with the preliminaries, the architect arrived and assumed responsibility so we knew that all would be properly done. He ordered all the materials that would be imported together with all the necessary tools, and in due time all came to hand.

By this time it was already 1903 and there was much talk of a possible war between Japan and Russia. This culminated in 1904. Prices of materials soared and our contractor asked for a consultation with me. He showed me the purchasing prices that had enabled him to contract at the rate he had given me and compared them with the prices he had had to pay of late. His loss would almost ruin him, if we compelled him to complete the building at those still rising prices. But, he said, he would go on with the work if we insisted on it. Feeling that would not be fair, we released him from his contract and asked him to give us a new price. He said the future was so uncertain that he would prefer to give up the job altogether. We agreed to that and undertook to compete it ourselves by day labor.

I immediately reported these things to Mr. Sevorance and told him we were proceeding on the belief that he would want the work to go on even at the increased cost. I said I understood that he had told the Board, when the question of cutting his donation in half was being considered, that his contribution had been \$10,000.00 because Dr. Avison had suggested this amount to him, but he wanted a good hospital, whatever it cost, \$5,000.00, \$10,000.00 or \$15,000.00 I had now to tell him it would cost considerably more than \$10,000.00 to build it properly and that I could not name the sum. His answer came promptly -- he wanted a good building and was glad we had proceeded as we had done. So the work went on.

One of our medical students who had assisted me in the compiling of text books in the Korean language acted as Mr. Gordon's interpreter and all went on without special difficulty until we came to the installation of the heating and plumbing systems. As there was no one in Korea who had any knowledge of such things, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Kim and I had to do this work ourselves. I had to spend several hours a day at the old hospital, nearly a mile away, but I managed to do a lot of the installation work with the other two men.

The first part of this work was to lay a tile sewer under the floor of the basement so as to insure the free disposal of all sewage and a completely dry basement. It would not do to have either wrong sloping of any of the drains or poorly cemented joints so, having had the trenches dug for us, we laid all the pipes according to the plans and cemented the joints with our own hands. Then all the down pipes from the bathrooms had to be installed. These four inch iron pipes had to be tamped at their joints with solder. None of us had ever done such work but the architect, of course, understood the method so, after a few trials, we were able to make the joints safe even though they were not as smooth as a plumber would have made them. The distribution of the water pipes and the installation of the hot water heating system were not easy tasks for us for we had to cut all the pipes to their required lengths, thread them and make them leak proof. But at last the work was finished and Korea had its first really foreign building.



When this main building had been completed, we still needed separate accommodations for contagious cases and another call on Mr. Severance was made. To this also he responded promptly by sending the money needed.

When all had been completed we had spent \$ 25,000.00 instead of the original \$10,000.00 but Mr. Severance was pleased and we felt we were at last prepared to do the kind of work we knew ought to be done in a hospital wherever it might be located.

Residences for the foreign doctors and nurses and some Korean home for assistants and servants were erected with the money we received from the King in payment for all we had spent on the old hospital.

The new plant was dedicated in the presence of a large gathering of well wishers of many nationalities.

As related elsewhere the first patients admitted were two children with scarlet fever and as the special building for such cases was not then ready for use, they were accommodated in a part of the main building which of course had to be thoroughly disinfected before it was open to the general public. This was a fair example of our policy that nothing was too good in a case of need.

In 1907, Mr. Severance, accompanied by his personal physician Dr. A. I. Ludlow, visited us. He expressed himself as well pleased with what his gift had produced and helped us plan for additional buildings which would cost much more than the amount of his first investment.

The greatly enlarged plant is located on a valuable property covering nine and a half acres and is now surrounded by the ever-extending city. The railroad station is just across the plaza outside our main entrance and all these surrounding improvements have added greatly to the money value of our property.

The group of buildings now consists of:

- A. The original hospital building.
- B. A much larger and even more modern hospital building of four stories connected with the original one by a covered passage to each floor.
- C. A new and much larger contagious disease hospital of three stories. (The normal capacity of these three buildings is 200 beds.)
- D. A combined morgue and post mortem building in which a large class of students can watch the post mortem examinations.
- E. A building of two stories, one housing the new modern laundry, and the other, the kitchen and nurses' dining rooms.
- F. A four story building containing:
  - 1st floor. The drug manufacturing and wholesale plant which supplies drugs and medicines to most of the doctors throughout the country; the optical manufacturing department; the medicine dispensing rooms, and the clinic rooms for non-pay patients, all of which are on the ground floor. On the second floor is the x-ray Department, the pay clinics for surgery, pediatrics, and skin and urinary diseases. On the third floor are the pay clinics for Neurology, Internal Medicine, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Tuberculosis and Obstetrics and Gynecology. ~~All these clinics are carried on by competent~~
  - All these clinics are carried on by competent specialists. The fourth floor accommodates a set of lecture rooms and laboratories for Chemistry and another for physiology.
- G. A clinical laboratory building of two stories with complete equipment for all kinds of tests. It also contains the department of parasitology.
- H. A building with lecture rooms and laboratories for Anatomy, Pathology, and Bacteriology, and a sanitary animal housing section.

- I. A small Hospital for the acutely insane.
  - J. A church and general lecture hall that seats 500.
  - K. A kindergarten building completely equipped for 40 children which is also utilized for a weekly well-babies clinic.
  - L. A students recreation building.
  - M. Dormitory and school rooms for ~~graduate/korean/nurses/employed/in/the~~ pupil nurses.
  - N. A residence for graduate Korean nurses employed in the hospital.
  - O. Two residences for the foreign nurses connected with the hospital.
  - P. Five residences for foreign doctors working in the institution.
  - Q. Many homes for Korean doctors, evangelists and servants.
  - R. A four story building, three stories for the dental department which has a lecture room, ten completely equipped chair combinations each in a separate room, a dental laboratory, a mechanical room and a director's office. The fourth floor, opening from the larger hospital building accommodates two complete operating rooms, each with an observation gallery for medical students. (These galleries are connected with the main school building by an elevated covered passage so that students can reach their galleries without entering either the hospital or the operating rooms.) Also the suite has sterilizing rooms and rooms for preparing and storing nursing supplies.
- T. B. or others needing plenty of outdoor sunshine can be sent up there when weather permits.

All these were erected while the author was in charge (1893-1934), the greater part by funds donated by Mr. L.H. Severance and his son and daughter.

As a memorial to them, the Institution is known as the severance Union Medical College, Hospital and Nurses Training School, or for short the S. U.M.C.

The word union in the name signifies that different missions joined in providing operating funds, doctors and nurses in harmony with Dr. Avison's original plan and Mr. Severance's earnest desire. It was a Union effort of six missions, 2 presbyterian (North and South), 2 Methodist Episcopal (North and South), Australian presbyterian, and Canadian presbyterian.

Before Dr. Avison's retirement, plans were formed for the uniting of the Medical College with the Chosen Christian College under the name of the Chosen Christian University but conditions did not permit of carrying out the project then, and even yet (1940) it is still a project though not a forgotten one.

Some acres of hill property were purchased from the chosen Christian college at that time, on which to erect sanitariums for T. B. cases and cases of insanity and these also are yet unbuilt.

Just recently, however, an architect has been asked to draw plans for a complete new medical college, hospitals and residences on that site, including the already mentioned sanitariums.

President Dr. K.S.OH, a Korean who cooperated with Dr. Avison for more than 25 years, has expressed the hope that the latter may return to Korea to advise them in the carrying out of this long desired scheme.

President Emeritus Avison is already in his 80th year and though strong enough yet to be more or less helpful, these plans may not materialize in time for him to cooperate in the project in accordance with this kind thought of the President.

Dr. Avison desires very much to give expression in these memoirs to his great appreciation of the cooperation given by those six missions in bringing the institution to its present state of efficiency, to the Severance family in particular, and to all others who helped in the provision of the necessary funds.

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\*Now in 1941 it all seems improbable at least until the war is over and those responsible for the future of the work are free to go on with it.

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- The end -